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The Millsaps Collegian

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THE SPIRIT OF GRAFT.

(Speech delivered by W. A. Williams, in the Mississippi Oratorical Contest, Kosciusko, Miss., May, 1905.)

In no form of government do vices or virtues become diffused among all the people so quickly as in the democratic. In monarchies and aristocracies society is separated by insurmountable barriers and vices common to the nobility may be unknown to the peasantry; the nobility may scale the highest peaks of progress and from their eminence look down upon a lower class yet wrapped in the mists below. But in a democracy we are one people; and the penalty or reward of our form of government is that "we advance or retrograde together. None of us can stand aside, our feet are mired in the same soil and our lungs breathe the same air." The suppression of any vice arising in a democracy is therefore of concern to every citizen. Any condition that fosters an evil menacing to character gives cause for profound and far-reaching alarm. Aside from considerations of morality, patriotism demands that it cease; for only while the character of its citizens is secure is the stability of a democratic government assured.

Not since the war that raged over the cradle of our republic has a single vice so threatened the integrity of American character as that particular mode of dishonesty, which in recent years

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It is provided in the Constitution of the Mississippi State Oratorical Association, that the representatives of the colleges shall have their speeches published in their respective college journals, at some time during the year succeeding the contest.

has worked its way to the heart of the national life and whose infamous and pernicious creed is, that any official, whether in senate chamber or corporation office, has the right to employ his official power for the promotion of selfish ends. This definition of graft reveals its danger. It must be practiced by men who are trusted, and no criminal is so dangerous as he who transgresses from the height of a great place. The injury inflicted by the theft of the common malefactor is measured by the value of the stolen goods; but when the man who is universally respected and esteemed is revealed as an embezzler of entrusted property, an injury is inflicted upon society that cannot be measured by commercial standards. Such betrayals of trust create a feeling of doubt and suspicion that pervades and poisons all society. This state of distrust imperils the life of the nation. Business or government not founded on public confidence is a sham and a delusion. When confidence is destroyed, the whole fabric falls.

Graft is not an evil peculiar to our time or country. It was practiced by kings in ages past; but never in any country or in any age has it been so widespread and so disquieting as in this our American democracy in the beginning of the twentieth century. The boldest and most malignant form was long confined to the cities; and while officials basely squandered the taxes of an oppressed people, death germs bred in the foul atmosphere of neglected quarters, and social vice held carnival unrebuked. But the practice is no longer confined to the thronged and crowded cities. It has broken from its old moorings and is now confined to no locality and to no department. It flourishes in eastern Massachusetts and in western California; it is found in the consular service abroad and in the agricultural department at home. Nor is it, though many of us are prone to believe, peculiar to a single political party. In democratic New Orleans as well as in republican Philadelphia it is open, bold and palpable. A panorama of government scandals following one another in rapid succession has been unfolded to public view. Sufficient time had not elapsed for the effacement of the disgraceful memory

of the postal scandals before the discovery of the public land frauds revealed the vicious character of men holding the exalted position of law-makers for the whole American people. Then followed the revelation of the treachery of officers in the agricultural department selling, as though it were produce, information which they were paid and sworn to hold.

These malfeasances in high places have created a sentiment of indignation that has manifested itself in a clamor for reform and the fiat has gone forth that the government shall be purged of graft. Wise men will not be deceived; politics alone cannot be reformed. Politics is not a thing separate and distinct, but an element that enters into the composition of the whole life. A degraded condition in politics is the result of a low standard on the part of the individual citizen. It is but a natural coincidence that, simultaneously with political wrong-doing, there should be discovered a more flagrant abuse of official power in the management of great insurance companies.

But both in politics and business it is not the grafting of men in high places that gives greatest cause for alarm. Their deeds are not the cause, but the result; they are not the disease, but the symptoms. The cause lies in the character of the entire citizenship. The spirit of graft is among us all. Recently, a great insurance president, unable to endure the scorn and condemnation of his injured countrymen, was borne to a premature grave. It is right to abhor evil and to condemn in unmistakable tones the deeds of evil doers, but there is a marked inconsistency between our bitter denunciations of Mr. McCall and our daily actions in which the same principle is involved.

Legislators, while inveighing against the grafting of insurance companies, ride on passes and draw mileage from the government. We, too, denounce the grafting of the insurance official, and condemn the inconsistency of the legislator; but a friendly conductor passes us at the company's expense and we feel not a particle of indignation.

Such instances show that graft is not a practice peculiar to politicians and financiers; but that its spirit permeates our whole society. It has instilled a poison into our national life that will yield to no superficial treatment.

To admit this, however, is not to desert to the ranks of pessimists and of those who have lost faith in the mission of the republic. A nation is but an aggregate of individuals; and as an individual may wander from the paths of honor and integrity until moral depravity paralyzes the power of right thinking and submerges the hope of redemption, so the nation may wander from the vantage ground of high principle and moral safety, until the national character becomes perverted and can no longer respond to the voice of conscience nor hear the call of duty. But, as the individual, before his moral sense becomes chronically perverted, may retrace his steps and enter again upon the life that God intended he should live; so the nation that has been allured by fascinations and false lights may, before its character is undermined, discover the danger into which it is drifting and return to the course that was originally ordained for it.

If the spirit of graft had already afflicted the nation with an incurable malady, it would be folly to discuss the evil or to strive for its suppression. Rather should we tamely submit, or inscribe upon our shields the motto, "In graft we trust," join in the riot and follow again,

"The good old rule, the simple plan,
That he should get who has the power,
And he should keep who can."

But the national character is yet untouched by the germs of decay. Officers in the legislative and executive branches of government recently defrauded the nation; but if they relied on a perverted national character as a shield from justice, they are now realizing, within prison walls and in the "depths of irredeemable disgrace," the grossness of their error.

Graft is a fundamental evil and the treatment must begin with basal principles. In politics, moral principle should be

placed above political principle. "Principles, not men," is a lying motto. It is with this slogan more than with any other that the political grafter triumphs. "A principle is an idle and useless thing if it be not incarnated in a living man. A man is a nefarious and pernicious personality if he does not incarnate true principles." Vigilance in the discovery of the grafter, and punishment for him when discovered, regardless of rank or station, will tremendously reinforce the consciences of those entrusted with public funds. These are, however, but temporary checks and restraints. The cause lies in the blunted mental and moral faculties of the individual citizen and the permanent remedy must be the universal diffusion of knowledge linked with the principles of common honesty. We may continue to strike at graft in high places, we may employ detectives to spy upon our office-holders, or we may surround them with armed guards. We may compel insurance companies to write their books on bulletin boards or in the columns of great dailies, but so long as our own indifference and moral obtuseness give nourishment to the root of graft, its flower and fruit will blossom and ripen in realms of finance and departments of state.

In these times, when the number of schools and colleges is continually increasing, and vicious practices are more common than ever, education is apparently inadequate for the solution of our problem. The fault lies not in education but in an incomplete system. The defect in our system of education is that the three-fold nature of man is not developed symmetrically. The most notorious grafters are men whose minds were trained, but whose characters were not developed. The need for the teaching of the fundamental truths of religion in the common school is too great to be neglected. In this day not only of grafting, but of gambling, of wild speculation and frenzied finance of every description, the youth, more than ever before, needs to be taught the answer to that question of old, "What shall it profit a man?"

But more character is instilled by example than by precept. Whatever moral or religious truths the teacher may endeavor to impress, his labor is barren and fruitless unless his own life

harmonizes with the teaching. The teacher whose claim to the title is derived through a license dishonestly procured can never instil character nor inspire to noble living. Childish simplicity will penetrate the assumed mantle of righteousness, and recognizing the false man beneath, will doubt the most sacred truths he teaches. But the example of a great life is contagious. No student can receive instruction from a great teacher without catching the spirit of the man and partaking of his strength of character. Half a century has passed since Dr. Arnold's voice was heard in the halls of Rugby, but the influence of his character is still felt in English life. In this age of commercial strife, when business is robbing the child of the companionship of the parent, the character of the teacher is determining the ideals of the future. Well did Plato say, "Of all the great offices of state, the teacher's is greatest. He should be elected who of all the citizens is in every respect the best." The making or marring of nations is in his hands.

Thus, in tracing to its origin this evil that is menacing us, we return upon ourselves. The condition that gives rise to graft can be removed only by a universal education that strives for the development of character. The teacher is the agent through which this must come, and upon him we build our trust. Let him realize the majesty of his work and come to it not only with a fulness of knowledge, but with "the life-giving power of a great soul, that vitalizes all it touches and pours itself out with the largeness of divinity; for only thus can he quicken the soul of man."

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SIDNEY LANIER.

(Essay Prize Piece for 1906.)

An ever-increasing audience, once a narrow and select circle, are proclaiming Sidney Lanier one of the first "princes of American song." Although the time has not yet come for a final valuation, it must be recognized that no mean rank belongs to this poet-genius, essayist, and musician.

There can be no doubt that the foundation for a great poet's career was laid in his musical genius, his reverence for science and scholarship, his appreciation of nature, and his great love of man. And had he not so soon been the victim of disease, what might have been achieved by the man who, at so early an age and in the face of such great obstacles, wrote the "Marshes of Glynn" and the "Science of English Verse."

His earliest passion was for music, and in this he first fully discovered his genius. As a child he played on every instrument he could find, later devoting himself to the flute. Hamerik, his director for six years in the Peabody Symphony Orchestra of Baltimore, thus recognized his genius: "To him as a child in his cradle Music was given: the heavenly gift to feel and to express himself in tones. His human nature was like an enchanted instrument, a magic flute, or the lyre of Apollo, needing but a breath or a touch to send its beauty out into the world. It was indeed irresistible that he should turn with those poetical feelings which transcend language to the penetrating gentleness of the flute or the infinite passion of the violin; for there was an agreement, a spiritual correspondence between his nature and theirs, so that they mutually absorbed and expressed each other. In his hands the flute no longer remained a mere material instrument but was transformed into a voice that set heavenly harmonies into vibration."

He was said to have been the one man of letters in America who had an adequate appreciation of the value of music in the culture of the modern world. To him music was a culture study as much as the study of literature. "When Americans," he said, "shall have learned the supreme value and glory of the orchestra * * * * then I look to see America the home of the orchestra, and to hear everywhere the profound messages of Beethoven and Bach to men." This state reached, he added, our people would be well nigh redeemed from crass commercialism. The final meaning of music to him was that it created within man "a great, pure, unanalyzable yearning after God." He said that a great artist should have the sensibility and expressive

genius of Schumann, the calm grandeur of Lee, and the human breadth of Shakespeare, all in one.

But with the conviction that his life work was not to be that of a musician, and with aspirations for grand literary labor, he consecrated himself to his Great Passion. From that time forth, humbly and lovingly, did he put forth the very best and highest that was within him, utterly regardless of contemporary criticism. Though often obliged to resort to hack work or other means for support of his family, he never faltered from his high ideal. Ever hopeful, industrious, and cheerful, neither poverty nor disease could lessen his ardor for hard and systematic study or his faith in his Creator.

Nature no longer being able to furnish him skill and repertoire, as she had in music, he must become a student of things, truths, and men. Making himself master of Anglo-Saxon and early English texts, he pursued the study down to modern times. No field of science, history, philosophy, or philology found him unsympathetic. His mastery of that theory of formal verse, which he formulated in his lectures in the Johns Hopkins University and in "The Science of English Verse" is but one example of the conscientious artist in him refusing to send forth any work but the best. So he made his way but slowly into the literary world. Happily, however, there was combined with this tardiness of poetic utterance the consciousness of his powers and the patience to await the harvest time. "Day by day," he writes to his wife, "from my snow and my sunshine, a thousand vital elements rill through my soul. Day by day the secret deep forces gather which will presently display themselves in bending leaf and waxey petal, and in useful fruit and grain."

Professor Edwin Mims in his intelligent and sympathetic biography of Lanier, divides the poet's life into three periods corresponding to the periods into which that poet divides Shakespeare's. Lanier's Dream Period was his college days and the first years of the war. He passed through his Real or Hamlet Period from 1865-'73, when he suffered from poverty, drudgery, and disease and when there was also some religious and philo-

sophic doubt. Beginning with his artistic life, he passed into the Ideal Period, when by the shock of the real he was to realize a reconstruction of his youth. Suffering was by no means to be unknown; but the serenity and joy of his life from this point are apparent to all who may study it. This period includes his best prose and poetry.

In the Dream Period, "Tiger Lilies," "a mesh of roots from which perfect flowers grew," was produced. No student of the life and works of Sidney Lanier could neglect it, for by it much light is thrown upon the mind and character of the author. It has the same place in his life that "Hyperion" has in Longfellow's.

This early effort and a series of boys' books of legend and chivalry are of no such importance in his prose work as are "The Science of English Verse" and "The English Novel," both produced in his Ideal Period.

"The Science of English Verse," a pioneer book, is one of the best pieces of original work yet produced by an English scholar in America. The book is chiefly a discussion of rythm and tone-color in verse. Of it Lanier says, "For the artist in verse there is no law; the perception and love of beauty constitute the whole outfit; and what is herein set forth is to be taken merely as enlarging that perception and exalting that love." Of both tone-color and rythm he says, "The very touch-stone whereof is music."

A far more interesting work, not only to the general reader but also to the student of literature is "The English Novel." It has the value of being stimulating, suggestive, and helpful at the same time, though its higher worth is in his treatment of what the sub-title gives as "From Aeschylus to George Eliot, the Development of Personality." He says that our time shows an "enormous growth of personality of man," and that the inadequacy of the older forms of expression has developed the wonderfully free and elastic form of the modern novel out of the more rigid Greek drama, through the transition of the Elizabethan drama. Then follows by way of illustration a detailed study of several of the novels of George Eliot whom Lanier

considered the greatest of English novelists. In his concluding sentence he says, "I find all the numerous threads of thought which have been put before you gathered into one, if I say that George Eliot shows man what he may be, in terms of what he is."

Lanier had no patience with the cry "art for art's sake." And it is no wonder that a mind as truly pilosophically and scientifically accurate as it was poetically sensuous and imaginative could say that "he who has not yet perceived how artistic beauty and moral beauty are convergent lines which run back into a common ideal origin, and who is therefore not afire with moral beauty just as with artistic beauty; that he, in short, who has not come to that stage of quiet and eternal frenzy in which the beauty of holiness and the holiness of beauty mean one thing, burn as one fire, shine as one light within him, he is not yet the great artist."

Lanier's own ideal was "a perfect life in perfect labor wrought." And never did he express that ideal nor is there a better example of the purity and chastity of his language than in that inspiring passage: "Cannot one say with authority to the young artist whether working in stone, in color, in tones, or in character forms of the novel, so far from dreading that your moral purpose will interfere with your beautiful creation, go forward in the clear conviction that, unless you are, suffused —soul and body, one might say—with that moral purpose which finds its largest expression in love—that is, the love of all things in their proper relation—unless you are suffused with this love, do not dare to meddle with beauty; unless you are suffused with beauty, do not dare to meddle with truth; unless you are suffused with truth, do not dare to meddle with goodness. In a word, unless you are suffused with truth, wisdom, goodness, and love, abandon the hope that the ages will accept you as an artist."

Although entitled to a place among the genuine poets of America, the defects of Lanier must be recognized in that: "He never attained except in a few poems that union of sound and sense which is characteristic of the best poetry. The touch of finality is not in his words; the subtle charm of verse outside

of the melody and the meaning is not his—he failed to get the last touches of vitalizing force: He did not as Lowell said of Keats, 'rediscover the delight and wonder that lay enchanted in the dictionary.' He did not attain to the perfection and precision of the instantaneous line."

Yet if Lanier lacked in power of expression and in time for revision of his work, we must agree that no American anthology would be complete that did not contain a dozen or more of his poems, and no study of American poetry that did not take into consideration twice this number. None can fail to recognize in his poems the time-spirit and true poetic touch, especially in "The Marshes of Glynn," "Sunrise," "The Song of the Chattahooche," "The Mocking Bird," or the more ambitious "Corn."

Had he not attempted to apply his analytical theory of formal verse to his poetry, the lack of spontaneous utterance would not have been so evident. This defect is perhaps seen less in the "Song of the Chattahooche," which deserves to be ranked with Tennyson's "Brook," and about which there is much of the haunting melody of "Ulalume." With more stately movement than the little brook which "chatters, chatters as it flows," we are carried on by the rush of this bewitching stream-song:

Out of the hills of Haversham,
Down the valleys of Hall,
I hurry amain to reach the plain—
Run the rapid and reach the fall,
Split at the rock and together again,
Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
And flee from folly on every side
With a lover's pain to attain the plain—
  Far from the hills of Haversham,
  Far from the valleys of Hall.

All down the hills of Haversham,
All through the valleys of Hall,
The rushes creid, Abide, abide,
The willful water-weeds held me thrall,

The loving laurel turned my tide,
The ferns and the fondling grass said, Stay;
The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
And the little reeds cried, Abide, abide,
  Here in the hills of Haversham,
  Here in the valleys of Hall.

But, oh, not the hills of Haversham,
And, oh, not the valleys of Hall
Avail; for I am fain to water the plain,
Downward the voices of duty call—
Downward to toil and be mixed with the main,
The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,
And a myriad flowers mortally yearn—
And the lordly main from beyond the plain
  Calls o'er the hills of Haversham,
  Calls through the valleys of Hall.

The first productions that gave Lanier wide recognition as a poet were "Corn" and "The Symphony." In them he is overflowing with fancy—his imagination needed a check.

Bent upon no middle flight, he gives his luxuriant fancy free play, and now and then throughout his poetry we read lines that come from his innermost soul:

"But the air and my heart and the earth are a-thrill."

In "My Springs":

"I marvel that God made you mine,
For when he frowns, 'tis then ye shine."

The familiar line:

"The little green leaves would not let me alone in my sleep."

Professor Mims says that if one relied on a single poem to keep alive the fame of Lanier, he should select the "Marshes of Glynn," with the assurance that there is something so individual and original about it, and that, at the same time, there is such a

roll and range of verse in it, that it will surely live, not only in American poetry, but in English. Here the imagination has taken the place of fancy; the effort to do great things ends in victory, and the melody of the poem corresponds to the exalted thought."

He has been gazing out over the marshes and trying to phrase the limitless emotion which arises as he contemplates a trackless plain where land and sea interfere:

"The creeks overflow, a thousand rivulets run—the roots of the sod, the blades of the marsh-grass stir;
Passeth a hurrying sound of wings that westward whirr;
Passeth, and all is still; and the currents close to run,
And the sea and the marsh are one,
How still the plains of waters be!
The tide is in his esctacy,
The tide is at his highest height: and it is night,
And now from the Vast of the Lord will the waters of sleep
Roll in on the souls of men—
But who will reveal to our waking ken
The forms that swim and shapes that creep under the waters of sleep?
And I would I could know what swimmeth below when the tide comes in,
On the length and the breadth of the marvelous Marshes of Glynn."

That Lanier be classed as a true critic is rightfully questioned. He did not have the learning requisite for a great critic, and consequently has a tendency to indulge in hasty generalizations. He vigorously expressed his dislikes in literature in the same degree that he excessively praised some men. Yet he had remarkable insight into literature, in spite of his strong prejudices and lack of great learning. He was a great admirer of Chaucer (in fact of all Anglo-Saxon writers), and spoke of his works as "full of cunning hints and twinkle-eyed suggestions which peep between the lines like the comely faces of country children between the fence bars as one rides by."

Yet his right to be named as a scholar cannot be denied, and the most noteworthy characteristic of that scholarship is the modernness of his work. A critic says that it is difficult to find in the writings of Americans on Shakespeare more significant passages than chapters XX-XXIV of "Shakespeare and His Forerunners." Another illustration of this moderness is his plan for the publication of a book of Elizabethan sonnets, and he was the first American to indicate the necessity for the study of the novel as a form of literature that was worthy of serious thought. He had the spirit of research and original work characteristic of Johns Hopkins University, and had great reverence for such men as Child, Furnivall, Hales, Grosart, and others.

Whether in his poems, lectures, essays, or letters—everywhere Lanier's writings breathe the spirit of ethical earnestness and abound in allusions that reveal his deep and abiding faith in God. His tributes to Christ are among the most beautiful and impressive in English poetry. "The Crystal" is his tribute to the character of the one and only flawless Being in history. The tenderest thing that Lanier ever wrote about Christ was his "Ballad of the Trees and the Master," a dramatic presentation of the scene in Gethsemane and on Calvary. The closing lines of his swan-song "Sunrise" express better than anything else this confident faith:

"And ever my heart through the night shall with knowledge
abide thee,
And ever by day shall my spirit as one that hath tried thee
Labor at leisure in art—till yonder beside thee,
My soul shall float, friend Sun,
The day being done."

With Browning and Tennyson and Whittier love was the key with which to interpret the divine nature and man's highest duty to his fellow man. So with Lanier. "Music means harmony," he says, "and harmony means love, and love means God." And so he could say in all truth, "When life's all love, 'tis life: aught else, 'tis naught."

As with Keats, so with Lanier's name, there will always be associated the "glory of the unfulfilled life"—a glory that far exceeds the actual work of such men. To such men it is given to see and to feel what Lanier did when he said, "I know through the fiercest tests of time, that I am in soul, and shall be in life and utterance a great poet." We cannot be discouraged as to the final recognition of the work of a man who lived the life he did, and could with undimmed faith and bouyant spirit drink down the stirrup-cup so "smilingly." There was no ready sale for Shelley's "Adonais," nor Milton's "Paradise Lost." Lanier, like them, must be content with the possibility of posthumous fame.

"The greatest poets are they who have felt most profoundly the influence of Christ upon their lives and ideals"—did not Lanier hear that voice and feel that influence?

Surely the knowledge that we have had a Southern poet of such promise and influence upon other poets—let us hope he will inspire some greater singer—will justify us in the belief that he has greatly added to the literary culture of the South. "To the South, with which he was identified by birth and temperament, and in whose tremendous upheaval he bore a heroic part, the cosmopolitanism and moderness of his mind should be a constant protest against those things that have hindered her in the past and an incentive in that brilliant future to which she now so steadfastly and surely moves. To all men everywhere who care for whatsoever things are excellent and lovely and of good report, his life is a precious heritage."

FRANCES PARK.

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A CASE OF MISAPPLIED SYMPATHY.

Daisy looked very charming as she came down the broad steps to the trap where a fresh-complexioned young man was waiting for her.

"Counfond it, how can a fellow take away that happy look from her face?" groaned the latter as he jumped to the ground to assist her.

"I was just thinking about you when you 'phoned," she began frankly, "it was lovely of you, Tom, to think of this."

"O, I don't know," murmured the young man uneasily. "Which way," as they approached the street.

"To the country, of course," she replied. "This is a day for driving along quiet lanes and through the woods. Isn't the sunshine perfectly glorious?"

"Perfectly," he assented.

"Things always seem best just before we lose them—don't you think so?"

He started. Could it be that she had some premonition of what he was to tell her? "What do you mean, Daisy?" he asked.

"Why, simply that it is almost winter. Do you realize that this is the last day of October and that before the week is gone a storm will probably have swept these gay-colored leaves into their graves?"

Then she was perfectly innocent of a deeper meaning in her conversation. But how like the storm she mentioned would be the words with which he told her of his engagement to Maud! Poor girl! He hoped she wouldn't cry. Why had she thought from the little attentions he paid her that he loved her? He—

"Tom Draper, what is the matter with you?" cried Daisy. "I've asked you three times to get me some of that superb golden-rod over there."

He stammered something and hastened to obey her command. He felt very foolish and decided before he returned with the golden-rod that he would enjoy the afternoon and let her enjoy it. There would be time later to tell her of Maud.

* * * *

The afternoon was almost spent. It had been a pleasant one, but now as they were nearing home the conversation became strained. Tom was wondering how to broach the subject of his engagement and it seemed to him that Daisy's manner was a reflection of his own. He had never seen her so embarrassed. They must have it over and there was no time to be lost, but how was he to begin?

"Daisy," he said suddenly, "do you know why I asked you to drive with me this afternoon?"

"Tom," she parried, "do you know why I came driving with you this afternoon?"

"I asked you because I had something to tell you, Daisy."

"And I came because I had something to tell you," very sweetly.

"I've been wanting some time to tell you," he hurried on, ignoring her part of the conversation, "but—"

"Now, Tom, don't begin to—aren't you going to let me tell you my secret?"

"Wait till I tell you mine, Daisy. You may not want to tell me then." His tone was very tender. He must be gentle with her.

"Daisy, I'm in love."

"Tom, I'm engaged."

"Engaged! !"

"Yes."

"So am I!"

"You!—Well of all—" she ended in a peal of laughter. "Why I thought—"

"And I thought—"

"I've been trying all the afternoon to tell you before—"

"And I've been racking my brain for a way to break your heart without hurting you."

They laughed again, together, and so long that people looked at them curiously—for they were in town again. This sobered them enough to inquire as to the object of each other's affections. Soon they parted at Daisy's home in a manner very different from what each had pictured.

Tom was half way down the drive when, "Tom, Tom Draper!" called Daisy, running after him.

He waited for her to come up. "I forgot to congratulate you," she said, holding out her hand.

A HEINE LOVE SONG.

As Cynthia's image trembles
In ocean billows wild,
While she herself is peaceful
And wanders o'er the sky,
When, thou, belov'd, art tranquil—
Thy image in my heart
Is quivering, and trembles,
Because so throbs my heart. C., '09.

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FOUR LEGGED THIEVES.

"Missie" sat on the cottonwood log, which lay on the bank of the river, with bare feet dangling down, partly covered with water. Tige lay just back of her on the ground, whining occasionally on account of the late hours his mistress was keeping. She was waiting for her father to return from a small town up the river. All around the bugs and flies buzzed and the night birds chirped in the leaves. All of these "Missie" heard but she heeded none. She had not worried much the night before because her father did not return, but this night she was frightened —he had never before left her alone so long.

"Missie" was only fifteen years old, and all her life she had never gone to school. Her life had been spent in a house-boat. She and her father spent their winters in New Orleans, or some other Southern city, and in the spring when the northern ice began to melt they would catch some craft or trading vessel and come up to some forest region where he would build another house-boat and begin floating south again.

This summer "Missie's" father started down the Mississippi near St. Paul, but when he arrived at the mouth of the Wisconsin he towed his house-boat up it for about five or six miles and there low water had left it high and dry on the bank. She was thinking as she sat on the cottonwood log of the things she had seen in town during the last winter—when all at once she heard the sound of oars, and rising quickly, she cried:

"Dad, is that you?"

"No, this is not dad; he is in the lock-up. He has been arrested for stealing corn and pumpkins from old farmer Jones. He said tell you to take care of things and don't be scared, for he would be out in a few days."

She and Tige walked back to the house-boat very slowly for "Missie" was sorely troubled, not knowing what she was to do in this dense swamp all alone. Arirving at the boat she lay down and soon cried herself to sleep.

Next morning she arose early and started with Tige to the lock-up, about three miles distant, to see her father. Sure enough, she found him in jail, but she could not stay with him; so she returned to the house-boat and fished during the afternoon. After having caught a nice string of cat, she walked down the road which ran along the river bank and on by farmer Jones' corn-field. She had left Tige at home to watch, but had scarcely reached the field when she wished for him, for on the inside of the field, two fine "coons" were pulling off the roasting ears. She turned and ran as fast as she could to the house-boat, called Tige, picked up a club which her father used when he went "coon"-hunting and hurried back to the field. Tige knew "what was up," and trembling with eagerness he jumped the fence and at once struck the scent. With a yelp and a bark he darted through the tall corn, with "Missie" running far behind. She stopped a moment to listen and perceiving by his barking that he had found the "coons," she ran the faster. On arriving where Tige was, she was surprised to see him darting in and out of a cave, howling at every breath, while from the inside spiteful snarls were heard.

"Go for them!" she cried. "Good boy, get at them!" and Tige, almost crazy, darted in the cave and came rolling out with a big raccoon; sometimes the dog was on top, then again the raccoon seemed to be the winner; but finally she and Tige managed to kill him. She stooped to pick up the dead "varmint" and sent Tige back in the cave after another, when by her dashed two more dogs, and in the midst of all the fighting a man and boy appeared.

"Well, if it isn't a girl," cried the man. "Where is your pappy, little gal?"

"You go 'way," cried "Missie," "you are farmer Jones and you have locked up my dad for stealing your corn and he didn't do it. Now, you go 'way—these coons are mine."

"Hush, little gal, we'll fix that after we get the coons."

Only one of the coons escaped, and when they were through, there were five ringtails stretched out on the ground. They investigated the cave and found that there were several bushels of corn and several small pumpkins therein.

Next day the trial was to occur against Missie's father, but farmer Jones would not testify against him.

M. Geiger.

The Millsaps Collegian

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W. A. Williams.....Editor-in-Chief
L. K. Carlton.....Associate Editor
J. W. Frost.....Local Editor
Susie Ridgeway.....Literary Editor
C. L. Neill.....Alumni Editor
J. R. Bright.....Y. M. C. A. Editor
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W. F. Murrah, W. C. Moore.....Assistant Business Managers

Remittances and business communications should be sent to J. C. Rousseaux, Business Manager. Matter intended for publication should be sent to W. A. Williams, Editor-in-Chief.

ISSUED THE TWENTIETH DAY OF EACH MONTH DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR

Subscription, Per Annum, $1.00. Two Copies, Per Annum, $1.50.

EDITORIALS.

Millsaps 1906-7.

Our prospects this year are the brightest of any in the history of the college. The enrollment of three hundred students, an increase of twenty-five per cent. over any previous year is in itself no inconsiderable cause for elation, for a mere increase in numbers is valuable because of the enthusiasm it creates along athletic lines, and with us athletics is the sick man that is in direst need of physic. Most of the new students have thrown themselves into the athletic sports

with unbounded enthusiasm and all indications are that the Athletic Association will enjoy a year more prosperous than any since the suspension of inter-collegiate games. The gymnasium director announces that a prize will be given to the student who develops into the best all round gymnast, a field day will be given in the spring for the exhibition of skill in athletic training; these, together with the certainty of inter-collegiate games in the near future, indicate a successful year in athletics.

It is not, however, the number so much as it is the class of new students that gives cause for congratulation. Their attractive manners, their admirable work in class room and the enthusiastic spirit they are manifesting in all phases of college life is a topic of general comment. A majority have already connected themselves with the Y. M. C. A. and the literary societies, and are becoming forces in those departments.

The mid-session and commencement debates between the Lamar and Galloway societies, together with the three chautauqua and State oratorical contests which have before stimulated society and college spirit and have been conducive to the development of oratorical and debating talent will have added to their number this year an inter-collegiate debate. A challenge received from the Southern University has been accepted and arrangements are now being made for a debate between the two institutions.

To the student body as a whole the increased number of our lady students is considered one of the strongest proofs of our progress. The number of young ladies who attend Millsaps is continually increasing and the fact that the number this year is double that of last year indicates that Millsaps will soon be one of the great co-educational institutions of the South.

Thus with its recognition as a co-educational institution, with a hopeful outlook for athletics, with new fields being opened for oratory and debate, and a magnificent library almost in process of construction the Session of 1906-'07 promises to be an eventful one.

The Collegian.

No product of the college is so widely known as the COLLEGIAN. The Annual is published but once a year, and because of its cost the students and their immediate families are its chief critics or admirers. Our anniversary speeches and commencementt debates are heard chiefly by the student body and friends from town; people in the state know little, people without the state nothing, about them. But the COLLEGIAN is published monthly and is sent not only to our homefolks and friends over the state, but to all the colleges of the South and to some in other sections. It is all that other colleges have by which they can form an opinion of us, and as the COLLEGIAN is good or inferior we will be judged accordingly. It seems, then that it would be unnecessary to urge men of college spirit to exert themselves for the improvement of their magazine. Still we have grown negligent; during the past four years the COLLEGIAN has retrograded and now it does not stand above the mediocre in the exchange department. Let the students realize how much depends on their monthly and let them support it with their contributions. To increase the number of contributors this year, three prizes are offered: Mr. A. P. Hand, of the Class of '05, offers a ten-dollar prize for the best verse written during the year; Dr. Wise offers ten dollars for the best story written during the last half session, and the staff offers ten dollars for the best story written during the first half session. The only conditions are that there shall be at least two to compete.

The Faculty.

Professor Kern has obtained leave of absence for this year and is studying for his Ph. D. degree at Johns Hopkins University. Prof. Kern has won the respect and admiration of the students, both on account of his ability as a teacher of English and because of the interest he manifested in college sports and college life generally. We are fortunate to secure as a substitute for Prof. Kern, Prof. Wise, also of Johns Hopkins University. Prof. Wise holds a Ph. D. degree,

and comes to us highly recommended. Though he has been with us only a short while, he has already impressed the students as a man of strong personality and an able teacher.

Advertisements. The students are urged to patronize those business men who advertise in the COLLEGIAN. It is their patronage that makes the publication of the COLLEGIAN possible and we should show our appreciation of their patronage by patronizing them.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

J. W. FROST, EDITOR.

Greetings!

We are now hard against it!

Will someone put J. B. Robinson wise as to who teaches in the observatory?

Wanted.—Position as nurse. References furnished upon application.—BRISCOE.

The Kappa Sigma and Kappa Alpha fraternities entertained very pleasantly at smokers during the month.

Politics are not always confined exclusively to the State; they sometimes figure conspicuously in the literary society.

Millsaps opened on September 26 with an enrollment approximating 300—the largest in the history of the college.

Mrs. Q.—"I manage to keep my boarders longer than you do."

Miss L.—"Well, I don't know about that; you keep yours so thin they look longer."

Barnum & Bailey were in town on the 11th—but of course a college boy wouldn't go to a circus. We hear it rumored that Wallace will be here too.

Messrs. J. W. Loch and R. H. Ruff have recently been initiated into the Kappa Sigma fraternity, and Mr. F. S. Williams, into the Pi Kappa Alpha.

Ignorance excuses no man in the eyes of the law. "$25.00 Reward—For the boy who turned in the alarm trying to mail his letter in the fire-alarm box."

Fitzpatrick (seeing a party getting in an automobile on the street)—"Wonder what those people want to get in that buggy for when it hasn't got a horse hitched to it."

Millsaps is now truly co-educational. There are more than fifteen young lady members of the student body. The trustees appreciating the importance of higher education for girls have taken under consideration the matter of establishing a Woman's Dormitory.

A challenge from the two literary societies of Southern University, for an inter-collegiate debate to be held in March of this and succeeding sessions has been received and accepted by the Galloway and Lamar Literary Societies. Enterprises of this nature should receive every encouragement.

Prof. A. A. Kern, having secured a leave of absence for one year is now completing his graduate work at the Johns Hopkins University. In the absence of Mr. Kern the English Department is exceedingly well provided for in the person of Dr. Wise, who is himself a graduate of Johns Hopkins.

The Galloways held their election on the same night with the following result: Anniversarian, C. L. Neill; Anniversary Orator, J. R. Bright; Debaters, Terrall and Bullock. Bobashela staff—Literary Editor, O. Backstrom; Art Editor, C. C. Applewhite; Term Officers, O. Backstrom, President; H. F. Magee, Vice-President; Brown, Secretary; R. H. Ruff, Treasurer.

Dr. Murrah (to prospective co-ed)—"Well, I hear that you are going to be a co-ed out at the college this year."

Co-ed (indignantly)—"No, sir; I'm going to be a Freshman."

Interest in athletics at Millsaps continues to grow. This year the Athletic Association is exceedingly fortunate in being able to secure the services of instructor H. F. Edson, who has had considerable experience in college athletics. Besides coaching the foot-ball team he will also train the Glee Club.

At a recent meeting of the Executive Committee composed of Bishop Galloway, Dr. Murrah, Major Millsaps, Messrs. I. C. Enochs and J. R. Bingham, plans were accepted for the Millsaps-Carnegie Library. Plans were submitted by architects from all over the country but those presented by Mr. Henry Austin, of Jackson, were selected. The building which will be of gray stone and pressed brick will be located between Webster Science Hall and the President's Home; it will be furnace-heated and will have a library capacity of 50,000 volumes.

The Freshman, Sophomore and Junior classes have held class elections with the following result: Freshman—J. M. Gwynne, President; W. L. McGahey, Vice-President; Miss Anderson, Secretary; E. C. Gunn, Treasurer; Miss Saums, Poet; Sophomore—R. J. Mullens, President; Robert H. Ruff, Vice-President; Miss Moore, Secretary; W. A. Welch, Treasurer; Miss Ricketts, Historian; T. L. Bailey, Poet. Junior—Miss Sims, Presiding Officer; H. F. Magee, Vice-President; Miss Huddleston, Secretary; D. T. Ruff, Treasurer; B. F. Witt, Historian.

At a meeting of the Lamar Society Friday evening the following officers were elected: Commencement debaters, Jeff Collins and W. F. Murrah; Anniversarian, S. I. Osborn; Anniversary Orator, C. H. Kirkland; Bobashela staff—Literary Editor, Miss Bessie Huddleston; Art Editor, J. L. Berry; Assistant Business Manager, L. B. Robinson, Jr.; Term Officers—A. L. Rogers, President; Gwynne, Secretary; R. J. Mullens, Treasurer; J. W. Frost, Critic. Mr. W. A. Williams was elected as the Lamar representative debater in the Millsaps-Southern debate.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

SUSIE RIDGEWAY, EDITOR.

Lady Baltimore.

The charm of Lady Baltimore lies in its original and unusual setting. It is in retrospective, belated Kingsport that the scene is laid. Over all the South Carolina shores there hangs a penetrating, quiet sadness that does not come from any memory of human hopes and misfortunes, but from the elements themselves. But over Kingsport at once the most wistful, the most appealing town in America, this sadness is tempered by the thought of the many generations of smiles and tears that have been sheltered there. The place is redolent of former glories. As the war days recede the film of romance deepens over them and it is wilth a feeing of regret that we see a by-gone state replaced by progressive but less picturesque customs. Aristocratic Kingsport in the centre of aristocratic South Carolina, and Mrs. St. Michael and the various aunts "are" Kingsport.

The story is told by a Northern gentleman who has come to the Kingsport archives to establish his right to membership in a society of the descendants of royal blood. The story begins in the Woman's Exchange, and, as the narrator says, ends in a wedding. The wedding or the prospect of one and more especially the baking of the wedding-cake is the all-absorbing thought of this Northern gentleman. As each postponement of the wedding, his eternal question is, "And what about the cake? Will that kind of thing keep?" To his surprise the pretty girl in the exchange asks, in reply: "The cake—or the wedding?"

The girl and the boy meet in the exchange where he has come to order a cake of the variety known as "Lady Baltimore." Owing to his embarrassment the girl, who is a niece of Mrs. St. Michael, judges that it must be for his own wedding. When she refuses to accept payment until delivery, he replies: "But—a—but on the day I shall be very particularly engaged."

Although he knows the people socially the Northern gentleman cannot ask directly why John Mayrant is buying the wedding-cake, and why the bride is not doing it, nor why John persists in marrying a girl for whom he has begun to lose his infatuation. But by patient persistence he learns that the bride is Hortense Rieppe, the daughter of General Rieppe, a hero of Chattanooga—a gentleman whom one of the St. Michael ladies says was conspicuous for his personal prudence on the battlefield; he is one of the silver-tongued, posing Southerners with a poetic gaze and flowing hair who play well the role of hero.

Whatever courage the father may have lacked, his daughter is a general and consummate strategist. She levies on one lover to secure another and keeps them unknown to each other. Away from Kingsport she has the assurance to call herself a Kingsport girl, while in truth she is from Georgia, a place, in the eyes of Kingsport, entirely without the pale. Her fiance's sense of refinement keeps him from telling his troubles, and although his Northern friend would like to help John to see that it is not his duty to marry a girl whom he has ceased to love, he cannot.

The climax in the excitement is reached when Hortense, with an automobile full of the "yellow rich," whom the narrator calls, "Replacers," enters the town. She has come to see whether John is wealthy before she marries him, although the wedding has been postponed on account of "poor papa's health." John has begun to see through her schemes, but his nobleness and "moral elegance" prevent him from breaking the engagement, distasteful as it has become.

Hortense, however, presumes a little too far on his quixotic chivalry—the crisis is reached when on board the Replacer's yacht; her insolent desire to show these people her power over John prompts her to leap into the water simply to have him rescue her. She is not disappointed. John does follow her and brings her safely to the yacht; but when she tells him that her life belongs to him, he quietly replies: "Then I restore it to you."

Even after this, however, he allows it to appear that she has broken the engagement. The story ends with John's marrying

Eliza LaHeu, the girl at the exchange. He nor she knew when he first began to love her, but it must have begun unconsciously the day he ordered the delicious Lady Baltimore.

Although Owen Wister shows by his dissertations on the race and other public questions that he is a thinking man, these seem somewhat out of place in this story. His plea for Americanism instead of sectionalism is well developed. While Lady Baltimore is not a masterpiece, it is nevertheless a delightful story.

Osmotic Pressures of Solutions of Cane Sugar.

BY WILLIAM LEE KENNON, PH. D. PROFESSOR, WILLIAMS COLLEGE, MASSACHUSETTS.

This book of near one hundred pages is of special interest to students of Millsaps College. The author, Dr. W. L. Kennon, is a native of Jackson, and a graduate in the class of 1900. During the session of 1900-1901 Dr. Kennon was assistant in the scientific department of this college, and afterwards taught in the Kentucky Wesleyan College.

This work is a "dissertation submitted to the Board of University Studies of the Johns Hopkins University in conformity with the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy," and it is commonly considered by the students and faculty of the Hopkins that this is the most able thesis ever presented in the scientific department of that institution, and a careful reading by one who is not a specialist in that line of work confirm this impression.

It has been recognized since 1867 that the most promising field of discovery in physical chemistry lay in the direction of osmotic pressure, but the difficulties have been so nearly insuperable that for the last thirty years all work in this direction has been considered conjectural, and the true scientist has felt that he was treading on uncertain ground. It remains for Dr. Kennon to perfect a cell of such perfect composition that really scientific results have been obtained.

The reader who is interested in the details of this discovery which will be the foundation of much of the most valuable work of the future is referred to Dr. Kennon's book in the College Library. It is written in a clear and interesting style, accompanied by tables showing the actual work done, and is pronounced an indispensable adjunct to all future work in this line.

A reading of the book will satisfy any one why Dr. Kennon was selected as the first graduate of Millsaps College to be chosen a member of the Phi Beta Kappa scholarship society.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

L. K. CARLTON, EDITOR.

This volume of the COLLEGIAN finds the Exchange Department again in inexperienced hands. The editor is aware of the difficult nature of the work and enters into it with no little misgiving. In all college magazines the exchange editor seems to act as critic, reviewing the journals that come to his table and making suggestions or criticisms upon their subject-matter and its arrangement. To criticise and not be harsh nor to offend, to make pertinent and practical suggestions, to measure out praise and criticism with an impartial hand, these things require tact and judgment along with thoughtful study.

From the very nature of the department, it fails to arouse the interest manifested in the other departments, and consequently cannot be made as attractive to the general public. Former editors assert that they have been benefitted as a result of having held the place. It is both instructive and enjoyable. They come to love the work. When I reach that stage of development the department may assume an interesting aspect. The department has an object—to attempt the development of the student writer. Nothing aids an intelligent student more than intelligent criticism.

No one can, unaided, form a true estimate of the worth of his own work, and, among students there is rarely found one that is willing to tell his fellow-student of the criticisms of his companions or to give his personal opinion if it is other than pleasing. Then to an unprejudiced reader he must look if he really wishes to form a clear, accurate idea as to the real value of his article or to better himself in composition. The Exchange Departments of the various journals briefly review his work and if it is excellent it receives special mention; while if it is mediocre or poor, it is either criticised or no note is made of it at all. Some times the writer who has just begun is discouraged by criticism and tamely gives up the idea that he may write anything worthy of note. Because you do not succeed brilliantly at first, do not throw down your pen in disgust or despair. There is a chance for you to become an interesting and forceful writer, and no composition that you do can possibly injure you. Nothing aids more in the cultivation of a clear and forceful expression of ideas than the transcribing of them from brain to paper. Criticism should spur you to greater effort. If ever in these columns there appears any criticism that seems severe, it comes from an earnest desire to aid and encourage the author.

The kindness of the last editor has made the work for the first issue less embarrassing than it has been for former editors; he saved the magazines arriving too late to be commented upon in our last issue.

The Blue and Bronze is the best of our exchanges. The subject-matter and its arrangement is very good. The essay on "Tintern Abbey Ode" shows a critical appreciation of the merits of poetry, and the whole article is strong, showing an intimate knowledge of the subject in hand. We rarely see its equal in our exchanges. "The Frog Hunt" is a well-told, original story, showing with a touch of humor how highly women regard some small animals, such as mice, frogs, etc.

The Tulanian has several serious articles of interest. The stories are good and the poems add to its attractiveness. The

historical essay on the Ku Klux Klan is instructive as well as interesting.

The best production in the Emory Phoenix is "Does Environment Influence Character?" The author shows that it may, but not necessarily. He says "We fix our station in this life and our destiny in the life to come not by the material things we are in the midst of, nor by those persons with whom we come in contract, but by the thoughts we think and the motives that we foster." A truth worthy of remembrance. "A Phi Gamma Function of the Fifties" is a well told story, interesting as to plot and simply, humorously told. The poem, "The Senior's Aspect," is to our mind the best attempt at verse and will be enjoyed by any college student.

On our exchange list are: Kendall Collegian, Whitworth Clionian, Tulanian, Blue and Bronze, Academy Girl, Green and Gold, Shorter College Chimes, Emory Phoenix.

Indi-F-erent,
Indo-L-ent,
Irreg-U-lar,
Idle-N-ess,
Ir-K-some. —Ex.

"Pat, do you believe in fate?"
"Sure, an' phat would we be standin' on widout 'em?"—Ex.

"Cast your bread upon the water,"
Says the boarder, with a frown;
Add a little salt and pepper,
Call it soup and gulp it down.—Ex.

St. Peter (to applicant)—"You say you were a professor in a college?"

Applicant—"Yes, sir."

St. Peter—"Step into the elevator, please."

Applicant—"How soon do we go up?"

St. Peter—"It doesn't go up; you are going down."—Ex.

The Senior's Aspect.

(DEDICATED TO RUBE MABBIT.)

We've trod the weary way
  Of a stale old college course;
We've eat beef, grits and hash
  And sometimes filled with force.

And now we bid a last adieu
  To freak and philosophic fool;
Adieu to Shelley's New Arcade
  And Doc Smith's red old mule.

Here's to college marks,
  And to the boy that win's em;
Here's to the happy life,
  And to the boy that blends 'em!

Here's to the boy that toats his stuff,
  And teaches us the same;
Here's to handy jacks,
  And helps of every name.

Here's to Oxford's rare old maids
  With all their grief and woe;
O, have compassion on them now
  And send to each a beau!

Some say that woman is the strangest thing
  That roams upon this habitory;
But for us she's only protoplasm
  To study in the laboratory.

To each professor's fate
  Add winsome luck galore;
Just give to each a brawling mate
  With halfscore kids and more.

If it be true that we've evoluted
From our granddad the monkey,
Then I am sure the dear old prof.
Springs fresh down from the donkey.

We'll soon forget the class-room naps
And all the dry old drags
Of weary profs and funny fools,
And all the bootlick's brags.

We are resolved to live as high
And let the veins of life run slack,
So if we find no other job
We'll pull strings across a hard tail's back;

For after threescore years and ten
We'll feel these griefs no more,
For then we'll be beyond the din
Of this high rolling shore.

And should that climate be too warm
In the world beyond this sphere,
We'd rather furnish fuel for fire
Than to be a measley bootlick here.

So give your tens to others,
Your nine-fives full and free;
But save for us your sixes
Your seven-fives full of glee.

(Emory Phoenix.)

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

C. L. NEILL, EDITOR.

The strength of our institution is judged by the strength of its Alumni. The record of each is the record of the college. Whatever of success is attained by them after they leave the

college walls is credited to our institution: thus, how important it is that the student body and friends of the college be kept informed of the work and personnel of the Alumni band.

We were sorry to hear that Mr. J. W. McGee, '05, has been suffering from a stroke of paralysis. We hope "J. W." will soon be able to resume his work as Chaplain of the Penitentiary.

The following Alumni have paid us a visit: J. S. Purcell, J. A. Baker, E. D. Lewis, J. H. Penix, A. P. Hand, E. G. Mohler and Toxey Hall. We are glad at all times to have any of our Alumni with us.

The Alumni Association met on the evening of June 11th, with an unusual attendance, several classes being represented. An interesting program was rendered and officers for the ensuing year were elected.

B. E. Eaton, '01, and who graduated in the Law Department in 1902, has been chosen District Attorney of the —— Judicial District of Mississippi. "Barney" is indeed making a success in his chosen profession.

Mr. W. L. Kennon, '01, of Jackson, Miss., has received his Ph. D. from Johns Hopkins University, and has accepted the chair of Chemistry in Williams College. Our Alumni take high rank in almost every line of work.

On the evening of September 14th, Mr. E. C. McGilvray, editor of the alumni department of 1905-'06, was married to Miss Clara Starr, of Hattiesburg. "Mc." has the honor of being the first of his class to take unto himself a better-half.

It is the purpose of this department to give to the readers of the COLLEGIAN whatever information we may have concerning the Alumni in general, hoping in this way to strengthen the college spirit and deepen the love for our Alma Mater.

Of the Class of '06, Baker has been chosen principal of the Morriston school, Brister is a merchant at Bogue Chitto, Carr is in a store at Pontotoc, Heidelberg has accepted a position in a Hattiesburg bank, Lewis is pastor at Thomasville and is taking post-graduate work, McGilvray is pastor of the Red Street Methodist Church, Hattiesburg, Miss.; Mohler has been elected principal of the Flora public school; J. L. Neill is General Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in the Georgia School of Technology, Atlanta, Ga.; Miss Park has a position in the Jackson public schools, and L. E. Price is pursuing a course in electrical engineering in Cornell University.

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT.

J. R. BRIGHT, EDITOR.

Entre of Y. M. C. A. Department. In accord with the initiation of the Association the Faculty instituted the Y. M. C. A. Department of the COLLEGIAN and appointed an editor for the same. This means much to the Association. Being the most important organization in the college, it has enlarged its work to such proportions that this step was deemed necessary and expedient. The Y. M. C. A. is a great factor in the college life. It has more to do with the setting of ideals, the regulating of habits and the forming of character than any other one thing.

Res Gestae. The prospects are auspicious for a successful year. We have some efficient and effective officers and leaders and a number of loyal and active members. Though hindered at the opening, the work is now under very good headway. Mr. W. D. Weatherford, Travelling Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. in the South, was with us on the 6th and 8th of this month, and delivered three forceful addresses. His last, "The College Man's Battle," was a strong appeal for the men to

embrace the Christ life if they would win out in the vital conflict. Some twenty men expressed a desire to overcome sin, and eight made a decision for Christ. It was a good service. Mr. Weatherford met in conference and advised with each departmental committee. Many of the feasible plans and methods, resulting from these deliberations, we hope to see put in operation.

There was a Bible Study Rally Friday, the 5th. Prof. J. E. Walmsley gave a fine address, "informal" but impressive, on the value of Bible study. The Rally was unprecedentedly prolific: ninety-seven men were enrolled in daily study with nine group-leaders.

On Friday, the 12th, at the Mission Rally, Dr. J. M. Sullivan gave an earnest and comprehensive lecture on some phases of missions in general, emphasizing its importance to us and our obligation to it. There were fifty-seven enlisted in systematic giving; two mission study classes will meet weekly.

The Y. M. C. A. is stronger in numbers than ever before. At the first business meeting seventy-five names were added to the roll of membership.

On the second Sunday evening Dr. Murrah preached a special sermon to "his" boys, presenting strongly the claims of Christianity—showing the paramount need of correlating one's life in conformity with that of Christ's, vindicating the immortality of man, and testifying to the fact that "Godliness is profitable in all things."

Attendance has been unusually good and a manifest interest has been expressed in the meetings up to date.

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The Millsaps Collegian

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IMPERIALISM IN AMERICA.

(Spoken by L. E. Price, in Senior Contest, June 11, 1906.)

A progressive nation must always face new problems. Its solution of one gives rise to another, and so in must continually change its methods, and adapt its policy to the new conditions. Thus a new state must look to its own development, it cannot seek advancement in the politics of the world. But when it has become prosperous through a strict adherence to this policy, that very fact removes the conditions that demanded the old policy of seclusion, and forces the adoption of a new policy. No nation can live entirely to itself, and the importance of the part which it is forced to play in the affairs of the world is directly proportional to its prosperity.

Such is the present position of the United States. For more than a century we have followed the policy of Washington; we have kept clear of all entangling alliances, and we have developed our natural resources, and protected our industries, until now we can compete with Europe for the best markets of the world. But this prosperity carries with it new duties and new responsibilities. New conditions have developed, and already we are compelled to change our methods and adapt them to the new conditions.

One of the greatest blessings that can fall to the lot of any

country is an abundant capital profitably invested; but idle capital is like a cannon ball loose on the deck of a rolling vessel, plunging madly about and leaving confusion and disaster in its wake. New countries rarely suffer from over-capitalization; but as they grow older and become more fully developed the field of investment becomes narrower, and finally profitable forms of investment can no longer be found for the ever increasing capital. When this condition is reached new fields must be opened up through inventions that will create new demands, and hence new industries, or the surplus capital must be invested in undeveloped districts.

Until recent years over-capitalization was an unknown evil in the United States. There were new farm lands to be opened up, new railways to be built, new demands to be satisfied, and vast improvements to be made on every hand. Immense capital was produced; but there were enormous demands for it and it found ready investment. Now, however, conditions have changed —many industries are already overworked, and many of the improvements made, such as bridges and buildings, are of a permanent character. It is true that many new lines of railway are still to be built, and that a vast amount of capital will soon be required to replace steam with electro-motive power. But it is also true that practically all our arable public lands have been taken up, and a great part of the capital and capital-producing energy hitherto employed in opening up new lands is now free, and it must be provided for.

Manufacturing will engage a great deal of this surplus capital, but it cannot take all of it. For under the present conditions competition has so cut down the margin of profits that our manufacturers are forced to produce on a larger scale and reduce the cost of production to a minimum. We already manufacture more goods in this country than we can consume, and if we do not secure foreign markets the evils resulting from over-production in manufactures will be as real as those resulting from over-production in capital.

Thus, an outlet for our trade and capital has become an economic necessity, and it is highly important that we should secure one that we can depend upon. We cannot enter Europe very extensively, for Europe is already suffering more than we are from these evils. For relief her great states turned to imperialism, and began to acquire foreign territory. Thus practically all of Asia and Africa, and the islands of the sea are under their control, and they have hemmed in their colonies with discriminating tariffs, devised to secure for their own manufacturers a monopoly of the new markets. South America alone, of all the undeveloped countries of the earth, is free from European influence and European tariffs control today, and it is here that we must seek our markets.

In open competition for the markets of the world the United States is able to more than hold her own, and for this reason the other great powers are being forced, one by one, to erect insurmountable barriers of protective tariff about their colonies. We are at a manifest disadvantage when our producers are forced to contend with a discriminating tariff almost equal to the cost of production itself, and hence we must secure a market of our own.

Motives as well as conditions have changed very materially during the last century, and empires are formed today for economic rather than for political reasons. Under the new rational imperialism colonies are no longer desired as sources of revenue and power for the government, and the national states do not attempt to impose political control over highly civilized nations. They seek rather to acquire undeveloped and uncivilized districts, and by exploiting them to create new markets for their goods and new fields of investment for their capital. Now all the semi-civilized, barbarian, and savage communities of the world are rapidly being brought under the protection of the larger civilized nations. South America alone remains, and if we would save it for our market we must seize it before it, too, becomes a province of Europe.

Economists and statesmen, interpreting the tendency of the times, tell us that the great nations are now but preparing for the mighiest contest of all history, and that its outcome will determine the mastery of the world. It will be an economic and commercial rather than a military contest, but it will be none the less real and earnest on that account, and in the end "the command of the habitable globe will be possible to that power in whose hands are the resources which insure obedience."

South America is a natural field for American exploitation. Its close proximity to us on the south makes it easy of access and defense, and from it as a base we can easily command two of the main entrances to the Pacific, which is destined soon to be the center of the world's commerce, wealth and power. Furthermore, it has already been developed enough to make it at once a profitable field of investment and a good market, and with its immense natural resources under our control we will be in a position to fix prices for the world.

But if our interests enter this undeveloped district our flag must go too to protect them and to make financial conditions steady and safe. At present South America is in a state of too great political unrest to admit of any considerable extension of our banking system there without the protection of our own government.

I believe that we need have no fears for the effect of imperialism on our democratic institutions, for democracy and empire are not altogether incompatible terms. England is today the world's greatest empire, and yet her government is one of the most democratic. There must be some centralization of power in an empire it is true, but only in the colonial department is this necessary. The English method of placing colonial affairs in the hands of a colonial secretary could easily be adopted in our government.

As an instance of the success of the American colonial policy I would refer to the improved conditions of Cuba and Porto Rico. Eight years ago these islands were hotbeds of disease; modern

methods were unknown, and financial ruin was staring them in the face. Today disease has been stamped out, American methods have been introduced, and they are on the high road to prosperity. The same things are now being done for Hawaii and the Philippine Islands, and will be done for all lands that come under American control in the future.

Imperialism is not to be confused with entrance into world-politics. Both are results of prosperity and progress; but one does not necessarily follow as the consequence of the other. There was a time when our business was confined to this continent, and we were isolated from the rest of the world, both geographically and economicaly; political isolation was the logical corollary. But with the introduction of rapid transportation geographic isolation disappeared; and now that we are the world's greatest producer as well as consumer we have business in the uttermost parts of the earth, and we find economic isolation impossible. Political isolation was doomed from the first to disappear with the geographic and economic foundations upon which it rested, and for twenty years the United States has taken an active part in the politics of the world.

European states are already acquiring interests in South America. But by a determined effort we can make our interests predominate there, and then secure control without trouble. But if we neglect this opportunity we will be compelled to abandon the Monroe Doctrine and see South America become a European dependency. And then we will be forced into more active competition with European producers, our interests will conflict more directly with theirs, and grave political complications must arise.

Not only do our interests demand that we acquire South America, but health and general interests of the whole world demand that it be controlled by some civilized power. Modern civilization is forging a chain of cause and effect which is linking all lands together; and now that isolation is coming to be more and more impossible certainly "no people can be permitted to

live in such filth as generates disease and starts it on its crusade of death around the world." Nor can they be permitted to amuse themselves with political revolutions that render financial conditions unsteady and spread disaster throughout the earth.

I admit that there are some objections to expansion, but expansion is now inevitable, and objections, however weighty, when cast into the balance against the inevitable lose their effect. Then let us not hang back for trifles when life itself is at stake; but let us plant our interests in South America as rapidly as possible. Let our capital be invested there, and our methods be introduced. Let us study her interests more closely, and bind her to us even as we have already bound our own country together. And then we will practically command the world's resources, and the gateways to its commercial center, and whosoever commands these commands the trade and the riches of the world, and consequently the world itself.

But in the midst of our prosperity let us not forget that our imperialism is to be of a higher and nobler sort, looking to the welfare of others as well as to our own. Our mission in the world is to spread peace, and since we have nothing to fear from free competition, let us begin by throwing open our doors and inviting the world to partake of our benefits. Let us be altruistic in deed and in truth.

"Say not, 'It matters not to me,
My brother's weal is his behoof,'
For in this wondrous human web,
Your life is warp, his life is woof.
"Woven together are the threads,
And you and he are in one loom;
For good or ill, for glad or sad,
Your lives must share a common doom."

THE BOSTON TEA PARTY AND ITS PLACE IN HISTORY.

(Winner of the Junior Essay Prize.)

The insatiable ambition of one man was the leading cause of the Boston Tea Party. George III., of England, was a politician who would not scruple to use any means necessary to carry his point. At the age of eighteen he entered upon his long reign with the fixed purpose of thwarting the Whig leaders, of breaking down Cabinet Government and making himself an absolute monarch. The Stamp Act was passed about this time, tried, and after the refusal of te Americans to use the stamps, and after prolonged debates in Parliament, was withdrawn. The colonists were beginning their cry, "No taxation without representation." Discontent was brewing in America and the King knew it. In the gathering storm he saw his chance of overthrowing the leading party, the Whigs. By causing friction in the Cabinet and stirring up strife with the colonies, he would tend to array public opinion against them, and thus discredit the principle that they represented.

The only thing the King could see in the repeal of the Stamp Act was an American victory, and this he could not endure. They must be made to feel that it was a dear victory. It was not for revenue but in a tyrannical spirit of revenge that George III. undertook to show his authority.

Pursuant to this plan the East India Company was authorized by an act of Parliament to export tea to America, duty free in England. Up to this time all tea had been taxed when entered in England and an additional tax was added when tea was sold in the Colonies. When the Government removed this English tax, the East India Company was able to sell tea at a lower price than it could be sold for when smuggled from Holland. This was not an ordinary incident of commerce, "it was a political challenge." Parliament was coaxing the colonists to accept

English taxed tea. The company was warned by the Americans that its venture would result in loss. Their scruples vanished however when Lord North answered, "It is to no purpose making objections, for the King will have it so. The King wants to try the question with America." The tea was forwarded in four consignments, to Charleston, to Philadelphia, to New York, and to Boston. The Act of Parliament giving the East India Company the exclusive right to export tea to America was disliked, not only on account of the tax on tea, but as a monopoly on trade. The colonists objected not so much to the tax which was very small, as to the presumption of Parliament in assuming and exercising the power of taxing the colonists.

England, in her supposed invincibleness, in her tyrannical rule of the Colonies, in her disregard of the Bill of Rights, or Bill of Grievances, as it was termed after the rights were denied, failed to comprehend the seeds of rebellion that she was sowing in the hearts of liberty-loving Americans. She was striking at American liberty. The dominating spirit of the American, was and is the inherited love of liberty, a legacy from his Pilgrim Fathers. The colonists first thought of rebelling when England undertook to steal away their commercial independence by ruinous taxes. A breach with England had not been desired, hardly thought of. The conservative John Adams said that his grandchildren might see a revolution but that his day would not witness it. But Samuel Adams more nearly read the signs of the times; he saw that the time for a revolution was rapidly approaching and that successful resistance to England could only be maintained through united action. All the Colonies owed a common allegiance, but they must be made to realize their common danger. Since the colonies could be safe only when united, Samuel Adams resolved to have a Congress, a Congress to insist upon no form of interior government for the colonies other than their respective legislatures. Boston and Massachusetts followed the leadership of Samuel Adams, but a firm stand not only of Massachusetts, but of all the Colonies was

desired. Circulars were sent out to all the Colonies, urging them to resist the tyrannical assumption of England of the power to manage their commercial affairs.

The citizens of Philadelphia had met and passed resolutions condemning the right of taxation by England, denouncing the consignees of the tea as enemies of their country and requested them to resign. The feeling against them was so universal that they asquiesced, some willingly, some reluctantly. New York disposed of a possibility of the tea landing by a threat of the Mohawks to make an assault if its landing was attempted. Charleston stood firm in its resistance. She, however, succeeded fully through a different method of dealing with the question. At her request the consignees resigned. The twenty days that goods were permitted to remain without a clearance expired and the custom officials seized the tea, and offered it for sale, but no one would buy it. It was stored in damp cellars where it brewed a little too long for use. From the view of moderate patriots, this was the proper, the lawful way of solving the difficulty. The British government could not complain and yet the tea act, the duty and the plans of the East India Company were foiled.

Although the challenge was to the whole country, Boston was destined to be the battle ground. There the question was tried. All the neighboring towns, Rochester, Cambridge, Roxbury and others pledged their support in the approaching crisis. They saw that not only were the interests of Boston at stake, but that the whole country would be profoundly affected by the turn affairs would take if England persisted in her tyrannous advocacy of unjust taxation.

In Boston on the night of November 2nd, 1773, between twelve and one o'clock there was a knock at the door of each of the consignees and a summons left to appear at Liberty tree on the following Wednesday at noon to resign their commissions. Notices were prominently posted desiring the citizens to be present as witnesses. For an hour before noon the church bells were rung. At the appointed hour Samuel Adams, Hancock and Philps, the selectmen, town clerk and about five hundred others

had assembled, but the consignees did not come. Two of the consignees were sons of Governor Hutchinson, but they, like their father were as determined and as loyal to their side as Samuel Adams was to his. Molineaux and Hancock were appointed to inform them of the action taken. They, with Molineaux as spokesman, met the consignees in the wareroom of Richard Clarke on State Street. After stating the purpose of the conference he read a resolution passed at Liberty tree, requesting the consignees not to sell the tea but to return it to England in the same ships in which it came. They rather roughly refused. Then Molineaux read another paper, declaring them enemies to their country. The crowd that had followed were angry and wanted violence, but Molineaux advised moderation. On the fifth in a legal town meeting with Hancock in the chair resolutions similar to the ones passed by Philadelphia were adopted and Elisha and Thomas Hutchinson were requested to resign. There was only one way to get out of the difficulty and at the same time vindicate the principle for which they were fighting. That was to prevent the landing of the tea. On the 17th a ship brought in the news that the tea headed for Boston was already on the way. On the following day there was another town meeting which passed a resolution demanding the resignation of the consignees. At their second refusal the meeting broke up without another word. The silence was the foreboding of the storm. It caused the consignees more uneasiness than they had yet felt. The committees of Dorchester, Roxbury, Brooklyn and Cambridge met the Boston committee in Fanuiel Hall on the 22d of November Their first question was, "whether it be the mind of this committee to use their joint influence to prevent the landing and sale of the teas exported from the East Indian Compay." The answer was affirmative. A letter was sent from the joint committee to all the adjoining towns requesting advice. Cambridge and Charleston held town meetings immediately and promised their support. The union was effected none too soon, for on Sunday, 28th of November, the ship Dartmouth, with one hundred and fourteen chests of tea, cast anchor in Boston harbor. In spite

of their Puritanical reverence for the Sabbath two meetings of the Bostonians were held that day. But to no avail, for the consignees were not to be found. It was evident that they had taken refuge with the Governor at the castle on an island at the entrance of the bay. The Committee of Correspondence however obtained a promise from Quaker Rotch, owner of the Dartmouth, not to enter his ship until Tuesday. This committe authorized Samuel Adams to call a mass meeting of the five neighboring towns at Fanuiel Hall on the following morning. Resolutions were passed commanding the consignees to send the tea back with no duty paid on it. Young, one of the conductors of the meeting, suggested that the tea be thrown overboard. The consignees asked for time to prepare an answer and out of "great tenderness" they were allowed until the following morning. A guard to prevent a landing of the tea was proposed by Hancock, and twenty-five persons under the orders of Edmund Proctor were appointed to watch the ships. Two more ships arrived and were anchored close to the side of the Dartmouth, so that one guard might serve for all. Hutchinson blocked the entrance of the harbor to keep the ships from returning and refused to give them a pass out until they should secure a clearance. He thought he had Boston baffled, but he had failed to correctly judge the determination and temper of the people.

Pledges of support continued to pour in. Armed guards patrolled the whole coast to prevent a landing of the tea by stealth. Resolutions were passed enjoining total abstinence from the use of the now despised beverage. If one leaf had been landed, the patrol was so organized that the ringing of a bell would have brought out the colonists to a man. The time limit of twenty days, after which the revenue officers would sieze the tea, was rapidly drawing to a close. At a town meeting on the fourteenth Rotch was compelled, accompanied by Sam Adams and eight others as witnesses, to apply for a clearance. The collector was at his lodgings and refused to answer until morning. The assemblage adjourned until Thursday, the sixteenth, the last of the twenty days. The only record of the committee for

the next two days was, "No business transacted, matter of record." On the fifteenth Rotch was taken to the comptroller and collector who unequivocally and finally refused his ship a clearance until it should be discharged of the teas.

Thursday, the sixteenth of December, had arrived. At ten o'clock, the men of Boston, together with at least two thousand from the surrounding country, met in Old South Church. This body ordered Rotch to obtain a clearance and a pass out of the harbor from the Governor. Bidding Rotch to go quickly to the Governor's country seat, the assemblage adjourned until three o'clock. At three Rotch had not returned. At this meeting Josiah Quincy, a young minister of fervid feeling, in his efforts to help insure American liberty by moderation, said, "Let us consider before we advance to those measures which must bring on the most trying and terrible struggle this country ever saw." "The hand is to the plow," said others, "there must be no looking back."

The unanimous vote of the meeting was that the tea should not be landed. How this vote was to be carried into effect, few of them knew. Samuel Adams and a few others who had counselled together knew. A Boston merchant who evidently knew what was intended, arose and asked "Mr. Moderator, did any one ever think how tea would mix with salt water?" Finally the Governor's refusal arrived. Amid profound silence in the great candle-lit church Adams arose and said, "This meeting can do nothing more to save the country."

At that a wild cry was heard and Indians were seen passing by in the moonlight. The crowd ran after them to the wharf and with an intense excitement waited until every leaf was thrown in Boston Harbor. They did the work quickly and deftly and were so punctilious that when one accidently broke a padlock off an officer's chest he promptly replaced it the next morning.

Who were these gentlemanly Indians? Admiral Montague who was on the vessel said that they were "no disorderly rabble," but "men of sense, coolness and intrepidity." Paul Revere was

one. Dr. Warren was another. George Robert Twelves Hawes, one of the last survivors, used to relate that the man next to him accidently threw back his blanket and disclosed the well known velvet sleeve and lace ruffles of John Hancock. It is well known, or well guessed, who these Indians were, but they were so strongly supported and upheld that the English Government never succeeded in proecuting them.

Parliament ordered the port of Boston closed until the tea should be settled for. Although more than the worth of the tea was lost in a very short time, Boston refused to pay for it. Contributions consisting of food and clothing poured in to keep those from starving who had been thrown out of emploment. Letters were sent with the contributions to encourage them to defeat the attempt of Parliament to force on them an unjust taxation. This Parliamentary stroke following the "seditious" conduct of Boston precipitated the struggle between the two countries. Thus the Boston Tea Party may truly be said to have been the turning point in the current of American affairs. England thought that such a stringent measure as the Boston Port Act would bring matters to a crisis and the the colonists would take the compromise on the taxation question (at the request of English merchants, whose business was being ruined, the tax had been removed from every article except tea) and would be peaceable subjects. But Americans refused to be propitiated by a repeal of only a part of the taxes. They were fighting for a principle and not for low-priced tea. The common protest against oppressive taxation was the one act above all others that gave to Americans a common cause. It produced a feeling of unity, a consciousness of strength such as had not been felt. England did not believe the colonists could make a stand against her, but the men of America were of sterner vigor, were more daring and better equipped than she thought. The time for revolution was ripe. According to Mr. Bancroft a more fitting comment will never be uttered than that of the enthusiastic John Adams, the day after the event, "This is the most magnificent

movement of all. There is a dignity, a majesty, a sublimity, in this last effort of the patriots that I greatly admire. . . . . This destruction of the tea must have so important consequences and so lasting that I cannot but consider it an epoch in history."

Susie B. Ridgeway.

THE MIGHT OF A PEN.

"It is no use," said the sad faced woman wearily. "We have searched now in every conceivable place for his private papers and it is as if there had never been any."

"And you have no idea even as to the nature of his investments?" asked the lawyer though he had had the question answered many times in the last few months while he and the wife and daughter of the late Judge Danford had sought in vain for evidence of the rich investments which they were sure the judge had made.

"Absolutely none, except that once he mentioned that he had done well in making a certain investment in some mining stock," replied the widow. "My husband thought that women had enough cares without having to deal with financial problems. He used to say that it was man's work to earn money, woman's, to spend it. I have remonstrated with him; but he always answered that he had his business arranged so that in the event of his death everything would be down in 'black and white.' "

"Then it must be so," said the baffled lawyer, "but where is the 'black and white?' Of the many papers in his well-ordered town office there is not a line that relates to his personal affairs —except the deed to your home, which we found in a pigeon-hole of his desk as if he had referred to it recently. I know from the papers relating to his profession that his income from it was far in excess of what you spent even if you lived extravagantly; he must have invested a great part of it, but in what? I have sounded every inch of his office for a secret hiding place for his papers. I have studied every paper and even looked between

the leaves of all his books. The same minute examination has been made of his study here and of his bedroom with exactly the same results. It is inexplicable. You can think of no other place that he might have concealed his papers?"

"I know no more about it than you," replied Mrs. Danford. "I am sure that he tried to tell me after he was brought home that day, paralysis-stricken; but he was utterly unable to speak. He never spoke again, and though his intervals of consciousness seemed to bring renewed distress to him we were never able to understand what he wished to tell us.

"I am afraid," she continued, "that it is quite useless to search for the papers any longer, but I am sure I do not know what Elsie and I are to do. Of course we cannot live on here with no income. On the other hand, if the place is sold the proceeds will not keep us long. For myself, I do not care much, but I cannot bear the thought of Elsie's future. All her nineteen years she has had everything she wished. And now, just when she is through school and ready for the travels her father and I planned for her, to think that she should be reduced to such poverty!" She turned to hide her distress, and taking up her husband's pen from the desk began to play with it nervously.

Feeling powerless to comfort her, the man sought to divert her mind a little from her trouble. "That is a curious old pen," he observed, "I think I have never seen another like it."

"Yes," answered the widow, "My husband got it when we were abroad soon after our marriage. I believe he had it made, though I am not sure. He has used it all these years, though it seems to me too large and too heavy for convenience."

She handed it to him to examine.

"What is it made of?" he asked, looking at it critically. "It is as heavy as lead and has the appearance of iron. It is strange that he should have had it made of so common a metal."

Taking a penknife from his pocket he opened a blade and scratched the pen to examine the metal. Suddenly he started. Then walking to a window as if for more light he examined it more carefully. He turned to Mrs. Danford, who had turned

again to the open desk and was occupied with her trouble, her face buried in her hands.

"Mrs. Danford," he said, trying to control his voice, "did your husband use this pen at that desk? Do you remember seeing it anywhere except at this desk?"

"Why no, "she answered, arousing herself, "I don't believe I've ever seen it anywhere but in this little drawer when he was not using it. Since you mention it, I believe that once or twice when I came into the room when he was at work it was in the little groove at the back of the desk."

"Here?" he asked, putting the pen in the place mentioned.

Hardly had he spoken when swiftly and noiselessly a shallow drawer, scarcely more than an inch deep but of the same length and width as the desk, slipped forward from its place of concealment and revealed to the astonished lawyer and widow the valuable papers which they had lost all hope of finding. There they all were, neatly arranged and labeled so that a child could almost have understood the immense fortune they described. Truly the judge had carried out perfectly his business creed and had left everything in 'black and white.'" The mother and daughter who had but a moment before had only their homestead, were now fabulously rich.

And the pen had wrought the change. Placed where a slide within the desk was within its range of attraction, the loadstone pen had set in operation the spring of the secret drawer.

B. H., '08.

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ISSUED THE TWENTIETH DAY OF EACH MONTH DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR

Subscription, Per Annum, $1.00. Two Copies, Per Annum, $1.50.

EDITORIALS.

Salaries of College Teachers.

Few thinking men can complete their college careers and fail to be impressed with the fact that college teachers are miserably underpaid for their services. A competent teacher of almost any institution could double or treble his income if he were to direct his talents into other lines of work. Lawyers and physicians of less ability are infinitely better paid, while the incomes of men of corresponding calibre in the commercial world are so far superior that a comparison is ridiculous. The teacher

spends more money and time in preparation for his work than do members of most other professions; a collegiate education, itself a rather expensive and difficult thing to obtain, does not equip one for holding a chair in college, but in addition to this it is necessary to have a master's or a doctor's degree from some more famous institution, requiring additional labor and expense.

That the teacher is not paid full value for his services or that men of equal ability in other professions are better remunerated may not be sufficient reason for advocating an increase of salary. For there is reason why the teacher should not be paid so well in proportion to his ability as men of other porfessions. The great teacher is he who enters upon his work with a profound reverence for it and a full realization of its significance and who chooses it from inclination and sense of duty rather than from any inducements of pecuniary compensation. Splendid salaries would doubtless attract a crowd of adventurers to the profession, men who were drawn to it more because of the livelihood offered than by the feeling that they could thus be of most service in uplifting the race. Impostors could not at first be detected from the genuine, and while the elimination of the impostor is to be desired in all trades and professions it is especially to be desired in the profession of teaching, for the teacher deals not with implements of wood and stone, but with human hands and hearts.

But if there is a reason why the teacher should not be compensated to the full value for his service there is no reason why he should not be paid a salary upon which he can live without being cramped and without feeling, absolutely, that he is a sacrifice upon the altar of his country. Philanthropists, legislators and churches while ardently engaged in the construction of magnificent college buildings, costly laboratories and splendid libraries have been singularly indifferent to the welfare of those upon whom the success of all these things depends.

Not many months ago a spontaneous movement was begun by the Alumni of Harvard to raise a fund for the endowment of the teachers of Harvard, who, like their brethren of less famous

institutions, have been niggardly paid. The raising of this fund has been carried on quietly, without any demonstration on the part of contributors who, for the most part, are unknown, and has been promoted without even a secretary or clerk, but the work has prospered marvelously, the fund reaching two million dollars last year. This movement so creditably begun by the Alumni of Harvard might well be imitated by men who owe their allegiance to other colleges.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

And it turned cold!

Sophomores are a perfect joke in foot-ball.

Dr. W. T. J. Sullivan was with us on the morning of Oct. 26, and conducted Chapel service.

Mississippi College boy (seeing the traction engine at work on race track)—"Is that an automobile?"

Mr. John Hill Gardner, now postmaster at Magee, was on the campus during the month.

The Jackson High School foot-ball team was defeated by the Millsaps Prep team October 27, by the score of 16 — 6.

C. C. Applewhite has been selected by the Galloway Society as their representative in the Millsaps-Southern debate.

Dr. Moore (in surveying class)—Mr. Cook, mention some of the instruments used for measuring angles.

Cook—The transit, textant, and barometer.

Junior—Professor, do fairy tales always begin with "once upon a time?"

Professor—No, indeed! They frequently begin with "I was sick last night," etc.

Thanks are due Professor E. G. Mohler, '06, Principal of Flora High School for his many courtesies, and especially to Mr. Bradley, who provided conveyance for entire party.

Williamson (reading in last Collegian the colloquy between Dr. Murrah and Co ED untangled the mystery enshrouded there) —He, he! I bet that was a co-ed.

Soph to Co-ed.—If I should kiss you on the forehead what would you do?

Co-ed.—I'd call you down.

Mr. H. S. McCleskey, a former Millsaper who is now cashier for the Magnolia Cotton Oil Co., Magnolia, Miss., visited club mates and Jackson friends on the 11th.

Quite a large number of the students attended the ceremonies incident to the unveiling of the Illinois Monument at the National Park, Vicksburg, on the 26th of October.

Frdiay, November 9, was College Day at the State Exposition. All the colleges of the state were well represented. In deference to a petition generally signed by the students, the faculty granted us a holiday.

Prof. and Mrs. J. E. Walmsley tendered the members of the Senior class quite an enjoyable reception during the month. Games and bright remarks were engaged in, after whlch delicious refreshments were served.

At a recent meeting of the Preps the following officers were elected: Galloway, President; Rainey, Vice President; W. E. Smith, Secretary; Dees, Treasurer; Morrison, Historian; Simpson, Poet. Various other offices were created and thrust upon nearly every other member of the class.

The contract to erect the Millsaps-Carnegie Library has been awarded to Mr. J. F. Barnes. The building, which Mr. Barnes says will be one of the handsomest in Jackson, will be finished in the early spring. As this will be the only building of its kind in this section of the country, it is the especial aim to make it creditable.

The officers of the Senior class seem to have been chosen with some premonition of their capabilities. Every one is especially gifted in his or her particular line. They are: O. Backstrom, President; MissiRidgeway, Vice President; Bright, Secretary; Bullock, Treasurer; Williams, Historian; Neill, Prophet; Carlton, Poet; Weems, Sport.

The seniors were delighted on the evening of the 1st to have the Astronomy class of Belhaven come over to the James Observatory to see Venus and Mars "coqueting" in the western sky. At the time the young ladies came, tho', these planets must have been "spooning" for not a heavenly body was to be seen except suns (sons). The class was chaperoned by Drs. Doran, Chambers and Moore, too.

Football is assuming a more interesting aspect. Every class has organized a team, and to more keenly arouse athletic spirit Professor Walmsley has offered a silver cup as a trophy to the team having the best average when the series are played. The schedule began Monday, the 12th, with a game between Juniors and Sophs. As a result the Juniors came out victorious with the score 28 — 0.

The Lyceum Lecture Course for this season was opened Thursday night by Professor Sylvester Long, of Dayton, Ohio, in his lecture "Lightning and Toothpicks." Professor Long interestingly showed that the dominant forces in one's life are Law, Love and Habit; that whatsoever happens to us happens, not by chance, but because we, like the old fence-post, have "accumulated a dangerous difference of potential." His discourse was interspersed with numerous funny anecdotes.

On October 27, Dr. Sullivan and class went to Flora to investigate the geological formations near that place. And not the least enjoyable feature of the occasion to the boys was the fact that Dr. Doran and class of Belhaven accompanied them. The girls were entrusted to the care watchful of Misses Moore and Fowles, to whose vigilance it is probably due that there were no elopements recorded next day, tho' it is still an open question with Dr. Sullivan whether some of the boys are any the wiser geologically.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

CONISTON.

Winston Churchill, always an interesting writer, has never shown himself to better advantage than in his latest novel, Coniston. Ever since Richard Carvel his books have heen awaited with anticipation, and Coniston in a greater degree than any other of his works, has not been a disappointment. Unlike many of the so-called novels of the present day that are in truth nothing more than prolonged short stories, it deserves the name of novel. As in the novels of Dickens and Thackery, character is developed, so in Coniston we watch the awakening of Jetho Bass to his own dominating control of men, his grasp of power, and the use he makes of it together with the change wrought in his character through the influence of a young girl. Interest in the book is centered in character and in a moral situation.

Coniston is a story of political corruption—a corruption that existed in the time of Jackson, and that exists now in a worse degree. It is the story of how an unlearned man gained control over his entire state, and ruled absolute, and of how a little New England village miles from a railroad became the virtual capital of a great state. In that state all Gaul was divided into five parts , but the five parts happened to be five railroads. The story turns on the contest of that political giant, Jetho Bass with the would-be political "bosses" over the control of the railroads. Jetho Bass built up his power by a system of morgtages. He secured mortgages against a number of men and by threats to foreclose controlled their votes. After securing control of his own district he extended his power by obtaining the allegiance in other districts of men who owed their control to a similar cause. By his very nature this man was born to rule. Power was a necessity, and it was political power

that appealed to him. He never relinqished that power until the knowledge of how he had obatined it was suddenly made known to his foster child, who was especially dear to him as the daughter of the only woman he ever loved. It almost broke her heart to have her faith shattered in a man whom she had trusted implicitly. Even after he had renounced his boss-ship he marshalled his forces again to avenge a wrong done to her by a political enemy, Isaac Worthington. This man was the father of her fiance, and he had thought by opposing his son, to break off what seemed to him an undesirable match. But Jetho Bass, in spite of his jealous love for her, determined that she should marry Bob Worthington. By a political manipulation he forced Isaac Worthington to give his consent and blessing to their marriage.

When at last Cynthia Wetherell had seen her "Uncle Jetho's" methods brought to light by political scandal, she remembered how long before when almost a child she had asked him, "Uncle Jetho, what is a mortgage?" She remembered the twinge of pain that flitted across his face, and his failure to answer her question. Her belief that her "Uncle Jetho's" power was from the people was shattered, too. An example of her implicit confidence and faith in his power was her own answer when she was asked how she knew her cousin was going to be given an office.

"Why, Uncle Jetho is going to give it to him."

All of these things crowded to her mind to crush the hope that the charges were untrue. She, however, refused to believe them until he had been unable to deny them with his own lips. Her Puritan conscience would not permit her to let him support her with his ill-gotten gains, although she loved him still. To keep from breaking her heart, Jetho sacrificed the political power that was with him almost a passion.

A rugged, ungainly, taciturn man was Jetho Bass at thirty when Cynthia Ware won his heart. After that he was a softer man ta a few, a friend to the man whom Cynthia Ware married, and infinitely tender to the child of Cynthia. Although

he remained uncouth in appearance, his knowledge of books was widened and his knowledge of men vast. In his early days Jetho Bass is an interesting character; later on a powerful one and in the end by his sacrifice majestic. He had a code and lived by it. This code was determined by his environment or his lack of good environment, and to that extent he is blameless. But when brought to a supreme test, his code broke down. He was actuated by a love of power and he saw nothing wrong in his methods.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

It is safe to say that the majority of students do not look over our exchanges. Such ought not to be the case. Each student should desire to compare our publication with those of other institutions. Perhaps the comparison would not be satfsactory, and he would be stimulated to make a personal effort to raise the tone of our magazine. He may secure ideas as to composition, can read the serious articles embodying the thoughts of young people in other sections of the country, and peradventure be able to borrow thoughts to go into the speech he is writing. It is interesting to read the views of our contemporaries. These magazines are placed in the Library accessible to all.

We have received but few exchanges this month:

The Randolph-Macon Monthly easily takes precedence over all others. owing to its attractive appearance, the number of poems and serious articles, and breezy stories. It is indeed fortunate to secure contributions of such excellence from outsiders. We are led to protest against the spirit of the poem, "My Dreamland." "Methinks" contains advice applicable to students of all institutions. The writer thinks we should not

live to get all there is in school, but to get and give out—to spread our knowledge for the benefit of others. The best story is "An Abiding Trust." We have but one criticism to make—the wording was not careful enough in some places, and the plot merited more thorough treatment. The villian yields with too little resistance—a contest of more determined spirit would add much. The termination of the story was fine, simply because it was out of the ordinary.

The article "The Nationalizing Influence in the States," in the Emory and Henry Era, is good. The author briefly traces the growth in internal power, its dangers, and offers a preventative. "The Awakening" is a poem of merit both in point of construction and sentiment.

"A Dreamer" is a story with a seeming purpose. Perhaps if others of us were to take our dreams to heart and consider them a warning voice we would be spared some regretful circumstances. The plot is simple but unusual. The Departments are well gotten up.

The College Reflector has a good issue. The Alumni Debate is strong. The author uses a clear logical style; his points are brought out clearly; his argument is good; and is pleasantly stated. He proves that railroads should not be under governmental control.

"A Sophomore Narrative" tells of a simple boyhood experience, but the author writes too much like he were composing a schoolboy composition. The structure and expression are immature. "How Glick Won" is a love story intertwined with a foot-ball game. The love story is somewhat unreal, but the description of the game makes up for its deficiencies. As one reads he ceases to know that he reads, but feels that he is actually seeing the game played. When the student writes a story which impresses one as reality, then he has advanced a step, and the story marks his progress. Such stories are enjoyed. The De-

partments are well attended to. Especially good, we think, is the local editor's work. Nothing makes a magazine more attractive to the average student than a series of good jokes. When a journal has no humorous department, their rightful place is in the locals. Others than students of that particular college enjoy the jokes though they may not be able to enter as fully into its spirit. The Exchange editor inquires why we should confine ourselves to the beaten paths of former publications, and enters into a plea for originality in the preparation of our magazine material. Let us take in and work upon the suggestion.

The Southwestern University Magazine has several serious articles of interest, as "The Reign of Peace," and "Signs of Our Times." "The Fable of the Youth Who Went off to School" is out of the ordinary. The effect would have been better if the boy had "stuck it out."

The Academy Girl is a neat little journal, but we think could, with a little effort, be improved. The departments are too short. The two essays on Lanier are quite too short and are not thorough enough.

Teacher in Physics—When one irresistible body meets another irresistible body what happens?

Sentimental Ethel—They get married.—Ex.

Cassius—Did Caesar order you around much?

Brutus—Iubet.—Ex.

"Do you like to go to school, Johnie?" asked a visitor.

"Yes, sir," replied the truthful little boy, "and I like to come home, too, but I don't like to stay there between times."—Ex.

Teacher (speaking to boy)—The very hairs of our heads are numbered.

Boy—Yours must have been numbered 23 then.—Ex.

"Nothing Doing."

We went to Cupid's garden;
We wandered o'er the land;
The moon was shining brightly;
I held her little—shawl.

Yes, I held her little shawl;
How fast the evening flies—
We spoke in tones of "love"
I gazed into her—lunch-basket.

I gazed into the basket;
I wish I had a taste;
There sat my lovely charmer,
My arm around her—umbrella.
Embracing her umbrella;
This charming little miss—
Her eyes weer full of mischief,
I slyly stole a—sandwich. —Ex.

ALUMNI DEPARTMENT.

J. E. Carruth, '05, spent a few hours on the campus last week. "Joe" does not now impress you that he was once known as senior "Prep." But since we learn that he has been chosen principal of one of the public schools of McComb City, we have reasons for this added dignity.

We are in receipt of an invitation which announces the marriage of Rev. W. Marvin Langley to Miss Mary Ellen Koon, of this city.

On June 14, 1906, D. L. Bingham, '04, of Grenada, Miss., took unto himself a hetter half. From the evidences rendered by a second hand text book, "Dave" was once a student of

Astronomy. He has solved all of the problems in Young's Manual of Astronomy, and we hope he will be as truly successful in the solution of the actual problems of life. Doubtless, he has ceased to think of Astronomy, but if his solutions of the practical problems of life are as thorough and easy-going as those above stated, his success is already guaranteed, and those who live after him, will be made glad because of his labors.

Henry T. Carley, '97, who has been pastor of Red Street Church, Hattiesburg, Miss., has been transferred to the pastorate of one of the New Orleans churches.

B. Z. Welch, '04, and A, P. Hand, '05, are attending Tulane Medical College. Hand has already passed the State Pharmaceutical Examination without having attended a school of Pharmacy.

G. R. Nobles was married during the summer and is pursuing his chosen profession as principal of the public schools at Morton.

C. R. Ridgeway, '04, and LL. B. of University of Mississippi, '05, is enjoying a lucrative law practice in this city.

Rev. O. S. Lewis, '03, pastor at Braxton, was on the campus a few days ago.

H. O. White, '01, is teaching at Hattiesburg, Miss.

T. V. Simmons, '05, visited friends on the campus during Fair week.

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT.

Function of Y. M. C. A.

The new student has left the restraining influence of home and come into the complex invironment of the college—into contact with such things as will make or unmake character. To fit him to live well, there must be the symmetrical development of the three-fold personality. To be sure, ample provision is made for the intellectual. Some oversight is given to the phys-

ical. Rare is the college that has any supervision over the spiritual, except daily chapel service so often prefunctory. Professors take an interest in the Association, not as members of the faculty, but as individuals. The Christian Association proposes to supply this need of spiritual activity and proposes to care for spiritual well being and religious growth. It is a social-religious organization whose aim and office are to help men in the choice of their freinds and company, and to afford easy access to the sources of spiritual power. It has the high privilege of encouraging men in habits calculated to give them an unfaltering grasp upon the great spiritual sources of life and the precious opportunity to inspire men to accept the leadership of Christ. It stands as guardian of those who feel their boyhood faith sadly shaken in intellectual light. With no quibble about creeds, it lets a man believe what he can, so long as he is honest, provided he seeks to live nobly and to know the the truth! The Association strives, with all its energy bent upon the realization of divine manliness, to show men the ultimate importance, not of belief, but of life.

College Integrity.

"Yes, sir, Doctor, I was sick!" is ever and anon uttered in solemnity. Sometimes it is doubtful. The professors confine his visual verge to his desk. A subtle wave of humor is expressed by some in looking askance with grimaces. There are, perhaps, times when the student has good reasons for being absent but he is not ingenious enough to formulate a valid excuse out of the facts —leniency and liberality might remedy matters—knowing one acceptable excuse, stupidly and dastardly he cants "sick." Believing that he ought to be excused, he uses base means for a just end.

I don't say a thing about those who wilfully "cut" and deliberately prevaricate, for whoever throws away his time, is already dishonest to himself. Boys, zeroes and demerits would honor you! Veracity and manliness are chiefest in manliness.

A word to the new student about our honor system. Join us in the fight against **unfairness** in recitation, examination and in athletics. Stand for "fair play" on the field and in school room. Let every true man of us rally for right and help mould such a sentiment against dishonesty as will not only destroy the contagion, but also kill the germs of this infective disease. Let every one be wary, and warn one another. Apply the preventive before the cure. But if a case can not be prevented we must deal summarily with each victim. Every man of us stands obligated and responsible for enforcing and carrying out the honor system.

During this month the devotional meetings have been fairly well attended; there have been no special services. But the leaders have been generally commended for the way they have acquitted themselves, showing their zeal and earnestness in the work. Messrs. Bailey, Brown, Rainey, Rousseaux, Kirkland, have conducted the devotional services. One meeting was of especial interest because of the spontaneous talk of Professor Ricketts, who is himself animating to the boys. Also Dr. Sullivan, who is often present added to the interest of the occasion some words of enthusiasm and decision.

The business meetings indicate that the financial matters have not been very well discharged. We hope to see a hearty response of the members and promptness on their part of the officers.

We look forward with great expectation to the Ruston Conference which convenes December 28. Millsaps hopes to send a large delegation.

Good work is being done in Bible study. Quite a number of men are doing daily study. Attendance has been pretty regular. Let this record be maintained.

Owing to lack of supply of books, Missionary study has been hindered, but the work will soon be in good shape and moving on well.

The Association will observe the Week of Prayer set apart for all the college Associations to give to prayer. The United prayers of thousands should avail much, for in unity there is power.

Those who lead in Y. M. C. A. are urged to give some time to preparation. Your efforts will be appreciated. Certain leaders were complimented for giving something that had been carefully studied. The leaders owe it to the Y. M. C. A. and to themselves to do their very best. This is the first thing that must be done toward enlarging attendance. The second thing is for every one who attends to try to bring out some one else. The third thing is that everybody attend regularly.

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The Millsaps Collegian

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RESOLVED: THAT THE PRESENT POSITION OF THE STATES AS A WORLD-POWER DEMANDS AN INCREASED NAVY ON OUR PART.

(WINNER OF LAMAR-GALLOWAY DEBATER'S MEDAL.)

The position of the United States as a world-power and the place she shall occupy in the roll of nations is a question in which all loyal Americans are interested. Civilization and modern improvements have so eliminated distance and drawn all nations into such close connection with each other that it is now impossible for one nation to live to itself alone. No longer is it the old world and the new world, but all nations are now so related as to render necessary a system of laws for the regulation of commerce and all international communication.

Although the world is thus united by a community of interests into a universal federation, yet each nation is more or less distinct, and stands forth as a great world-power with interests peculiar to its own people and environment. These interests must all blend and be made to conform to the universal need. And nowhere is the difference between ancient and modern times better seen than in the difference between the conception once held of a world-power and the conception which now universally obtains. Formerly a world-power was a Rome, ruling with the imperial sword the then known

world; a Russia, stamping under its iron heel the rights of its subjects, in order to extend its imperial domain; it was one nation dictating the policies of others and demanding their fulfillment in the glitter and glow of armaments. Now, however this is changed. The great world-power of today is that nation, which through all its governmental channels, through the force of a high and honorable example, wields an influence in shaping the policies and maintaining the several interests of this complex federation of nations.

Since this is the function of the world-power of the twentieth century, no one can deny that the United States is indeed a world-power. As a nation we have interests in every portion of the globe where human wants are to be supplied, we advocate policies which affect the whole world. The development of our commerce; the protection of our colonial possessions; the construction and operation of the Panama Canal; the maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine, and finally the maintenance of peaceful relations with all nations—all these questions are of vital importance in our national life, for our influence in the council chamber of the nations will be determined by our ability to advance these interests and maintain these policies. The proper solution of questions depends upon many conditions, but in the light of only one condition are we called upon to solve them tonight. This consideration is the question, Does the protection of these interests and the maintenance of these policies, and consequently our position as a world-power, demand an increased navy?

Of our many interests in the many portions of the globe, the most important is our commerce. The wealth and prosperity of any nation depnds largely upon its commerce, and history bears out the fact that these elements go hand in hand. We find therefore that one of the chief elements in determining our position as a world-power is our commerce.

England was for several centuries the commercial centre of the world. Surrounded on all sides by hostile nations, she was compelled to build and maintain an immense navy. This

navy, built as we have said wholly for strategic purposes, and existing side by side with commercial supremacy seemed to be, and still seems to be the direct cause of her commercial prosperity. Hence arose the belief that commercial supremacy was in some way inseparably linked with naval power. Actual developments have revealed the fallacy of this statement. No longer is it England with her numerous battle-ships and massive armaments which enjoys the most extensive commercial relations, but our own republic has snatched the banner of the world's commerce and thereby revealed the fact that there is no shade of relation between a "big navy" and commercial supremacy. Commerce does not and cannot lie within the realm of force, so that when we are told that we must increase our navy in order to secure and protect our markets we are being treated with mere babbling. England tried this policy of force in her attempt to hold her trade with the thirteen colonies, and notwithstanding the fact that she had an immense navy, she failed in her attempt.

The trade relations of nations like those of individuals, are based on mutual trust and confidence, and just as a private enterprise cannot enlarge its markets by force neither can a nation. In fact, enlarging our navy will, by engendering suspicion and distrust on the part of other nations, tend to injure our markets. Wherein lies the danger to our large and growing commerce?

Finally, if anyone believes that a navy is necessary to prevent its being preyed upon by hostile nations, that person need have no fear. We are amply able to do this. According to the official survey of the relative strength of navies in 1905, the United States now stands third among the great powers in the number of her battle-ships and armored cruisers, being outranked by England and France, and according to the same authority we have building and projected more of this class than any nation on earth. Considering, therefore, our geographical isolation, our enormous reserve power and our unwillingness to fight for other than a just cause, we hold that

we have a navy whose strength and efficiency is sufficient to meet any demand within the range of possibility.

In view of these facts, that there is no shade of relation between naval and commercial supremacy; that no commercial relations can be secured or maintained by force; but on the other hand depend upon mutual trust and confidence; that we are already the third naval power in the world and as such can amply defend our commerce; we can but conclude that the commercial element in our national life, which goes so far in determining our position as a world-power, does not demand an increased navy.

Having shown that our commerce would not be benefitted but actually harmed by a material increase in our navy, let us now from this same standpoint examine our colonial possessions.

Wherein lies the danger to our republic in holding these possessions? The Hawaiian Islands were annexed upon application of the Island government. Alaska, Porto Rico, and the Philippiens came by purchase; not a foot of this territory was acquired in an illegal way, and the rights of no nation were trampled upon. There are no conflicting claims and no nation challenges our right to hold them. In view of these facts and the fact that our present navy is of ample strength to meet any foe that is likely to attack us, we fail to see the necessity of burdening our nation and ourselves with a uselessly "big navy."

Again, we have interests in the construction and operation of the Panama Canal. We have begun in this canal a project, which when completed will add greatly to our already increasing commercial and industrial interests. The United States has done no one thing which means more to the world at large than the building of this canal. Nothing would be more conclusive proof of the strength of our nation. In the eyes of our "big navy" advocates this project is a dangerous one, one that demands an increased naval budget; but upon what do they base their argument? Are we constructing a private canal,

or one to gratify selfish interests? Is our policy in the operation of this canal such as to demand a massive fleet at each entrance? Shall we permit only our friends to pass this guarded waterway and prohibit passage to our enemies? If this be our policy I will grant that we need a navy larger than that of all the great powers combined. It however is not our policy to restrict any, but to permit the ships of all nations and all climes to pass through this portal, both in times of war and in times of peace. Just as we stood in the early days of our republic for freedom on the seas, so now we guarantee to the world a perfectly neutral canal, exempted from the operations of war. But how shall this guaranty be assured? Must the United States alone assume the responsibility? Already we have entered into a treaty with England and Colombia for the neutralization of the canal, and it is our desire that all nations enter into this same treaty, thus giving due protection to all commerce. Does such a policy demand an increased navy? There is only one precedent to the Panama Canal and it is operated similar to the policy contemplated by our government. Everyone knows that the Suez Canal has never directly or indirectly been the cause of war, nor is it necessary for the government owning it to protect it with a fleet. The commerce of all nations issuing through the Panama Canal will give to each a deep interest in it, and that nation which attempts in any way to overthrow its purpose will not only infringe on the rights of our own republic but upon those of the whole world and thus incur such enmity as to be unable to maintain such obstruction. In the light of this liberal policy we see no just demand for an increased navy. The fact is, that if in any way the operation of the Panama Canal affects our navy it would be by drawing our Eastern and Western coasts nearer together, thereby increasing its efficiency.

Turning now from our interests, let us examine our policies from the standpoint of the navy. We will take first the Monroe Doctrine. Seeing the danger that would come to our

republic from the establishment of a European monarchy on this continent, and desiring that the South American Republics build themselves up as independent states, President Monroe issued his famous doctrine, declaring that the interference of any European power in South America would be considered by our government as an unfriendly act. This doctrine does not mean, as the tribe of jingoes has interpreted it, that we should prohibit the intervention on the part of Europe and claim this right for ourselves; that the United States shall have more privileges in South America than Europe; that we shall prohibit trade or immigration to these states: nay, it has no such purpose as that. The purpose of the Monroe Doctrine primarily was to thwart the intents of the Holy Alliance in gaining for Spain this territory, which had won its independence. The best proof that this was a just policy, founded on the principles of freedom and liberty, is the fact that it is strongly supported by the republics themselves, and that no nation has succeeded in its attempt to overthrow it. Notwithstanding the relative weakness of our navy when this doctrine was proclaimed, we have successfully maintained it for almost a century, and why should we now become alarmed? Can there be pointed out a single specific instance wherein this doctrine is endangered? Can there be pointed a single nation which challenges the justice of this policy? What need is there here for an increased navy?

As a nation we desire peace. This one policy alone of our government entitles us to a seat among the mighty in the council chamber of the world's parliament. We have given to the world at large a form of government where peace and liberty reign supreme, and we teach all nations that the peaceful settlement of difficulties is better than the butcheries of war. In fact, all our relations with the great powers, and their attitude toward us point to an era of peace. How shall we maintain these peaceful relations? Our opponents tell us that a large navy is the best peace preserver. Never was there a greater fallacy

uttered. It is absurd, it is illogical to say that the best means of securing peace is to prepare for war, murder and devastation.

Not only is the United States pacific and peace-loving, but there has been developing with great strides a world-public opinion for peace. This movement is no longer confined to dreamers and sentimentalists (those worthy hosts who pioneered the way), but it has spread far and wide to the men who do the world's work. It has found its way into the royal palaces, into the presidents' home, and into all the diplomatic circles. As evidence of this sentiment the Hague Tribunal has been established, and more than forty treaties have been made between the nations to submit their grievances to the court. When the Russo-Japanese war was raging in all its fierceness, bringing thousands of souls to destruction, the civilized nations cried out, and it was President Roosevelt who called these nations to terms of peace.

The advocates of an increased navy, forgetting this pacific tendency of the world, must base their theory on the assumption that now, as in the centuries past, the nations of the world are like so many raving wolves ready to pounce upon the one which happens to be off its guard and rend it to pieces. They reason as though the forces of Christianity and our boasted civilization counted for nothing; as if little or no progress has been made over the butcheries and inhumanities of ancient days; as if we still lived in a time when the lust of conquest swayed the policies of nations, and when might invariably meant right. They advocate this "big navy" policy as though war was inevitable, as though we are at once to enter into a struggle which will bring our nation to ruin. Bnt where are the signs that point to such a hideous strife? I will grant the question if they will be specific here, if they will point out that nation or nations who are planning to strike our name off the roll of nations. In our opinion they cannot do this. Such a war tendency they cannot find. Great progress towards peace has been made over ancient days. The spirit of justice and right pervades more than ever civilized nations. The

sense of human brotherhood is growing and the nations are being drawn closer and closer together in bonds of love and peace. It is because of these undeniable facts that we fail to see any statesmanship in proceeding as if war was the normal condition of nations now and evermore.

Over against these ludicrous predictions and loud alarms which have been sounding in the ears of the world for years past and which were never louder or more ludicrous than they have been tonight, may be placed an array of undisputable facts and actual achievements, in the life of nations, all pointing to an opposite conclusion; all going to prove that peace and not war is the desire of nations; that no cause exists nor is likely to exist for our nation to enter into a war with any of the great powers. No rational person can fail to see that the causes of war have been greatly lessened in the past twenty-five years, and that there is no likelihood of this progress being arrested. May we not rather expect that the next twenty-five years will find all nations on more peaceful terms? Why not therefore shape our naval policy in accordance with the tendencies of the age, all of which make for world-wide peace.

C. L. Neill.

THE FORGOTTEN TRUNK.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF HELENE STÖKL.)

"Merry Christmas, Annie and Henry! Do your holiday exercises carefully, and if Annie can't get hers, you must help her, Henry."

The young girl, clad in warm travelling dress, kissed both children, took up her satchel and purse, and descended in joyful haste to the waiting sleigh.

"Goodbye, goodbye, Miss Edith! Come back to us again, soon! Merry Christmas, merry Christmas!"

The driver cracked his whip, the sleigh bells rang, and away they went in the clear bright winter morning. Out on the road the wind blew sharp and cold against the sleigh, but the girl who sat inside scarcely noticed it. Her bright eyes sparkled and now and then she laughed softly to herself for pure joy. But is there anything in the world more delightful than the journey home on the day before Christmas, when you have been away longer than ever before in all your life? How sad her heart had been when half a year ago she had made the same journey to begin work as a governess, and how finely everything had gone! Her heart beat high with proud joy when she thought of the slip of paper she had found that morning under her plate at breakfast and in which the father of the children thanked her for the care and attention which she had given them, and said that he wanted to raise her salary. What would her father say when she showed him the note this evening!

Along the road came a ragged little boy. "Tomorrow is Christmas," thought Edith, tossed a shilling to him, and saw his face light up with joy when at last he found it in the snow. She held her purse in her hand and looked at its contents with delight. Indeed, it is a fine thing to be able to give another pleasure with your first earned money. She looked over to the trunk by the driver. What fun they would have opening it and seeing what she had brought, for she had a present for every one at home except Paul, her little brother, and she intended to buy something for him in the city.

But now they had reached the railroad station and the sleigh had stopped. The driver got her ticket and baggage-check.

"A merry Christmas, John!" said Edith, slipping some money into his hand.

"Merry Christmas, Miss Edith," he answered, delighted.

In the car where the conductor put her Edith found no one but one old lady who was sound asleep. How anyone could sleep on the day before Christmas, Edith did not see;

she was not thinking of sleep, that was certain. She looked out the window on a glittering, ever-changing landscape. How the snow covered trees and bushes seemed to fly past her! She greteed joyfully every flagman's station, for did not each one of them bring her nearer home! The train stopped, and Edith found herself in the city, where she had to wait two hours for the train which would take her to her own town.

For the first time she was alone in a large, strange city. She looked to see that her money was still in her purse, and satchel in hand, walked across the depot, and down the street.

What a Christmas-like appearance everything had. People hurried eagerly to and fro, Christmas trees were being carried along, sleigh-bells jingled. For a long time Edith walked thro the streets without any particular direction, and at last found a crowded toy-shop.

Usually she stopped to think whether she could afford it or not, but today she scarcely asked the price. She chose an express wagon with two black horses. It was too large to go in her satchel and there was nothing else to do but to carry it in her hand, which was rather inconvenient for she had to carry her purse and muff besides; but who would mind such a trifle on the day before Christmas? Her feet fairly danced over the snow when she thought of Paul's pleasure when he should see the wagon.

There were two children shivering on a corner, a pale little girl in a thread-bare dress, and a boy with blue, frozen cheeks, who held in his hands little black men curiously made out of baked plums and gold paper.

"Please buy a chimney sweep, dear good madam!" cried the children. Edith blushed and glanced around to see if anyone had heard their speech. It could not have been that they had addressed her as madam! Was it possible that she already looked so grave and dignified? And the poor children, they were almost frozen! They certainly ought not to be there in the cold.

"How much is a chimney-sweep?"

"One penny."

"And how many have you there?"

"Twenty pieces."

"Give them here!"

She handed the children the money, took the black men and tried to put them in her muff. The children stretched out their greedy hands, "Give me one! and me, and me!" sounded from all sides. In a minute all the black men were gone, but one which she saved for Paul. But just now she saw what time it was, quite time for her to seek the south station, where she would take the train. She walked along quickly, but had not gone far before she found she did not know which street to take. For a moment she stood hesitatingly, looking for someone of whom she could inquire the way.

Then her eyes feell on a man carrying a drss-suit case in his hand and coming towards where she was standing. Perhaps he was going to the station. She summoned her courage, and asked him, "Could you tell me whether this is the way to the south station?"

"Certainly, ma'am," he answered, politely. "I am going there myself. If you wish to go, I will show you the way."

Edith hesitated, embarrassed. How often her good mother had said to her, "If ever anyone, especially a young man whom you do not know, should speak to you on the street, or offer to escort you anywhere, do not answer him, but walk away quickly, without noticing him." She had not forgotten this advice, but what should she do under these circumstances? In the first place, she and not he had been the first to speak, and then this was Christmas eve, and no one ought to be unkind at such a time.

"Can't I carry something for you?" he asked when he saw she had so many things. She gave him the express wagon.

"You are going home?" he continued, as they walked side by side. She started to speak, but no words came—she stopped still, and her rosy cheeks paled.

"What is the matter?" asked her companion.

"My trunk, "she stammered. "I have forgotten my trunk."

"Forgotten? Where did you leave it?"

"At the west station, from which I have just come. O, what shall I do?" She turned to him helplessly.

"You are going on the next train?" She nodded her answer. He looked at his watch, "It is twenty minutes till train time."

Tears came into her eyes. "Then it is too late! I cannot leave the trunk, and if I miss the train I can't get home today." Her voice broke in a sob.

But already he had called a cab, and was helping her into it. "To the next station quickly! If you get us there in eight minutes, you shall have double the fare!"

The driver whipped his horses, and the cab flew along. The tears streamed down Edith's face, but she kept her eyes on the watch which he held in his hand. Suddenly she turned anxiously to him, "If you should miss the train on my account?"

"That would be no great misfortune, but I still think we'll get there in time! Give me your check." The carriage stopped.

"Stay here. I will be back immediately." He sprang out; in two minutes he came again, and behind him was a porter with the trunk.

"Back to the south station as quickly as possible!"

In ten minutes they were at the station, hurrying up the wide steps and out on the station platform. The signal bell rang three times.

"Tickets, ladies and gentlemen!"

"We have none—we'll pay later!"

"But your trunk! Where is the baggage check?"

"Couldn't you take us without—"

"That is impossible."

"But this is Christmas eve," begged Edith, her tear-filled eyes fixed beseachingly upon him. The conductor yielded. The trunk was carried to the baggage car; Edith and her

companion were put in a car where there were two empty seats, the door was slung to, and puffing and groaning, the train started.

"We got here at the very last minute," he cried. They looked at each other, and both laughed happily. But Edith was serious in a minute.

"How can I thank you?" she said.

"What would you have done if we had been too late?" he asked in return.

"I would have had to spend the night in the station—oh, I cannot bear to think of it—how slowly the train goes!—I had the greatest desire to shove that wagon along as I always did when I was a child."

"Is that so long ago?" he asked with laughing scorn.

She drew herself up. "I am a governess!"

"Ah, I beg a thousand pardons—and may I ask, if your pupils are much younger than you?"

"I will be eighteen years old next month," said Edith, who didn't know whether to feel glad or sorry that someone had thought her younger than she really was. She threw aside her gravity, and soon a lively conversation was going on between her and her traveling companion. He listened with interest as Edith talked of her parents, of the gentle noble mother, and the unselfish, loving father, who in spite of his activity in the medical profession, had never gotten rich because he was too generous hearted to see anyone in need while he had plenty. The further they went the happier and more expectant Edith became. It began to grow dark.

"O, now the Christmas eve is beginning, "she cried, as she looked out the window. "Look at the fir trees! Don't they all look like over-sugared Christmas trees?" With eager eyes she watched station after station pass. Are not there in the distance the lights of her home town! Her heart leaps with joy; she puts on her gloves, goes over to the other window and looks out, but from there only the stars are seen as joyful and bright as the eyes of children filled with the happiness of

the Christmas time.

The train whistled long and loud. Edith stood with bag and baggage at the door, it opened and she saw on the platform Karl and Emma and little Paul. She bade her companion a hasty good-bye, and sprang off the car. How glad she was to see them, and they to see her!

"Have you brought me something?" cried little Paul.

"Of course I have, my darling," said Edith as they climbed into the carriage and tucked the lap-robes around them. "O, but you will open your eyes when you see it!"

In a few minutes they were at home and Edith was joyfully greeting her parents. As soon as she had taken off her hat and cloak, Paul hurried her into the room where the presents were.

It was half an hour later, Edith had examined with delight the new skates, the fine woolen dress, the handsome coat, and all the other presents that lay under the Christmas tree for her; she had rejoiced with Karl and Emma over their things and helped delighted Paul to load his wagon.

"But now, I will show you my presents. Karl, will you bring in my trunk?"

"Your trunk?" he asked astonished. "You didn't have any trunk with you."

"No trunk?" cried Edith.

Was it possible that she could have forgotten her trunk twice in one day!

"Perhaps the misfortune is not so great after all," consoled her mother. "You have your check, haven't you?"

The ticket! Indeed, if she had just had that in the first place! Edith was on the point of tears when she explained to her wondering parents what adventures she had had in Dresden with her trunk.

She had scarcely finished her story, and her parents were still undecided as to whether they should be more astonished at the great kindness of the man or the forgetfulness of their daughter, when there was a knock at the door, and at the

expectant, "Here in," which fell from all lips, a young man in traveling costume stepped in, followed by a servant with Edith's trunk on his shoulder.

"Excuse me if I intrude," said the young man whom Edith recognized with joyful surprise as her companion and friend in need, "but I think I am correct in the supposition that this trunk was not intentionally left at the depot?"

"Certainly not," said the father for his blushing daughter, "but, indeed, sir, I do not know how we can thank you for the trouble which you have already taken twice for this thoughtless child."

"There was very little trouble this time," laughed the stranger. "The conductor who had taken the trunk without a ticket, gave it to me without delay, and your address I got even more easily by examining the trunk. I am delighted to see it, with its very interesting contents, again in the possession of its owner, and wish you all a merry, merry Christmas!"

He bowed to them, and would have gone, but a quick protest arose from every one.

"You cannot be rid of our thanks so easily as that," said the father. "Is it not possible for you to spend an hour or so in our company?"

"It would give us much pleasure," put in the mother, "if you would spend the evening with us, unless you are expected elsewhere."

"No, indeed, I know no one here."

"O, then, stay with us," cried both parents.

"You haven't really seen our Christmas tree, yet," begged Edith, while Karl took his overcoat, and Emma and Paul put his suit case in one corner.

"But I fear such a stranger will disturb you?"

"You will soon see whether my children are so easily disturbed in their Christmas happiness," said the mother, smiling. And indeed an hour later when the young man sat at the table on which the big bowl of punch steamed and looked across at the bright faces it would have been impossible to

feel like an intruder in such a kind circle.

"But, father," said Edith, when her mother had filled the glasses, "you haven't told me yet how your patients are getting along. Can't you leave them for today, and stay with us?"

"I hope so," said he.

"On Christmas none ought to be sick," said Edith, and every body joined heartily in this.

"Yes, that would indeed be best," said her father. "However, it has always happened that I have been called for very seldom on Christmas eve. Indeed I can remember only one time—and this one has afforded me one of my happiest memories."

"O, tell us, papa, tell us about it," cried the children—and even his wife joined in.

"But you know the story already."

"That doesn't matter. I want to hear it again." She stretched out her hand to him, he took it and turned to his young guest: "If I was not afraid of trying your patience too severely—" said he, but a glance at his face told him that he was as interested as the children, so he began:

"It was Christmas eve, just twenty-five years ago today. The year 1848 swept over Germany like a storm wind, bringing misfortune to the people and the state. Many who were most enthusiastic for freedom suffered for it in prison or exile. The happiness of many families was wrecked, and the Christmas angel could not make bright and happy many eyes, red with weeping.

"Then, I was a young man just beginning to practice medicine, and not knowing anyone, had to spend my Christmas by myself. I sat alone in my room, looking out the window across to the next house, thro' whose windows the light of a Christmas tree streamed out. Every now and then the noise of the merry-making came to me, and I had just begun to feel lonely and homesick, when my door-bell rang. When I opened the door I found a breathless man, who begged me to

come as quickly as possible to the neighboring hotel, where a lady had fainted, and could not be resuscitated. I hurried over with him as fast as I could, and found there a slender young woman, who lay on the bed with closed eyes and deathly pale, but refined and noble face.

"On the edge of the bed was a fair-haired child of about three, who wept and called his mother and begged her to open her eyes. I lifted the little fellow off the bed, and put him down on the floor. He just stood there, his big blue eyes fixed on his mother's face. I did my best for her, and directly she opened her eyes, but was too weak to speak. One look at her pale cheeks and thin form told me that want of proper food was the cause of her condition. I sent the girl out for wine and soup, and saw with pleasure how quickly my patient recovered when she and the boy had had enough to eat. When I asked her the cause of her exhaustion, her pale cheeks grew pink. 'I am accustomed to but a little to live on,' she began slowly. 'I didn't want to use my pocket money—and—and—'

"And so she denied herself of the necessaries of life that this little fellow might not want. She took the boy in her arms and broke into sobs. I spoke to her as consolingly as I could and finally she became calm again, and directly told me of her own accord how she came to be in this situation. Her husband had taken an active part in the revolution, was imprisoned, and condemned to death. He had succeeded in escaping, but in doing so was wounded so that he had to be in hiding for a whole month. With unspeakable sorrow the story was told—how he at last escaped to England, and from there he wished to go to America, as soon as his wife and child could come to him. The help which his wife had sent him secretly while he was sick, and the unprofitable sale of his property, were the reasons why she had for the present only a very little money; and the privations she had imposed upon herself, together with her anxiety for him had used up her strength.

"I made her promise to do everything I prescribed for her.

She tried to listen to my orders, but her attention was divided between me and the little boy who had climbed up to her and was whispering in her ear.

" 'What does the little fellow want?' I asked at last. She hesitated.

" 'Santa Claus—I want Santa Claus to come,' cried the boy. His mother smiled wearily, and pointed to a little Christmas tree which with two candles, and a handful of nuts and apples stood in the corner of the room.

" 'It is Christmas eve; I was fixing the little tree for him when I was taken sick. You have already done so much for us today, Doctor, won't you be so kind as to light the candles?'

" 'Indeed I will, willingly. But does Santa Claus bring nothing?'

" 'No, he hasn't brought anything, and I did want a horse, and a drum, and—'

" 'But, Alfred, you must try to be satisfied,' broke in his mother; but just then a good thought struck me.

"I ran out to a toy store, bought a fine horse, a drum and some tin soldiers, and hurried back. The joy which it gave that little fellow to get those unexpected presents. I just wish you could have seen it!

"Two days later the lady with the boy went on their way. God grant that she safely reached her husband, and their new home! I have never heard from them again."

The speaker was silent. Everyone had been so interested in the story that no one had noticed their guest until now.

"You haven't finished your story," he began in a moved voice.

All eyes turned to him.

"Not only did you give strength and health to a woman sorely tried by fate, but you healed a sick heart, gave her faith in mankind, and hope of a brighter future. But you were not satisfied with just that; for when she anxiously asked for the hotel bill she found it already paid by you, and when she with tears of gratitude had taken leave, she discovered in her

purse a little package containing a sum which made it possible for her to make her journey without further privation or care."

"But, my dear sir," interrupted the father, astonished. "How could you know this?"

"Let me continue. The woman took the money with trembling hand and trembling heart, but she took it only as a loan. She reached her new home safely, and God gave success to her husband in his work, and happiness to their home. As soon as it was possible she wrote to the man to whom she owed so much, but the letter was returned from the dead-letter office."

"I came at once from Breslau here," murmured the father.

"Since it was not possible for her to repay the kindness to you yourself, it was done to others instead. No Christmas has passed but some good was done in your name, and some sorrowful heart filled with comfort, as you once filled hers."

"So she is living, and everything goes well?" asked he again, in a moved voice.

"She lives, and has never ceased to bless you. God gave her other children, and the Christmas eve is yearly celebrated in the German custom. But among all the presents the time brings none is viewed with more tender feelings than a little old faded horse which stands every year under the Christmas tree—the same little horse that once filled the heart of a child with joy.

"And what has become of the boy?"

"He has grown to be a man—and now stands before you to thank you for that kindness which you once did to his mother." He bent over, and before the other could prevent it, had raised his hand to his lips.

"I was on my way to Breslau," continued the young man, when the first emotion was over," in order to make inquiry for my mother's benefactor. But I would hardly have accomplished my errand so soon had not Miss Edith and her trunk so kindly come to my assistance. These two alone we have to thank for the unexpected meeting and the happy

Christmas eve." : : : :

There is only a little more to our story now. One year from the time of which we have just told, the family of the political refugee again returned to their German home, from which he was no longer an exile. They chose for their home the city in which Edith's father lived. Between the two families there grew a heartfelt friendship—most heartfelt between Alfred and Edith, who, when three years later, they made their wedding journey, devoted their tenderest care to an old leather trunk which had been the means of their first acquaintance.

C., '09.

HOW THE THANKSGIVING TURKEY ESCAPED.

"Really, I do not know just how I am going to manage the matter," said a fine looking young gobbler to a little black hen. "If you remember, it was just about this time last year when our good kind mistress cut my dear father's head off and turned to me and said, 'Well, my friends will make their next Thanksgiving dinner off of that young gobbler.' I am almost afraid to come from under the house, and as for sleep, that is unheard of, as I am so uneasy about my head. Mrs. Hen, won't you please help me out by giving me some of your good advice?"

"I regret very much, Sir Turkey, but as I was never placed in such a position, I can render you no assistance." And with that she ran away to get an apple core that the baby had just thrown down.

"Quack! Quack!" said a little puddle duck in kind of a soliloquy. "I will see that his head goes off, and I will see that he is good and fat by the time."

Without saying anything more the little duck went up to the distressed turkey and said very sympathetically: "My dear and most beloved friend, I am so sorry that this great trouble has come into your life, and as words of sympathy will be idle and as nothing, I am going to console you, not by expressing my deepest sympathy to you, but by giving you some good advice. We know that if you stay here that in less than a week your head will be chopped off at the root

of that very oak. I advise you to go over to Farmer Jone's corn-field and spend awhile. I will take pleasure in letting you know when Thanksgiving is over."

"Good!" said the turkey. "Your advice is accepted, and I thank you many times for delivering me from the sad fate that overshadows me."

Next morning long before the sun peeped over the hills, if Mrs. Burns had been looking out of her window she would have seen the young gobbler perched upon the back yard fence giving a farewell address to his friends.

After feasting a week on Farmer Jones corn and peas, the turkey grew so fat that he could hardly walk. While eating he would have to sit down on his feet, the weight of his body was so great he looked so lazy and moved so slowly that people who saw him from the road thought he was sadly diseased.

One afternoon the turkey was made to feel glad by hearing his friend, the duck, coming down the road saying, "Quack: Quack! Thanksgiving is over; you had better come back."

As they were going home the duck assured the turkey that all immediate danger was over. "Ah!" said the duck to himself, "I have carried out my plans. I have fattened my enemy, and I shall laugh tomorrow when he is beheaded."

Mrs. Burns saw the young turkey moving around very slowly, she thought he was sick, but when he refused to eat chops she said she knew it. She told her husband that the young gobbler had cholera and that she feared the others might be taking it, and for that reason they would not have any Thanksgiving dinner.

"Cheer up, dear!" said Mr. Burns. "Do not look on the dark side that way. Let's have a duck dinner to ourselves; really I would enjoy it more."

Without further ceremony they agreed to have the puddle duck.

Tables are sometimes turned when we seek revenge against our enemies.

M. N. C.

A FRIENDLY THEFT,

"I suppose none of you have heard that about half of Mrs. Litchfield's chickens are missing this morning?" said Mrs. Carter to the score of college students who were break-

fasting in her well-ordered dining-room.

Twenty faces took on a look of sympathetic surprise and on all sides were heard cries of "Is it possible!" "That's too bad!" and "They were such pretty chickens." Let no one say that the college boy has no sympathy for the unfortunate, particularly for a bereaved owner of fowls!

Mrs. Carter understood, for her eyes twinkled as she moved about the room looking after the wants of her various boarders. Mrs. Carter and her table were famous, and every man of her twenty was considered happy indeed to be one of that select band. When one of them, however popular, had for any reason to leave college, there was sure to be some one on the campus who rejoiced in his misfurtone—the one who got his place.

"The wonder to me," said Mrs. Carter this morning, "is that my chickens are left unharmed. I suppose they'll go finally, though," she added, "but I do wish I could pick the ones to go."

"Do you mean to dress them for the thief?" asked one of the boys innocently. "Wouldn't that be a lot of trouble, Mrs. Carter?"

"O, you rascal," laughed Mrs. Carter. "Of course I don't mean to dress them! But if I had to lose them, I'd like the number to include some of the toughest in my lot, just to make the thief appreciate the delicacy of the others, you know. But I don't believe they could get my chickens, for I'd be sure to hear them squawk. I think nothing short of chloroform could keep me from hearing them and coming to the rescue."

The talk turned to other subjects, and a little later the dining room was clear again. Mrs. Carter spent the busy day much as usual, hardly giving a thought to the theft of the night before. Such occurrences were not unusual, and Mrs. Carter still trusted to the popularity which had heretofore saved her from such pranks. If there was anything mysterious in the behavior of her boarders she was enough accustomed to it not to have her curiosity aroused. One reason the boys liked her was that she did not pry into their secrets.

The next morning she had arisen and was setting her room to rights when Judy, the negro cook, put her head in at the door.

"Fo' de Lawd's sake, Miss Ma'y," she cired, "what all

dese chickens doin' out hyah on de po'ch?"

"What chickens? Where?" asked Mrs. Carter coming to the door.

She followed Judy to the little porch back of the kitchen, and the sight which greeted her eyes made her laugh till she leaned against the wall for support.

Exactly thirty of her own chickens lay wriggling on the floor in a vain effort to free their feet from the cord that bound them. All kinds were there, from her spring pullets to the oldest of her hens, and to the leg of a big Wyandotte rooster which lay chuckling discontentedly in their midst was tied a piece of paper. She stooped and untied it, and the wondering Judy thought that this time she would never stop laughing.

"Will the lady," ran the note, "kindly tag the chickens she can best spare? The favor will be greatly appreciated.

"P. S.—Positively no chloroform used."

X. Y. Z.

ALMA MATER—MILLSAPS.

(Air "My Bonnie.")

1. All over the land of the cotton,
And down where the magnolias stand,
The fame of our dear alma mater
Is ringing far over the land.

Millsaps, Millsaps,
Millsaps College for me, for me.
Millsaps, Millsaps,
Millsaps College for me.

2. Her halls where our memories linger,
The friendships there made long ago,
The purple and white of her banner,
Are cherished wherever we go.

3. And when in the years of the future,
Fond memory turns to the past,
The days that we spent at old Millsaps,
Will yet be the brightest at last.

J. E. W.

HARD LUCK.

Not a breeze was stirring. The sky was pale blue, dotted with golden-edged, rosy-hued clouds as the setting sun cast its slowly lengthening beams along the roadside and into the woods beyond, splotching the foliage and tree trunks with gold. The intermittent chirping of the cricket and the harsh song of the locust, together with the throaty croak of numerous frogs, and the occasional cry of the blue jay, were the only sounds that broke the silence.

Suddenly the report of a gun startled the stillness. It echoed back from the hills and rolled away through the river bottom. The blue-jays began to clammer excitedly, while the frogs lapsed suddenly into quiet.

Presently a figure could be seen moving in the semi-darkness of the trees. As it emerged from the shadow, it proved to be a young man, dressed in farmer's attire—a large broad brimmed hat, rough blue shirt, corduroy trousers tucked into a pair of leather leggings. In one hand he carried a gun, while across his shoulders hung a well-filled game bag. He walked over to the road, stood looking about for a moment, then turned homeward, measuring the distance along the road with long easy strides.

Some minutes later he turned and listened. Yes, that was a wagon coming on behind. As it drew near him he saw that it was Sam Floyd, a friend of his, and a young woman in a light buck-board. They came alongside and Sam, lifting his hat, said: "Hello, John! Let me give a you lift," reigning in his greys.

"Thank you, but I guess I'll foot it," replied the hunter, reaching for his hat brim.

"Aw, come on. I want you to meet my cousin," urged Sam.

No excuse was possible now. He was introduced to "my cousin, Betty Saunders" as John McGann, and clambered into the wagon, and took a seat on the end of the seat. Conversation was almost out of the question on account of the noise made by the running buck-board, but enough remarks were made to enable them to become somewhat acquainted. They came to McGann's home and stopped to put him out. The usual invitations were given, and John promised to call that night.

As they left him behind, Sam said to his cousin, "Now, Betty, I want you to treat John McGann as nice as you know

how. He's not so much on looks, but I never knew a nicer, better fellow. He is the best friend I've got. I never have found anything short about him."

At 7 o'clock John McGann was astraddle his best bay, cantering along the five mile road to Floyd's. Riding up to the gate, he threw the lines over a peg on the hitching post and went in. Sam, his wife and little girl and Betty were seated in the hall. They rose and greeted Sam cordially, for as Sam said he was their best freind. For awhile they had some fun, laughing, joking and bantering. Evidently John was at home. After a time Sam got up and called out, "Who wants some ice cream."

A chorus of "I's" greeted his query.

"All right, mother," said he to his wife. "Let's get some," and they went to the back of the house, the child following. John and Betty were left alone and could become more familiar with one another.

At 10 John took his leave, with the promise to come the next evening and take Betty to the river. This was the first of many visits to the Floyd place. They hunted, fished, rowed and rode together.

John began to build castles and in all of them Betty was a prominent factor. That was in the period of his growing fondness for her. All life was bright to him, for he thought he could see signs that she regarded him in somewhat the same way. His laughter was always heard, his smile was ever present, and he was the merriest of the merry.

But by and by he began to detect a change in Betty's manner. At first he tried, and did convince himself that he was too critical, that there was no change. But there could not long be any mistake. She had changed! He could not say how or when, but he felt the difference. Her laugh seemed just as ready, her smile just as friendly and she took part in his plans with the old heartiness and pleasure. But there was slowly growing up an intangible barrier between them. John could not fathom the source or cause, but it made him miserable. He began to lose interest in some other things. As time went on he grew melancholly —he was afraid of himself for some inexplicable reason. He feared that the fault was in himself; that he had done som e thing bad, but he could think of nothing. He grew more and more miserable. He could not conceal his feelings. His friends began to question him, but to none would he give

answer other than that he was not feeling well.

But he was not the fellow to let things continue thus. He made up his mind to tell her his trouble, but as often as the time came he let the chance slip. One day they rode out to oversee the darkies at work upon a ditch, and as they came back they stopped at a spring beside the road. They sat down to — play mumble-peg. All at once John seized her hand and poured out his whole soul in an ardent appeal. He did not know what he said; all he remembered afterwards was that she had said that she could regard him "only as a friend." He had gone back home with her, and there left her.

He took his own horse home and spent the rest of the day tramping about the woods. He returned tired and slept only fitfully during the night. He had resolved to be a friend, —nothing more.

When next he met Betty he wore a smile, and laughed with something of his old boyishness. Behind all his gaiety to her critical eyes he was hiding his disappointment and wound. He tried to appear at ease, but more than once Betty surprised him looking at her when he thought he was unnoticed.

Betty's stay came to an end three weeks afterward, and she returned to her home in a distant state. John went to work then. He became known as one of the most hard-working and successful farmers in his section. But every one noticed that he was never again the same free, happy-go-lucky fellow of former days.

Five years later Betty again paid Sam Floyd a visit. She was unmarried. So was John.

C. '07.

The Millsaps Collegian

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ISSUED THE TWENTIETH DAY OF EACH MONTH DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR

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EDITORIALS.

FOOT-BALL ON THE CAMPUS.

It was evident in the opening days of the session that the lethargic spirit of athletics which had so long slumbered and slept would experience a renaissance. The results already achieved have exceeded the expectations of the most sanguine. After the season was considerably advanced, Professor Walmesly initiated a plan for the organization of class foot-ball teams and arranged for a series of games. Five teams were to be organized, one from each class of the collegiate department, and one from the entire preparatory department, and each of these five teams was scheduled to play the other four teams two games each, thus making eight games for each class and a total of twenty games for the

series. The plan has accomplished its purpose. The classes have all furnished creditable elevens, and from day to day the campus has been the scene of various groups of players composing the different teams zealously engaged in practice. All the games have been largely attended, and each team has had ardent partisans to cheer and encourage it. If the partisan spirit has been excessive, and hasty and unfounded accusations which reflect no credit upon those uttering them, and should have been repressed, have been made against the officials, it is conclusive proof that the interest manifested is genuine and not artificial. This excessive spirit that gives rise to rash talk will cease when we have had time to grow accustomed to the new conditions and learn to take defeat good naturedly. It is not definitely known yet which class will win the beautiful loving cup which has been offered to the class holding the highest percentage at the close of the series, though it appears to lie between the Seniors and Juniors. But it is not of so much importance who wins the prize, however much it may be coveted. That which is of greatest importance is that interest in athletics has been aroused; that even with a late beginning we have enjoyed an interesting and profitable season of foot-ball; and that if the movement has been successful in the beginning it must be successful in succeeding seasons. Also if we can organize foot-ball teams we can the more readily organize base-ball teams, and we can have a similar series of games of base-ball in the spring.

THE "BOBOSHELA."

This year the Lamar and Galloway Societies have authorized the publication of an eight hundred dollar annual, and are jointly responsible for that sum. The success of our annual since the beginning of its publication has been a source of pride, and it is recognized as one of the most creditable representations of our college life. At the beginning of the year the faculty selected Mr. A. L. Rogers as editor-in-chief, and Mr. L. K. Carlton as business manager. Mr. Rogers served as Art Editor last year, and his excellent work for that department has everywhere excited favorable comment, while Mr. Carlton is recognized among the foremost of our students, both for literary taste and business ability. So with these gentlemen at the head of the staff,

together with the liberal backing which the societies are giving the success of the annual is assured. The students have been liberal in their support in a financial way, the number of subscribers already surpassing that of previous years, but something besides financial support is needed. Contributions in the form of stories, poems and drawings are wanted and the work of the staff will be greatly facilitated if the students will visit the photographer and have their groups made as rapidly as possible.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

Exams! Exams!!

Xmas! Home Folk!! Sweethearts!!!!

Frank Starr Williams is dieting himself on **brain food.** Some have hopes for him yet.

Mr. J. A. McKee, who has had charge of a church at Carrollton since June, is with us again. "Mac" has returned to complete his M. A. Degree.

The second attraction of the Lyceum course was the lecture by Mr. George Waverly Briggs in the college chapel Thursday evening the 13th. Quite a large audience greeted Mr. Briggs and the delightful manner in which he handled "The American Girl" fully sustains his reputation.

The foot-ball contest for the cup has reached a very interesting stage. All of the scheduled games have been played; the fact that three of the games resulted in a tie has complicated matters. The official score is as follows:

	1st game	2d Game
Senior—Junior	15–5	0–11
Senior—Prep.	5–0	15–0
Senior—Freshman	6–0	17–0
Senior—Soph.	6–0	----------
Junior—Soph.	28–0	----------
Junior—Prep	0–0	12–5
Junior—Freshman	22–0	0–0
Freshman—Prep.	6–5	0–0
Soph.—Prep.	0–0	----------

The Sophs disbanded when they had played three games without registering a score. The loss by the Juniors of one tie games would give the cup to the Seniors; otherwise another game must be pulled off.

His friends will be glad to know that Bishop Galloway has recovered from his recent serious illness.

We have been exceedingly fortunate in having with us Bishop Hendrix who, while on a visit to Bishop Galloway, came out and conducted devotional exercises. The entire privileges of the rostrum were accorded him and he entertained faculty, students, and friends with a most highly interesting as well as beneficial talk.

W. P. Moore can be seen on his gallery almost any time with his arms around a post. It is feared that he is getting sentimental.

Mr. L. B. Robinson, Jr., after spending two weeks at home on account of ill health, is with us again.

Briscoe, Osborne, Terrell, and Witt spent Thanksgiving with home folk (?).

While repeating a line of French Mohler passed Janitor Ackland, who said, "That's right, boys, cuss your teacher."

On the 8th the Belhaven and Jackson High School basket ball teams met in contest on the former's grounds. The Belhaven girls scored almost at will. The game was fine, but by far the most interesting part to Milsapers was the reception that evening at the college in honor of the High School team.

Drs. Murrah and Moore attended Conference during the month.

To keep up with the general advancements of the college we must have inter-collegiate games, especially baseball.

Dr. Murrah (in Psychology class(—Mr. Williams, what does the author mean by cutaneous sensations?""

Williams—He means those sensations which are very acute, I suppose.

The Kappa Alphas entertained a number of friends at a reception at their Chapter House on the 7th.

On the evening of the 14th the Alumni in town and active members of the Kappa Sigma Fraternity entertained at a banquet at the Edwards House.

King Haines Pullen who has been editing one of the Havana dailies, was on the campus with club-mates during the month.

That's all.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

The Fighting Chance.

It is to be hoped that in the "happy hunting ground" prepared for popular writers, Mr. Chambers will have a corner in which the smoke from the consuming newest books will not be entirely suffocating. He is a popplar writer who has a pleasing style and unique, original plots for his stories. Nothing could be more absurd or improbable than Iole, yet it is laughable and refreshing.

In the Fighting Chance he is unlike himself except in the preposterousness of his love scenes. Especially ridiculous is that kiss in the swimming pool. It takes a considerable degree of poetic license to escape the fact that they must have swallowed an amazing amount of water.

The Fighting Chance closely resembles Mrs. Wharton's House of Mirth. Both tell of the same wicked rich. In the House of Mirth there is no escaping, no outlook from the sordidness that underlies the outward show. But in Mr. Chambers' book the man who feels that he is the victim of inherited waywardness and who is overcome by the desire for strong drink is given a fighting change to save himself and he does it. Stephen Siward is the head of an old Manhattan family that had lived in New York since there was a New York. Siwards, good or bad, were accepted as a matter of course. Most of them had been bad. Stephen Siward is possessed with all the grace, good looks and recklessness of his race. He had resolved that with him his family record

should begin a new chapter, but his resolve is weakened by the acceptance of a wager from some profligate with no redeeming traits, that he would bring into his club a certain girl so disguised as not to be discovered. In a saner moment he had no intention of attempting it, but the girl, without his knowledge carried out the dare, so that it looked as if he had done so. This caused him to be expelled from two of the most exclusive clubs of New York by Howard Quarrier, a man who knew all the circumstances, but who cherished an unreasonable antipathy for Siward. Such a thing is not easily forgotten, and it gave Siward an idea that there was no escaping his doom.

A friend of Siward's mother ignored the unfortunate affair and invited him to a house party where he met Sylvia Landis, who was engaged to Howard Quarrier, at the same time the wealthiest, seemingly, the most cultured and most insipid and wicked bachelor in New York. She beliveed that she inherited the unconventionalities of her mother and grandmother, who had run away to marry. She consented to the engagement with Quarrier that she might not be tempted to anything else than a calm, conventional life. But she and Siward met. It was a case of love at first sight, but she would not consent to marry him. She even told him that she was marrying Quarrier for his money; that it was money she wanted and could not get along without. But she told him there was a fighting chance for him to win her and that she wished he would do it. And of course he won.

The Fighting Chance is not strictly a novel. There is no development of character or ingenuity of plot, and it is too refined in expression and too delicate in its thrusts to work any good in changing the opinions and inclinations of the luxurious idle class.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

Our number of exchanges this month is larger than before. The matter, on an average, is decidedly better and shows an increase in interest and attention over the preceding issues. We gladly welcome some former exchanges whose absence from our tables has been felt.

We shall comment upon a few journals as extended or thorough treatment of the many is impracticable.

Chief in interest is the University of Virginia Magazine. It is one of the best we have reviewed. Poetry, good stories, weighty matter all abound and are so arranged as to secure the best results. The stories deserve special attention. They are different from ordinary pieces in point of length, plot, development and style. Why do we not find their equal in our own magazine? Are we willing to admit that as writers we are inferior to other student writers? Or do we lack entuhsiasm and spirit to make the required effort? Though we do not feel competent to write criticism upon any of the three stories, "The Story of the Princess Nithe," "An Adventur in Bohemia," and "The Victim," we think that "The Victim" deserves first place. The editorials are strong and of practical importance.

The one story contained in the Mississippi College Magazine merits some criticism. We think that the negro dialect could have been improved. Unless one can impersonate the old darkey pretty well, the attempted style results in failure—there is an unnaturalness about it that spoils the story even though the plot is excellent. That is one of the things that must be done well to secure any measure of success. Again the mere hearing of the story would hardly produce such a marked effect upon the hearer as that described. "America's Relation to Modern Progress" is a creditable production. The editorials are up to the standard. The local department is good, giving evidence of preparation and observance.

The November "Clionian" is fine. It has a strong essay paper, "The Influence of Great Cities," in which the central idea is the vast permanent influence exerted by cities, the causes cited and ending with a delineation of the proper measures to be pursued and a plea for better administration of municipal power. The whole people must be enlightened for the urban population is rapidly increasing. Then this enlightened public opinion and quickened social conscience must be applied to the national life. Good municipal influence depends upon good administration and good admin-

istration upon the application of Christian forces and Christian methods.

"A Man's Side of It" is a quaint story of very unusual character. We inquire, with the author, at its conclusion, "Who blames the poor man for fainting?" We had no idea that girls could or would subject a poor bashful man to such persecution!

We like the stories, "Betty's Excuse" and "Why We Believe in Ghosts" in the Spectator. The article entitled "Poetry—A Criticism of Life" is very good. The writer is evidently pretty well acquainted with her subject.

We await the conclusion of "Pearl Monette" in the Review and Bulletin.

I.

It is 10 P. M. They are seated in the parlor.

"No," she says, bowing her head, "Pa says I am too young to be engaged."

II.

It is just 1:30 A. M. They are still in the parlor.

Suddenly from somewhere above, a gruff voice shouts, "Henrietta, if that fellow stays a little longer you'll be old enough to accept him proposal."—Ex.

"Hello, Jack! Is Tommy in the house?"

"Course he is; don't you see his shirt on the line?"—Ex.

Professor—What did the monks do to promote husbandry?

Student—I didn't know they were allowed to marry, Professor."—Ex'

A fly and a flea in a flue
Were imprisoned. Now what could they do?

Said the fly, "Let us flee."
"Let us fly," said the flea.
So they flew through a flaw in the flue.—Ex.

A Summer Romance.

Summer maiden, full of fun—
Summer fellow—Chapter One!
Moonlight evening, naught to do—
Tender Topics—Chapter Two!
Sparkling diamond—Love will be
Ever cherished—Chapter Three!
August passes, Girl no more—
Likewise Diamond—Chapter Four:
Young man wakens, heart to mend,
Love next season? No! the end!

We have received during the month: Mississippi College Magazine, Whitworth Clionian, Review and Bulletin, Randolph-Macon Monthly, College Reflector, Vox Weslyana, The Spectator, Shorter College Chimes, Emory and Henry Era, Columbia Collegian, University of Virignia Magazine.

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT.

The Southwestern Students Conference convenes December 28 to January 6. There will attend delegates from the colleges of Texas, Oklahoma, Indian Territory, Arkansas, Louisiana, Mississippi and part of Alabama, secretaries in charge being W. P. Weatherford and R. M. Harper. The Student department of the International Committee of Young Men's Christian Association will have direction with the co-operation of the State Committees.

"Its well known purposes is to deepen the spiritual life of students, to train them for leadership of the organized Christian work in their institutions and to open up to them opportunities for Christian service after leaving college."

Such gatherings are of great value in promoting efficient religious work among students. The best methods and agencies for effecting religious work and bringing about results will be considered and impressed upon the delegates. Some of the conspicuous speakers expected on the platform are Bishop Seth Ward, of Nashville, Clayton S. Cooper, of New York, Dr. J. W. Millard, of Atlanta. Both lecturers and instructors selected with this end in view, are capable of helping students to grapple with the problems met with in their Associations.

Nothing is worth more to the Association than a good leadership. The Association can hardly grow enough leaders. It must make some. Able and representative men have been chosen as delegates or at least they are capable of being developed into leaders. The Association must keep in touch and abreast with the best movements obtaining for forwarding its interests. Every delegate owes it to himself to get all he can out of the Conference; he owes it to the Association to bring back and to do for the Y. M. C. A. all he can. We have a right to expect something from every one of them —not merely a report of the Conference. We want them to come back full of the spiritual feast. They will conserve the animation and potency of the Conference and impart the same unto us, thus transmitting its spiritual impetus and influence to our entire membership.

The usual meetings have been ordinary in interest and attendance. It is our policy to have some men from town to speak occasionally; also members of the faculty. At one meeting Dr. Moore and Dr. Sullivan helped out the leader by saying some things on the way we may bear one another's burdens in the college life.

At the regular business meeting the report of the Bible Study Committee showed a decrease in attendance, but of those coming regularly an increase in interest. The report of the Missionary Committee was indicative of better work. The Devotional Committee has procured a supply of new song books which will attract our members, and perhaps, serve as a stimulus to all. Delegates to the Ruston Conference were selected as follows: Backstrom, McKee, Murrah, Brown, Bright, Guinn, Mullins, Ruff, R. H., Moore, W. P., Currie, Rousseaux, Kirkland.

The timely words of Dr. Peabody are well worth noting: "In many respects the college life of today is far superior in its standards to the life of former days. There is less immorality; there is less drunkenness; there is more interest in philanthropy, more religious enthusiasm; but in two respects we linger. We are not honest in studies; we are not honest in athletics. The statement looks ugly set down in black and white, but it is true. It is not yet recognized that it is as bad for a student to lie to a teacher as for a teacher to lie to a student; that a man who gets marks in examination through cheating is doing the same kind of thing as the clerk who gets money by cheating his employer."

The members of the Association could help train men in habtis of integrity which would tell through life.

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The Millsaps Collegian

Vol. 9. Jackson, Miss., January, 1906. No. 4.

IN DEFENSE OF ANDREW JOHNSON.

(Delivered by E. G. Mohler, in the Senior Contest, 1906.)

A retrospective view into the history of our country reveals some marvelous and interesting facts. To study leisurely successive periods in the development of any country in the light of the present historical knowledge and methods enables us to see events as they actually occurred. Historians of today see things different from those of yesterday. Those of yesterday wrote of the indestructibility of States while those of today tell us that when the Confederate Soldiers laid down their arms and returned home, that "sovereignty" passed from the hands of the people to the United States Government, and that it was to be upheld by those who furnished the men and the money for the conflict; and that this "State Sovereignty"—cherished so fondly by every true American—is no longer a reality, but only a memory.

Thus we see as time goes by truth and light dawn upon us, changing materially preconceived ideas and fixed opinions.

"Time is Old Justice, that examines all offenders,"

and now since the veil has been lifted by the lapse of time, since the fog of prejudice has disappeared—we can see facts as they never appeared to us before. We are made to undertand that all history is not true; that historians in recording events were influenced by environments peculiar to their surroundings; and that on account of these environments they were not able to rise above prejudice, hatred and even malice and give to the world truth untarnished.

We believe, however, in justice and fairness to ourselves and posterity, and in justice to those men who gave their lives in the making of this great commonwealth, we cannot afford to let these untruths and false impressions concerning the events of our country and her individuals pass unchallenged. "Truth is violated by Falsehood, and it may be equally outraged by Silence."

There is no person in the history of our civil strife who has suffered more unjustly and more touchingly, from this source, than Andrew Jonson, the Seventeenth President of the United States.

When truth finds its way to the hearts and minds of men, when we know the efforts put forth and the sacrifices made in defense of our National Constitution and in behalf of the defenseless South, we will place this man, without hesitancy and with a sense of gratitude, among the greatest of our dead. This man is he who has suffered forty years of silent neglect, the man who pardoned and released over forty-seven thousands Southern soldiers who were incarcerated in Northern prisons.

As now revealed by truth the entire Union, and especially the South, owes to Mr. Johnson a great debt of gratitude, and should justice be done a monument will be built to his memory such as few men in our history deserved.

A short account of Mr. Johnson's executive battles and the condition of our country, at the time he assumed the reins of government, will place this man in the proper attitude before the people and will doubtless make us understand and appreciate his invaluable services.

A great and bloody war had just ended. The South had staked her all, lives and fortune, upon a principle and lost. The four years' struggle with its hopes and fears was behind us; defeat, with all its significance, was before us; everywhere devastation and desolation met the eye; there was mourning throughout the Southland—thousands of widows with their children were left helpless and penniless; poverty confronted all. This is a dismal picture. The result of one of the hardest

fought wars of the century; the reminiscences of this war are unpleasant, but the reminiscences of another struggle strike deeper to the core. Had peace really come with the cessation of hostilities upon the battle-field, the darkest page in the history of our country would not have been, and the Mason and Dixon line would have ceased to be. Another conflict which was to determine the validity of our Constitution and the destiny of the South began in 1865 between the Legislative and Executive departments.

Our National Assembly was composed principally of two classes of men: Negro-philes, who on abstract grounds of humane equality and natural rights, demanded full political privileges for the negro; and secondly, partisan politicians who viewed the elevation of the blacks mainly as a means of humiliating the South and maintaining the existing supremacy of the Republican party. Men of such type as Thaddeus Stevens, Sumner, Philips and Howard, who by their inhuman and nefarious deeds lowered the standard of our legislative department and made it evident that all Americans are not great just because America is a great nation.

Revenge and a desire for robbery and oppression seemed to have characterized their every act; malignity was apparent in every measure proposed. They remind one of ravenous wolves around the carcass of the newly-slain prey. Arrayed on the other side, on the side of justice, as a champion of our Constitution, a friend of the South, an advocate of a speedy and merciful re-adjustment of civil affairs was Andrew Johnson. The magnitude of the issues involved, and the power placed in his hands by his unexpected position, caused men from both North and South to turn their eyes upon him with apprehension. There was reason for fearing this man. His political views and social standing had rendered him obnoxous to the aristocrats of the South, and not only did they look upon him with contempt but they never lost an opportunity to humiliate him. Therefore, had malice and a desire for revenge dominated his life, the horrors of reconstructions would have

been increased ten-fold; had he been an unscrupulous character a man of personal ambition, as some historians would have us believe, he would have used this unusual opportunity in making us drink the very dregs of humiliation, and furthermore, had he united himself with the Radicals of the North his election in 1868 would have been assured, and his political career a sinecure.

The men of the South with intense anxiety wondered if this man, not a slave-holder himself and not of the blue blood of the South, recently placed in authority, would uphold the Constitution and see justice done them in their hours of defeat and helplessness; or would he unite with the negrophiles of Congress in their ruthless and dishonorable efforts of destruction. Was it possible for him to eliminate those natural prejudices aroused by social neglect which he had suffered at the hands of the Old South? Could he blight his political future for the sake of principle and justice?

Let facts so long held in obscurity and unwritten on account of prejudice answer these questions. The first act of the dramatic scene between Congress and the new president, was, Who had the authority to reconstruct the South? Mr. Johnson held it that was the function of the executive department; Congress held the opposite opinion. This august body, glorious in its victory, intoxicated with the idea of revenge, was determined to disrobe the President of all power that would arrest them in their wild scheme of reconstruction. Mr. Johnson had demanded the immediate restoration of the seceded states to their former rights in the Union under the Constitution with amnesty for all past political offenses, and the regulation of the elective franchise in the different states by their citizens. He denounced the Radical party for its disregard of rights and its unparalleled oppression and tyranny, that marked its unchecked career. He declared their reconstruction schemes to be unconstitutional, revolutionary and void.

The next question involved was the plan of reconstruction

and the status of the eleven states in regard to their relation to the Union. Congress held that at the close of the war the people of the rebellious states were found deprived of all civil government, that the de facto government set up by the rebellion was illegal and the Southern states were simply disorganized communities and subject only to military dominion. Mr. Johnson's views were altogether different and far more just and reasonable. His cardinal doctrine was the indestructibility of the states either by their own acts or the acts of the United States Government. He declared that the war had been waged by the North for the avowed purpose of suppressing an insurrection of individuals and with no idea of interfering with the rights of the states, that the rebellion had been put down and that hostilities had ended, and all that was necessary for the Southern states to do was to repudiate the act of secession, swear allegiance to the National Constitution and take their place again in the Union in pursuit of peace and happiness. This convincing argument based upon international and constitutional law had no weight with Congress, which in Mr. Johnson's own words, "was laboring more assiduously to destroy the fundamental principles of government than were the leaders of the Confederacy."

If Mr. Johnson was incorrect in his plan of reconstruction, so was Congress, the Supreme Court, and Mr. Lincoln. It is a well known fact that these three departments of Government held the same view prior to Mr. Johnson's inauguration. It is only necessary here to call attention to four bills which Congress proceeded to enact as law over the President's veto: the Freedman's Bureau bill, Reconstruction, Civil Rights and Tenure of Office bills. The Freedman's Bureau bill was vetoed by the President with the contention that it was a war measure and that the authority of the United States Government was not disputed in any part of the Union. He called attention to the army of officers the proposed law would create and the enormous expense it would entail. This was a magnanimous

stroke of kindness in favor of the South. There are no crimes recorded in modern history that compares with the atrocities thrust upon us at the hand of the scalawags and carpet-baggers from the North. It was the presence and deeds of these unscrupulous negrophiles that exasperated the Southern people and added shame and disgrace to the name of our nation. They kept the negro in idleness, beggary and unrest and made him a constant source of danger to the life and property of the whites.

Next the Civil Rights bill became a law. The aim and purpose of this bill in the abstract was to secure supremacy and so-called protection for the blacks by military authority. In commenting on this bill, Mr. Burgess, a Northern historian, says, "At first sight the provisions of this bill appear out of all relation to our constitutional system. Never before was Congress known to arrogate to itself the power to regulate the civil status of the inhabitants of a state." I quote Mr. Burgess to show Congress' disregard for the Constitution, and to justify Mr. Johnson for placing his veto upon it.

Then followed the Reconstruction bill which was the most brutal measure ever introduced in a congress of the United States. There was hardly a line in the entire bill which would stand the test of the Constitution. It went on to enact that the so-called Confederate states should be divided into five military divisions, subject to the military authority of the United States. It was this measure that deprived the Southerners of the right of the writ of habeas corpus and trial by jury —a Constitutional violation because the Constitution forbids this to be done except in time of war or public danger.

Hand in hand with this bill the Tenure of Office bill became a law, the purpose of which was to limit the customary power of the President over the civil official system. It was an unwarranted encroachment upon the Constitutional prerogative of the executive. It was a fiery missile hurled indirectly at the South and directly at the president.

In his vetoes upon these measures Mr. Johnson used the most convincing argument, pleading with Congress to check its career of insanity and national disgrace. "To the publicist and historian of this day his contentions are masterpieces of political logic, constitutional interpretation and official style." No good political scientist, and no sound Constitutional lawyer, will at this day disagree with the President, and, it is very difficult to understand how the great leaders of the Republican party could, at that day, have differed with him. Thus we see that Congress did not and would not listen to reason. The hand of the victor was upon the throat of the victim; Mr. Johnson fought untiringly—for with him there was a principle involved; with him it was better to be disloyal to his party than dishonest to his principle. Above all, he was an American. While President, he vetoed more bills than any three of his predecessors together. The estrangement between the two departments became more imminent and the battle more intense. Then came his impeachment and trial, which was nothing more than our Constitution on trial. The express purpose of the Constitution is to keep the executive and legislative departments distinct and independent. Mr. Johnson's real offense was that he did not submit his independent judgment to the ruling laws of Congress, as led by Stevens and Sumner, and become a blurred tool in their hands. Had he been convicted our Government would have lost its balance-power and we would now have an English Parliament in which the executive is a mere instrument of the legislature and could be removed on account of any sudden whim.

Andrew Johnson did in 1868 for our country what Andrew Jackson did in 1832; both of them stood in the breach against the most dangerous and subtle attack ever made on the original frame of the Constitution of our fathers. No greater endorsement could be asked than Mr. Johnson received, when his successor, Gen. Grant, demanded the repeal of those unconstitutional bills and forced Congress to his terms.

With these facts before us we are forced to conclude that Mr. Johnson has not only suffered unjustly on account of false impressions made by incredulous and irresponsible historians, but that also his administration was a life-work worthy of the respect and gratitude of every loyal American Citizen.

It is gratifying to learn that a bill has been recently introduced in Congress proposing the erection of a magnificent monument to mark the spot of his hitherto neglected grave; and it is no fond dream that the day is not far distant when we shall see in many Southern cities, monuments to the courageous hero who alone defied the violence of a frenzied Congress and offered himself as a sacrifice for a suffering section.

PETER FAGAN.

One cool, crisp evening John Standon, Bob Walton, and Jack Linsley were all seated in front of the fire in Bob's room. They had collected to read Latin. Bob's room was a favorite resort for all those who want to read Virgil, not because he was well furnished with "ponies" for Bob always traveled on foot in Latium, but because Bob was a good natured, easy-going sort of a fellow and always read the classics to them while they sat around. On this evening, the lesson was rather long, but after a few remarks about the length of the lesson, Bob began the reading. He read away for a few minutes and then drawled out, "Boys, ain't this Latin hard?" Jack replied by saying, "Dr. Findley is a humdinger anyway." John, who had lighted a cigar braced his feet firmly against the wall and said, "Boys, this is a good cigar."

Finally, the reading was completed and then the next thing which came in the natural order was to say a few things about Dr. Findley and his all-persistent habit of giving such long lessons. But after this preliminary they struck on a lighter vein and indulged in telling a few jokes. After each had had his turn at telling jokes, Bob spoke up and said:

"Jack has always been our literary genius, and I don't think we can afford to let this meeting break up without first hearing a story from him."

Jack pleaded that his supply of stories was exhausted and tried to beg off, but when he saw hair brushes and razor-straps brought into play he lost no time in consenting to their wishes.

"There is one story," he said, "which I think I have never told here:

"A few years before the Civil war there were three children who grew up together in the same village, Rodley Evans, the rich merchant's son, Gertrude Render, the pride of the village, and Peter Fagan, a husky farmer boy. They were all great friends and many an afternoon did they spend in rambling over the banks of the little stream which flowed by the village, listening to the birds as they sang and gathering such wild flowers as the meadows brought forth. Gertrude was the centre of theiraffections and always received the greater part of the flowers which they gathered.

"Thus they grew up and after a while their childish affections ripened into love. Gertrude began to look more favorably upon Peter. Peter's father died and left him a small amount of money, and he immediately entered the village school, of which also Gertrude was a student. Rodley went to work in his father's store. Rodley watched them on many an afternoon as they went home from school, for they had to pass by the door of the store. Rodley's hope began fading, but he did not envy his successful rival. One afternoon as he looked out from the store door and saw them coming he saw his fate in their faces.

"A few weeks after this some of the Southern states seceded, and the next morning after the receipt of the news the village school-master was surprised as he neared the school building to see the Confederate flag floating above it. He turned to Peter and asked, 'What are we going to do with this thing?'

" 'I do not know what others are going to do with it,' said Peter, 'but as for me, I am going to enlist under it and fight under it.'

"Peter's patriotic words burned in upon the school-master's soul. He pondered them all day and all night; the next morning when he reached the school house he arose and said: 'Since the Confederate flag was raised above our school building, I have decided to cast my fortune with her interests and fight for her cause, and now if there are any among my pupils who would like to go also, while I call the roll answer I to your name.' Then he took up the roll and began to go down it in alphabetical order, but no response came until he called Peter Fagan's name, and with a clear boyish voice, he answered, 'I.'

"That evening Peter and Gertrude walked home with heavy hearts, for Peter was to leave for the front the next morning. They did not talk much for they were too much engrossed with the events of the day. When they reached Gertrude's home he paused to tell her good-bye. She clung to his hand and said, 'I can hardly endure to see you leave, but you are going to write as often as you can, aren't you?' Peter nodded his assent, and was soon out of sight.

"The next morning he was off to the front. He soon reached the army in Northern Virginia and was with that division in most of its great battles, until finally he was encamped at Fredericksburg. All this time he had kept up a constant correspondence with Gertrude. While at Fredericksburg, Peter got a letter breaking their engagement and giving no reason whatever. It was a great shock to him, and he wrote letter after letter, yet no answer came. Then he braced up and determined to shake all his affections off. But somehow, the haunts of his boyhood days now had no charms for him; but he served on until the war was over, being conspicuous in more than one battle. When the war had ended, he went to California and soon acquired a considerable amount of property by trading in gold lands.

"Years afterwards, a sudden desire seized upon him to go back to the scenes of his childhood. He did not want to be recognized, so decided to disguise himself as a tramp and visit the home of his childhood. The journey did not take long, and arrayed as a tramp he was soon nearing his old home.

"About dark one night he came to a farm house and stopped to seek lodging for the night. On being told that he could stay he walked in and immediately recognized the man of the house as Tom Barker, whom he had known as a boy. Their conversation immediately drifted to the affairs of the village. On hearing the name of Rodley Evans, he asked a few general questions about the family. Tom seemed in a particular talkative attitude this evening and soon gave him the whole history of the Evans family. He told him how Rodley had gone to the front and made a good soldier, coming back to find that his father's entire fortune had been swept away. Then he took up the story of Rodley's marriage, how he had wooed Gertrude and she had consented only after she had kept him waiting for years; how they had lived happily and now a bright little girl of five summers adorned their home.

"Answering to an inquiry whether or not Gertrude had had another sweetheart, he said: 'O, yes, before the war broke out, a farmer boy named Peter Fagan had been engaged to her, but he went to the war, and after he had gone her mother set her heart on breaking the engagement in order that she might marry Rodley. While Peter was at Fredericksburg, the mother wrote to him imitating Gertrude's handwriting and broke the engagement, and bribed the postmaster not to let any letters pass between them. Gertrude waited for years for him to return, and probably thinking him dead, she married Rodley, who was now in moderate circumstances.'

"The next morning Peter started for the old Evans' homestead, but did not reach it until about four o'clock in the afternoon, although it was only a few miles. He found Gertrude sitting on the front porch gazing out upon the high rail-

road trestle in front of the house. He approached her and asked if he could get something to eat. She was not in the habit of turning anybody away, but this afternoon she was not feeling well, and replied that she had nothing prepared.

"Just then she heard a whistle blow around the curve, and glancing that way she saw her little daughter on the middle of the trestle, 'My child! my child!' she cried. The next moment the tramp was hurrying toward the trestle as fast as he could run. He snatched a rope from a gate-post as he ran, and reaching the child, tied the rope about her waist and suspended her beneath the trestle. Glancing back toward the house, and seeing that escape was impossible, he leaped from the trestle to the stony ground far below. The citizens flocked to the scene and after taking the little girl in safety from the trestle, gathered up the tramp's lifeless body and carried it back to the house of Rodley Evans, and there placed it on a couch.

"On his person was found a card bearing the name, 'Peter Fagan' and a will which transferred the greater part of his wealth to Gertrude and Rodley.

"The next day at his funeral the little village had never seen such a concourse of people."

The story now being finished, John threw his cigar stump into the fire, saying as he did so that it was a good cigar and suggested to Jack that it was time to go. "F."

"THE SMALL COLLEGE."

In the January number of the Methodist Review, there is an article on the "Small College"—a subject of present interest to many students, because there are very few big colleges in the South. Besides, it is valuable because it elucidates the question lurking in the minds of many, "Wouldn't it be much better for me if I were in some big university?" I doubt that it would. This fact is frequently overlooked. The mediocre

student (and this term includes a very large majority) has better chances for preferments in the ordinary college than in the large college—such preferments as to speak on class and inter-collegiate contests, to be foremost in literary societies and athletics, to participate in editing the college weekly and monthly magazines and annuals. The big university can give posts of honor to but few of the many meriting men. And these things, outside of the college curriculum, count wonderfully in one's educational development, for the strength of the average student is drawn out through the opportunity afforded in various lines for him to test and show himself; even if opportunity does not make the man, it at least lends to self-making. Then the ingenious student has a splendid opening to shine, for he has little rivalry and competition.

In reviewing this article, I would call attention to some important points: First, a misapprehension of education on the part of some. "Education is simply the developing of those faculties which are in the mind in such a manner that the educated man is fitted for the life which he is to live." Again, "a real education can be attained only by a training of the mind and heart that will not only bring about close, accurate thinking but will translate that thinking into terms of living force that will change the lives of those coming into contact with the educated man."

Secondly, the small college, that is, one having about two or three hundred students of college grade and a faculty of at least seven men doing special work, gives better class instruction because the classes are not so large and because the professor knows personally each class. The true teacher presents a subject as adapted to the individual classes. Between the teacher and the class there is a reciprocal influence of their personalities, upliftnig to the students and encouraging to the teacher. Besides being their instructor in the lecture room, he is often "a personal friend and elder brother" to the young men under his charge, to advise them on any question and help in any way he can.

Thirdly, the social relations of the students are better because they become well acquainted with one another; but one can never know personally the student body of a crowded college. "The social influence is one of the formative elements in a college life, and the man who knows two hundred average college men well enough to be a power among them, is going to be a power in the world."

Fourthly, a better oversight as regards morals. Amid college temptations ever present, the young man, intimate with a goodly number of associates and acquainted with all his fellow students, and feeling that the professors are his friends, can more surely and easily keep, or regain, "the whiteness of his soul," than the one who is "a single unit in a multitude and who feels in his loneliness that no one cares for him." "Is it not from personal influence, personal knowledge, and personal contact, there comes the inspiration to a higher life?"

In commenting on this article, the editor, Dr. Gross Alexander, says:

"Professor Walmsley, of Millsaps College, has done a needed service in taking up his pen in defense of the small college. In these days of big fortunes, big universities, big endowments, big professors, big numbers of students, we are apt to be dazzled by all these bignesses until we think little or nothing of anything that is not big.'

"But Professor Walmsley shows conclusively that there is not only a place but a necessity for the small college. He shows that these small colleges do more for the creation of manhood and character than the big universities do."

Personal religion is the surest basis for molding solid moral character. As respects Christianity, the small colleges do not hesitate, as the great universities do, to implant and impart the great Christian principles. Hence, the small college does more for the student than the crowded university. So the

intelligent father, wishing the most for his son, is sure to get value received for the money spent on him in a good small college; for it purposes to give both ample knowledge and Christian character.

J. R. B.

FROM A COFFIN TO SUCCESS.

Two summers ago I was spending the night at a hotel in an Alabama City where several railroad officials were stopping. After supper we repaired to the veranda where we were delightfully entertained by the stories of the railroad men. All of them except one had related a story. There was a call for a story from him and after some hesitation, he related the following interesting story.

"You see this pin," he said, taking a large coffin-shaped pin from his tie and passing to the man nearest him, "that pin commemorates one of the most memorable events of my life, for it recalls an incident in which I saw another side of the life of my college chum, George Davenport.

"It was in the fall just after the G. P. road had been completed through Mississippi. The country was not thickly settled and therefore it was only in the larger towns that the services of more than one man were needed. I happened to be agent and operator at one of the smaller towns and on account of the nature of my duties, slept in my office. For nearly a week the weather had been very disagreeable; and on this day in particular, the rain had been falling almost incessantly. Towards night it had grown colder and sleet mingled with rain could be heard beating against the window panes. I was glad that it was such a stormy night for I felt sure that there would be no one to disturb me.

"I had received notice that I was expected to receive orders for a special pay-car which was to be run from Birmingham. It was due at twelve o'clock, so I arranged

my cot and retired early. I had not been asleep long before I was aroused by a violent knocking at the door. Arising and unlocking it, I found a party of five, one lady and four men. The men were bearing a huge box which I supposed contained a coffin. I invited them in and had them place the coffin in the corner.

"Why didnt' you wait until in the morning?" I asked "There is no train until in the morning at nine o'clock."

" 'We didn't know that and this old woman wanted to be sure to get her son back to Alabama for burial in the morning. Mister, you'd be mighty accomerdatin' ef you'd let her stay in here since she'd be afeard in the waitin' room.' I consented to let her remain in my office and the men passed out.

"As soon as the men were gone, I directed a somewhat curious gaze upon the old woman. Her stooping form and faltering step impressed me with the fact that she was very old, although I could not see her face. She wore a large loose cloak, and a huge black bonnet which made it impossible to get a view of her countenance. I also noticed that she more an immensely large 'man's boot' but I supposed that it was on account of poverty. After seeing all these things, I concluded that she was a poor and friendless old woman whose only support had been taken away.

"Being of a sympathetic nature and wishing in some way to cheer her, I tried to engage her in a conversation, but failed. Determined to make her as comfortable, as possible, I asked her to draw nearer the fire and to lay aside her cloak and bonnet, since they were very wet. She drew nearer the fire but did not lay aside either the wet cloak or the bonnet.

"I soon observed that she preferred to remain undisturbed, so I lay down across the cot. I had been lying there long enough to be asleep, had it not been for the peculiar terror which stole over me, due I suppose to the nearness of the coffin. While thus lying and thinking of the eccentric old woman, I suddenly looked up and caught her gazing directly

at me. I had never seen any feminene countenance that so much resembled that of a man! I tried to get another look, but failed.

"I turned my back upon my mysterious companion and began to snore loudly, at the same time watching every movement of her shadow. For some time I had been watching the shadow, but had not seen it move in the least; suddenly I heard a slight noise as of someone clearing his throat, and then the shadow turned. It was evident that she was looking towards the coffin. In a minute the shadow resumed its former position. Everything was silent for awhile, but again I heard the noise. This time it was much louder than before. I began to think that there was some mystery connected with this old woman and the coffin. Moving restlessly, I secured my revolver from the head of my cot and again commenced snoring and watching. But despite all these things, my suspicion was soon to be allayed. About forty-five minutes before the special was due, she arose and going to the coffin, knelt down and commenced to mutter something unintelligible to me. I was filled with shame, for I had suspected an honest and grief-stricken mother of being a villain in disguise. While I lay there condemning myself for being so suspicious, she arose and slipping a revolver from beneath her cloak, advanced towards where I was lying. I still held my revolver, so I shot her down before she had advanced four steps. I then turned and threw my revolver upon the man who was emerging from the box. Approaching him, I discovered that it was my old chum, George Davenport.

"Just then there was a surge at the door. A second surge brought it down, and the four men who had borne the coffin into my office, entered. What was I to do! Would my old friend, Davenport, assist me? While these questions were passing through my mind, Davenport had secured the old woman's pistol and covered them! They were so badly confused that we captured them without a fight; we disarmed

them, tied them and soon they were on their way to jail, for we sent for the marshal, and he with a posse of citizens secured a hand-car and started for the nearest county-site.

"Davenport and myself had hardly spoken but as soon as the prisoners were gone, we came together in my office. He said that he wanted an opportunity to explain before I condemned him. The reason that he had entered into this, he said, was that he had started on a journey to the West and had been robbed. Rather than return, he had agreed to assist in robbing the special in order to get money to continue his journey.

I believed his story and after giving him a scathing rebuke, advanced enough money to carry him to his place of destination! After a time he returned the money which I advanced and in addition, this pin. He is now one of the wealthiest wheat-farmers in Kansas."

All were silent for a moment, and then one fellow asked, "How did you keep your friend out of the hands of the law."

"Well," replied the narrator, "he occupied the freight room until the officers were gone."

We adjourned—each to his own room, thankful that such occurrences were not frequent.

T. L. Bailey.

FINANCIAL PHASE OF THE M. I. O. A.

The President gave the signal for the opening of the flood-gates of oratory when on Wednesday last he announced that the faculty would hear representatives from the Junior and Senior classes on the twenty-third to contest for the position of representative to the Mississippi Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Contest, and as a result we are now in the midst of a deluge of eloquence. The groves to which the orators of former days repaired have fallen beneath the ruthless advance of Jackson's rapidly growing population, but the society and

fraternity halls are still with us and they will be ringing for some days with the inspiring eloquence of our aspiring orators. Our record in the Oratorical Association is generally known and appreciated as is also our confident hopes for the future but there is another phase of the Association to which none of us, neither ourselves nor the students of the other three institutions composing the Association, seem to have given any attention—the finances of the Association. And since the Association now, at the time of our preliminary, has a strong hold upon our attention it may not be amiss to say something concerning this phase of the subject.

The Association has been in existence for eleven years, and at no time in its history have the receipts at any contest failed to exceed the expenses. At Kosciusko last year three hundred dollars were cleared above all expenses and the gains are increasing from year to year. The Association now has seven hundred dollars in its treasury. This money, as has been the custom heretofore, is lying idle. It is of no benefit to the Association or to the colleges represented in the Association. True, steps were taken at the meeting of the Association last year to have published the speeches, photographs, and sketches of the representatives for the past two years, but there will still remain a considerable amount on hand. It seems that the students of some of the colleges ought to be able to devise a plan by which this surplus could be used to good advantage. There was a suggestion last year that it be used to defray the expenses of a banquet at which the members of the Association and their friends should make merry, but it was thought that the joys of one short night would be too fleeting to justify the spending of the Association's accumulations for the past ten years and the idea was abandoned. The banquet would not be a bad thing if the money is not to be otherwise expended, but we believe that it can be more profitably invested.

It might be expended for medals to be awarded at the various colleges composing the Association for the promotion

of the study and practice of oratory, or, which seems a better plan, since there appears to be a sufficient number of medals given for oratory, it might be given to our libraries as a special fund for procuring literature that would be of assistance to the various orators and debaters. It is a conceded fact that reading material is an indispensable necessity to the college orator or debater, and frequently in the study of his subject or question he has need of books and magazines which his library does not afford. We believe that in such instances, the surplus fund of the Association could be used to excellent advantage in the other three colleges as well as our own. This use of it would also be carrying out the purpose for which the Association was organized, viz., the promotion of the study and cultivation of oratory. This, of course, is only a suggestion and may meet with little approval from the Association. The Association, however, seems to be arriving at the conclusion that the money should be used for some purpose, and if any of the students have plans to offer they should endeavor to convince their representatives of the wisdom of them before the next meeting of the Association.

The Essay and Collegian Prizes.

Some time ago Dr. Wise announced as the subject for the Clark Essay Medal, "The Poetical Works of Kipling," and Professor Walmsley has given, "The Treaty-Making Power of the United States" as the subject for the history essay. Both these subjects are interesting because they are modern. Kipling, the poet of modern imperialism, is one of the most conspicuous figures in the literary world today, while the treaty-making power of the United States has received increased interest because of the recent trouble with Japan. These prizes, though the task of winning them is remote from "the tumult and the shouting" which furnish inspiration to the winners of the orators' and debaters' medals, should evoke a spirited

contest. The awarding of them is always fair, which is not invariably the case with the prizes awarded in oratory. The judges are carefully selected for their literary taste and judgment, there is no danger even of unconscious partiality for the judges are ignorant of whose papers they are grading. Notwithstanding, however, the fairness in the awarding of these medals and therefore the greater honor of winning them there is usually little interest manifested in them. For two years, no one has contested for the set of books which Professor Walmsley offers for the history essay, and there are seldom more than three or four to contest for the English essay prize.

Also, the indifference shown concerning the COLLEGIAN prizes is painful. With this issue the story contest for the first half session closes. Only three or four stories have been written during the entire year, it is now past time for the fourth issue to go to press and no story whatever has been offered for publication in this issue. The half eagle which Mr. Hand offers for the best poem published during the year is likewise unattractive, as thus far there has been no original poem published.

Before the February issue of the COLLEGIAN the half eagle offered by the staff will have been awarded, so it is now too late to urge the students to enter this contest; but with the February issue the contest for the half eagle offered by Dr. Wise, for the best story published during the second half-session opens, and the poem contest remains open during the entire year. The students are urged to contest for these prizes. The standard of the COLLEGIAN is being lowered because of the indifference and neglect of the student body. Every issue has been gotten out with difficulty and the fact that it is now past time to go to press and that no contribution of any description has been received ought to be sufficient to arouse our college pride and spirit and bring in some material for publication even though no prizes were offered.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

Athletic Field! Do it now and hurry back!

The following students attended the Students' Volunteer Convention at Ruston, La.: R. H. Ruff, Currie, Brown, W. P. Moore, Murrah, Bright, Kirkland and Guinn. They report a good time and a successful meeting.

Mr. Davis, general secretary of the Y. M. C. A., was here during the month ond made several beneficial lectures before the local organization.

Boys, take more interest in baseball! The athletic field and inter-collegiate baseball are coming.

Dr. Wise—"Miss Ridgeway, will you tell me what is the characteristic quality of the poem, Amphion?"
Miss Ridgeway—"Mock-irony."

In pursuance of the recommendation of the Mississippi and North Mississippi Conferences that a financial agent for the College be appointed, the Trustees have selected Rev. T. W. Lewis as Commissioner of Education. The creation of this office fills a much felt need.

Student—"Waiter, tell the young lady at the piano to play something sad and low; I want to see if it won't have a softening influence on this steak."

The Faculty will select the representatives to the M. I. O. Contest and the State Chautauqua on the 23rd.

W. C. Campbell was on the campus recently with club-mates. "Hump" used to be a familiar figure on the Science Hall steps. He still sustains his allegiance to Ananias.

Dr. Murrah (in Philosophy class)—"Mr. Pearce, after the death of Alexander, of what was Aristotle accused?"
Pearce—"He was accused of **atheism** and **mackedonism.**"

There is always "something doing" in the lives of Seniors, but the class of '07 has been unusually fortunate. The latest

thing coming their way was a reception tendered by the co-ed member of the class, Miss Ridgeway. This pretty suburban home was the scene of much merriment. In the contest of "Hanging Clothes," J. W. Lcok proved to be the most proficient. Calendars with appropriate pictures were given as souvenirs. The delightful salad course, super-abundance of fruit, and an overflowing punch bowl attest to Miss Ridgeway's understanding of the college boy. The following young ladies contributed immensely to the pleasure of the evening: Misses Sims, Merritt, Park, Ricketts, Moore, Huddleston, Keith, Davis, Thornton and Clingan.

Prof. Olin Moore has arranged for a handicap tournament and a regular tournament to take place sometime in the Spring.

W. P. Moore (in his sleep the night after the Senior-Junior football game)—"Nail the Seniors to the cross."

His room-mate—"What did you say, ole lady,—nail the fingers?"

"Umh, **Nail the Seniors to the cross!**"

The gymnasium is open from 4:15 to 5:15 Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Under the instruction of Mr. Easterling, the classes are doing good work and manifesting more than usual interest.

"Prep" Welch has evidently been circulating among his friends the fact of his having achieved the distinction of being the dormitory steward, as a lady calling to see him on business, asked for "Mr Welch, the janitor."

Arrangements have been made for field day between Mississippi College and Millsaps. Altho' this is a new venture, for us, we think we will be able to show the " 'Stute" boys a real good time.

The Seniors are simply doing things this year. At a recent meeting of the class they decided that people should graduate in cap and gown; accordingly the class of '07 enjoys the distinction of establishing that precedent at Millsaps. Then too, they are going to make the new library complete by placing in it a marble slab bearing the name of the members of the class.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

The Call of the Blood.

ROBERT HICHENS.

The descriptions of Sicilian scenery in this book are so marvelously beautiful that it almost seems as if the spirit of the land had been dramatized. It is hard to tell which is paramount, the passion of man or the passion of nature. The passion of nature is almost perfect, so perfect that the portrayal of character is infringed upon. The book is infused with the simple joy of physical life, its environment deing one in which passion has deep roots. The scene opens in England but is soon transported to Sicily, the chief characters being English folk, Hermione Lester, Emile Artors and Monsieur Delarey.

Hermione Lester felt life in its quickness, in its eager awareness, in its bouyant uplifting and delight; she was whole-souled and sympathetic. Although not an ugly woman, rather an unbeautiful one, she through the strength of her intellect, drew about her a large circle of friends. Emile Artois —a novelist of an exceedingly clear and discriminating mind— found in her a friend whom he could trust with his complaints, his ambitions and his views. Each loved the other, but neither was in love—theirs was that ideal, a Platonic friendship. Although not a beautiful woman, Hermione worshipped beauty as few people can. It startled her when she found that Monsieur Delarey an almost perfect man physically loved her who was unlovely. She loved him for his youth, he was younger than she, and for his shy modesty and reverence for her. They were married and went to spend their honeymoon in the beautiful land of the olive groves on the slope of sunny Mount Etna.

Before Hermione was married she and Artois were discussing Delarey with respect to his ancestry and the fact that his grandmother had been a Sicilian. To the mind trained to analyze character this fact explained the inconsistency in the looks of this almost god-like man and his surroundings. Artois had an intuitive fear of their Southern tour; he knew

that the blood governs when the time comes; he felt that the freedom of the South would call up in this man the elemental passions that ruled some far-off Southern ancestor.

In that land of perfect nature they spent the spring. Delarey picked up with ease and accuracy the Sicilian dialect. At the first sight of the tarantella which dismissed every feeling but the pagan joy of life, the pagan ecstacy of swift movement all the blood in him responded, chasing away a shyness that had held him back. He sprang up and danced the tarantella —danced it almost as if he had danced it all his life, with a natural grace, a frolicsome abandon, that no pure-blooded Englishman could ever achieve, danced it perhaps as the Sicilian grandmother had danced it under the shadow of Etna.

The olive groves, the sea, the intense blue of the sky, the riotous beauty of the flowers, the exquisite tenderness and melancholy of the Sicilian music had a charm for this man and appealed to a latent something in his nature. Hermione loved Sicily passionately, and when she saw that he was truly of Sicily she loved Sicily more. Their joy was so perfect in this veritable garden of Eden that the very strength of it made her feel the awful void if one part of it were taken away.

But the serpent entered when a telegram was received from Africa announcing the serious illness of Artois. Hermione felt that it would be ignoble, worse than murder, not to help her friend. She arranged to sail at once and was unselfish enough not to ask Delarey to deny himself and accompany her to burning Africa.

Delarey felt the call of the blood in him to be a son of the soil. Without Hermione's presence he began to think that freedom would be a delightful thing and to wish that she had not left him. One day while fishing he met Maddalena, who lived in the Casca del Sirene on the shore of the sea. The fickleness of his race led him to forget everything except his passion for this child of the sea. He knew that he was wronging both Hermione and Maddalena, but the spirit of the South intoxicated him so that he lost his head and lost his heart.

It came about that Hermione was to come back on the very day that he had planned to accompany Maddalena and her father, Salvatore, to the fair at San Selice. He got the father's permission to accompany them to the fair by pampering his avarice with the promise of much "soldi" to buy him a donkey. Salvatore bragged to the other fishermen of the wealth and generosity of his "compare." Delarey hated

the crafty father as much as he loved the daughter, and at this term of equality his face lit up with such a hatred that Salvatore promised him vengeance. To a Sicilian this meant murder.

When the fair was over the depth of his guilt and the disappointment and sorrow of his wife at his failure to meet her filled him with a despairing sorrow. Until she met him with such sweetness he had not realized the depth of his guilt. That Hermione should be guarded from any knowledge of it was his injunction to their faithful servant, Gaspare, when he went out on the pretext of bathing to meet Salvatore. His body was found in the sea near the Casca del Sirene—and Hermione's perfect love and trust were unclouded by his faithlessness.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

The Southwestern University Magazine has a good issue. Short poems are scattered through it and of them we think the best is one entitled, "What is Man?" The stories are short and well written and some of them are more than ordinarily interesting. Though the characters and scene of "His Last Message" are changed, the plot is old and has been much used, therefore we think it is entitled to a rest. "Christmas on the Ol' Plantation" is a good story. Uncle Jimmie's presentation speech is a pretty good illustration of the old darkies' fondness for long words, even though he nearly always misuses them. "How We Outwitted the Deacon" is another story worthy of mention. Especially good is the conclusion, where the author describes the effect of Mrs. Jones' statement upon the Deacon.

Of the serious articles perhaps the best is "Henry Timrod." Such essays are instructive and sometimes we think that their appearance adds more to a magazine than the ordinary oration. They are at the same time interesting and instructive. Men can think the same thoughts as concerns abstract questions, or those dealing with questions of the time, but many of them have no opportunity to inform themselves upon the subjects commonly taken for essays. We think the author of this essay does credit to himself and gives a clear description of the poet's life and shows an appreciation of his effort.

"How Mr. Bud Weiser Met Miss Annie Busch" in the University of Mississippi Magazine is a pretty fair story. A comical predicament that! But surely the girl would, in other than an imaginary world, have made the boy untie her shoe-strings. We think that were there more material in the literary part of the magazine it would improve in appearance and interest.

We are glad to welcome two new magazines to our table —the Converse Concept and the Eatonian. The Converse Concept seems to be a very literary magazine. The greater portion is taken up in discussion of literary topics.

The Wallace World is a magazine of promising appearance. The one story is fine.

We acknowledge the following exchanges: Castle Heights Herald, Ouchita Ripples, Andrew College Monthly, Randolph-Macon Monthly, Graysonian, University Mississippi magazine, Columbia Collegian, Wallace World, College Reflector, Spectator, University Virginia Magazine, Converse Concept, Kendall Collegian, Eatonian, Academy Girl.

"Does Mr. Bowman work in a bakery?"
"Don't know; why?"
"Somebody told me he was a professional loafer."—Ex.

He strapped the skates onto his feet,
And blew the girl a kiss;
When he came to he was in bed—
And the doctor said, "Take this!" —Ex.

Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Laugh and you laugh alone;
The first when the joke is the teacher's,
The last when it is your own.—Ex.

First Boy—"Say, Johnnie, where are you in Sunday School?"
Second Boy—"Oh, we are in the midst of the original sin."
First Boy—"That ain't much; we're past redemption."

Poetry's a plaything,
Science is too—
I'm a **scholar,**
What are you?—Ex.

I miss many of the old faces I used to shake hands with. —Ex.

ALUMI DEPARTMENT.

We learn from the business manager of the COLLEGIAN that very few of the Alumni have their names on his mailing list. Less than a dozen have responded to his call for subscriptions. What does this mean? Is it that our alumni fail to appreciate our efforts in presenting this publication, or is it that after graduation their interest in college life so relents as that they have no desire to keep in touch with it. However, this may be, we believe there are many ties which bind every alumnus to his alma mater, and that these ties can only be strengthened by a knowledge of what transpires within his college walls, and upon the campus. This knowledge of college life is more nearly portrayed by the COLLEGIAN than through any other source. The Alumni Department of the COLLEGIAN will be of little interest as long as so very few of its readers are found in the alumni world. This department of the COLLEGIAN should be of special interest to the alumni and so long as they fail to support it by their subscription, it cannot meet the ends for which it was installed. Let us as Alumni render a more healthy support to this publication.

Some interesting data has been compiled by the College Secretary in regard to the Mississippi "Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association." This organization was effected in 1896, with the opening contest at Crystal Springs. The Millsaps representatives in these contests have been as follows: '96, R. L. Cannon, Brookhaven, Miss., and J. W. Canada, Memphis, Tenn.; '97—C. G. Andrews and G. B. Power, Jackson, Miss.;

'98—H. B. Watkins, Hazlehurst and B. H. Locke, Okolona; '99—T. M. Lemly, Americus, Ga., and J. T. Lewis, Durant, Miss.; 1900—T. W. Holloman, Alexandria, La., and J. B. Mitchell, Guthrie, Okla.; '01—W. L. Duren, Mississippi; '02—J. R. Countiss, Greenville, Miss.; '03—W. F. Cook, Hattiesburg, Miss.; '04—C. A. Alexander, Jackson, Miss.; '05—M. S. Pittman, Ouachita, Miss.; '06—W. A. Williams, Sallis, Miss. These contests have been held at various places over the state and have been well attended by the students of the four colleges represented: University of Mississippi, A. & M. College, Mississippi College and Millsaps College. For several contests we have been unable to secure a complete record of the result, but it no doubt will be of interest to know that out of the eleven contests, Millsaps has won six. The years in which Millsaps representative was awarded the first honor were '96, 1900, '01, '02, '03, '04. In the last two contests Millsaps was awarded second prize. In 1900 and 1901 the Southern States medal was awarded to J. B. Mitchell and W. L. Duren respectively. This bit of history gives us an insight into the standard set by our alumni representatives, and should be a stimulus for an earnest effort on the part of the student body to maintain this standard.

Mr. J. Lambert Neill, '06, spent several days on the campus during the month.

It seems that marriage among our Alumni is an epidemic. Since our last article, J. E. Heidelberg, of Hattiesburg, Miss., was married to Miss Winnie Dixon, of Jackson. Mr. O. W. Bradley and S. M. Graham both of the class of '05, took unto themselves a better half during the month of December.

We are inreceipt of a communication from one of the Alumni, who informs us of the fact that he is not married. Perhaps this party has been reading the COLLEGIAN and has observed that about all the matter in our department, has been accounts of marriages. We have not yet published an account of his marriage but hope that in the near future we may have that privilege.

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT.

Ruston Conference.

Millsaps had the largest delegation of any College and Mississippi had the largest delegation of any State. Millsaps got the basket-ball pennant and Mississippi won at football. Everyone was impressed with the healthy college spirit manifested at the dining hall and on the athletic field, and with the good fellowship and Christian friendship everywhere existing. The players were encouraged by cheers and hurrahs, not by jeers and taunts against those opposing. The "real and right way to boost a team is to make them feel good, and not to make others feel bad." To a man all were delighted with the example of pure honest athletics. It was tacitly agreed with Mr. Howe, the Athletic Director, that one of the greatest nee d in colleges is a cleaning up of unfair athletics. As a means to this end, the urgent necessity of Christian men's entering into the college sports was much emphasized.

A striking feature of the Conference was the personnel of the speakers. They are men of powerful personality—men strong in intellectual and spiriual acumen, exceedingly practical and sincere—in short, men of consecrated common sense. They earnestly delivered their messages in a simple, direct style. Foremost in keeness of mind, was Clayton S. Cooper of New York.

In his unassuming but taking way, he spoke on "The Principles Guiding in Choice of a Life Work," "The Commitment of Life," "The Christian Conquest," "The Greatness of Christ." The three marks of Christ's greatness were: (1) His preparedness for the vicissitudes of life; (2) His sympathy for mankind, or His yearning to be the friend of men; (3) His sacrifice and service for the human races. "Men want friendship more than gold and power." "Friendship and sympathy are for us to give and to get."

Another able speaker, Dr. Millard, of Atlanta, said, "The way to live 'the life beautiful' is to 'practice the presence of God." "No one can indulge worldly amusements and live the beautiful life." "For he that liveth for pleasure is dead."

"Life is the anti-room to Heaven or hell and hell is where God is not."

Mr. McCullock, Supt. of Nashville Training School, in discussing American problems, gave some startling facts about the miserable conditions of people here among us. One and a half million of people in the mountains of the South are unsaved and destitute of the Gospel. Over half of the **white** children of school age do not attend school in sixteen of our largest Southern cities; one and a quarter million of people laboring in Southern factories, have practically no social, intellectual and spiritual life; sixty thousand children under fifteen years of age are laboring in the cotton mills of the South, and one million, seven hundred thousand are in the mills of the United States. Child-labor is one of the blackest spots on the society of a Christian nation; after the passing of a few generations, "the Historian of the Future will wonder why we allowed it." We suffer this evil—they claim only in order to foster Southern industry. We should desire "rather to be paupers and build character than build up industry in the South." In speaking about a college man's rendering missionary service at home among the depraved colored populace, particularly in the slum districts of our cities, which is the hardest of all fields because it means social isolation and ostracism that results from an unreasonable prejudice caused by a big bugaboo about racial equality, he appealed to the students' manhood and heroism in behalf of the benighted negroes. "You want something **heroic** to do? There it is for you. It is the equivalent of being nailed to the Cross."

Mr. Laflamme, of Toronto, nineteen years a Missionary in India, and Mr. Murray, of New York, four years Missionary Secretary in the same country, showed the crying need and unparalleled opportunity of Christianity by means of stating the facts obtaining in the non-Christian world. Restraining emotionalism, they were willing to let facts so stupendous appeal to the men. At this strategic and critical period of Missions, they urged that every man consider the Call for Service. Mr. Hobbs, of Kansas City, presented the Secretary-ship of the Association; the Christian ministry was also ably presented. Thus, light was thrown on the different phases of all religious life works.

So all the activities of life work in Christian service, illuminated with refulgent light, were portrayed in bold relief

with a mighty sweep of vision. Hence, men had more intelligent light on the question than they will rarely, if ever, have again, to decide on their life investments. Besides, they had inspiration—to see visions and dream dreams, and power given to resolve, dare and accomplish big things in His name; for "great themes and high ideals were presented and received with an enthusiasm that was deep, glowing, sustained, yet at the same time restrained, rising at times in the tides of emotion, touched to finer issues, but never overflowing the bounds and becoming mere emotionalism."

At every session the Holy Spirit was manifest in a deep and abiding spiritual impression seemingly made on the audience by their earnest, quiet, prayerful manner. The influence of this Conference is not over; it is only begun. Through the students the influence of this gathering will go out in ever-widening circles.

A thing that impressed me was this, a conception and realization of the magnitude and magnificence of the Association work. It is now being extended to high school boys and graduate students and to students of many nations. Its grandeur and greatness are fascinating to seekers and lovers of righteousness. What mighty things are being done by the Association in wielding a powerful Christian influence over the lives of the coming leaders of many lands! Then, think of what splendid opportunities we are privileged to have, if we but utilize these psychological moments! Yea, what prodigious possibilities are ours to advance the cause of Christ, if we only awake from our lethargy and expend our energy in this sublime enterprise of introducing men to the King! For is it not the Christian's first business to bring men to Christ? Men, get busy! "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"

Another thing sadly impressed me, how little we have been doing in comparison with what some others are actually doing. In some things we are far behind, particularly in the mission department. We are not abreast with the spirit of this world wide movement. At present, only one-tenth of the student body are studying Missions, one-fifth are regularly engaged in Bible study, and one-third, on an average, attend the devotional meetings. In the reports from the colleges, some had two-thirds

of the student body enlisted in Bible study and one-half in Mission study. Why can't we come up to the standard? In our policy for the Y. M. C. A. we have planned to do the things which have been tried and found not only workable but also successful, in other Associations. Men, let us all work shoulder to shoulder, and pray this year for blessings and prosperity hitherto unparalleled in the history of the Association.

On the 11th and 12th inst., Mr. W. T. Davis, of New York, Travelling Secretary for the Southern Division of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions was with us, speaking twice on the subject of this world-wide movement. He urged beseechingly the claims for service, in some way, either at home or out on the "far-flung battle line". The interest in Missions has been considerably awakened among us.

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The Millsaps Collegian

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AN HONEST BOY'S MISFORTUNE.

The great clock in the tower of the main building of the Southern Literary University sounded out four distinct strokes, and electric bells throughout the great building rang shrilly for several minutes, which indicated that the last period of Friday afternoon was over, and that a hard week's work for the students was at an end.

The pleasant old Professor in the Freshman Latin room assigned a new lesson and in his kind and gentle manner said "that will do," and thus dismissed the class. The boys rushed out of the room, laughing and talking, eager for the fresh air and freedom of the athletic field. Some went arm in arm, some slapped others on the shoulders, which showed their love and friendliness in a way peculiar to school boys. As they passed down the stairs, the doors of the history room opened, and the senior history came out. The seniors greeted the lower classmen, some as special friends, room-mates, or club-mates as they went out on the campus.

After they had gotten on the outside a few seniors were seen out in a group, talking in very low tones about what seemed to be an interesting subject. One of them called Charlie Jackson, a freshman, to them.

"Jackson," began Lucas, who seemed to be leader of the crowd, "do you feel like having some fun tonight?"

"I don't know. What is it?" Charlie replied.

"Well, you know those two new fellows who room down in edge of town have been here nearly four months and have never been "initiated.' We intend to meet them down on the edge of the campus tonight as they go home from their literary society and put them through a 'course.' We want you to come with us. You were here last session as a 'Prep' and know something of how such things are carried on, and we need your assistance tonight."

Charlie had longed to be recognized by the seniors and to be taken into their confidence, but he knew that the mere fact that they were seniors did not make them good boys. This fact brought to his mind the oft-repeated advice of his father, 'Shun evil companions." He also thought of a little girl down in the southern part of the state, who had been his sweetheart from his early boy-hood days, and who had so often said to him, "I hope you will not be with those bad old boys at college very much." She had in her childish way thought all boys except Charlie were "bad boys." And after thinking of these things for a few moments, Charlie said:

"Boys, I don't think I can go with you. I have some work to do, and then you know ————"

"Oh, none of that! Come on with us, and don't be a 'sissy.' " put in one of the seniors.

This appealed to Jackson's manhood. He had always had a contempt for "sissy boys," so he decided that rather than be one himself, he would go.

That night when the two freshmen spoken of, on their way home passed under the shadow of several large trees on the lower edge of the campus, they were stopped by several masked men, who seized them, covered their mouths and eyes with cloths, and carried them into a little thicket, about a hundred yards away. Their eyes were securely covered, and they were led to the edge of a lake. The banks of this

lake were about six feet high, and the water was almost deep enough to go over an average man's head, when standing erect. The boys were placed on the edge of the bank and told by Lucas in a deep, grave voice that when the "executioner" counted three they were to jump as far as possible in order to cross a deep ditch, and that if they did not jump they would be pushed into the ditch.

It fell to Jackson to count, and when, in his excitement, he yelled out in his natural voice, "one," one of the boys who had been with him daily in the class room, said:

"I know you, Charlie Jackson, You can't fool me. You will hear from this again."

Jackson saw his mistake but knowing it was too late, continued to count "two, three." At the word "three", both boys jumped as far as possible and fell into the water.

Lucas and his followers stayed to see them well in, and then, by circling around so as to come in from another direction, returned to their rooms.

One of their victims soon freed his eyes and was not in the water very long, but the other became entangled in some brush and would have drowned had it not been for his comrade who dragged him out. They then went to their rooms, but on the next day the one who was in the water so long, was seized by a severe attack of pneumonia, which came very near resulting in death, and did cause him to loose the remainder of the session from college.

When Dr. Whitcomb, the Chancellor, heard of the outrage, he began to investigate at once. He went to the boys who had been so cruelly treated and of course they gave what proof they had against Jackson.

On the following Monday Dr. Whitcomb sent for Charlie to come to his office at once. When Charlie entered the Chan-

cellor's spacious office, he felt almost as badly as if he had been going to his execution. His conscience had hurt him very much, and he was truly sorry for what he had done. In fact he had lived in perfect misery ever since the unfortunate Friday night. He had scarcely been able to face his fellows, but now he was going before the most dreaded member of the faculty. He scarcely had the courage to enter the door, but he knew it must be done, so he went in. When he came face to face with Dr. Whitcomb, the staunch old man's eyes gleamed with something like anger as he slowly viewed the boy from head to feet.

"Sir," he began at last, "what do you know of this outrage which was committed on our campus last Friday night?"

Charlie was very much excited, and he felt that it would do him good to unload his conscience. So he began and told every detail of the whole affair, leaving out the names of those who were with him. The Chancellor cross-questioned him in every possible way but the boy absolutely refused to betray his comrades.

"You are guilty of what, according to our rules, will send you home," the Chancellor said, "so I suppose you had as well pack up your belongings and go. Such behavior as this can never be allowed here. I hate to see you have to suffer this alone when others deserve to suffer for it, but you could have it different if you would."

This almost scared Charlie out of his wits, and he stood for a few moments gazing vacantly out of the window before he could speak.

"Doctor, I can't go home," he broke out at last. "My parents could not stand it. It would almost kill them to know that I have been such a bad boy. They have placed so much confidence in me, and are making some sacrifice to send me to college. Oh, I can't go home! Just give me one more chance. I was led into this affair'.'

"Then, you should tell me who led you into it," the the Chancellor replied.

"I can never give them away. You know that would be unmanly, and I am guilty of enough already."

The Chancellor was a very persistent old man, and when his mind was once fixed on a thing it was not often changed, but he knew the character of the boy, and there was something touching in the poor fellow's appeal, so after thinking over it a few minutes, he said:

"Mr. Jackson, you have always been a very good student. This hazing is the only thing against your record, and I believe you have been led into it. Therefore, I am going to give you one more trial. Remember, if anything ever comes up against you, you cannot remain at this institution. I believe this will be a lesson to you, and I think you are man enough to make use of it. So go back to your room, think things over and try to live down your present disgrace."

"I thank you for the confidence you have placed in me, and I shall endeavor to be worthy of it."

Charlie came out of the office with a lighter heart. He had already decided to go to see the boys whom they had so cruelly treated and confess all to them. He did not wait to go to his own dormitory, but went straight to their room and told them everything about his connection with the escapade, but refused again to give away his associates. He told them how sorry he was that it had happened, and that if they would forgive him they would make the shame of the affair easier for him to bear. They insisted that he should tell them who had been with him, but he soon convinced them that it was useless. They, too, knew that Jackson had been led into the affair, and that he was not responsible for it, so they told him that they would forgive him and would always be his good friends as before.

After this Charlie was a different boy. It was indeed a lesson to him. It taught him to have respect for his fellow students without regard to class, and to be more careful of his associates. He also learned that to be a senior was not the ideal thing by far. He took no part in any of the tricks of the other boys and devoted all of his time to hard study, and was soon making better grades than any other man in his class.

X X X X X X

Four years later, as the session was drawing to a close, we find Charlie Jackson, himself a senior, preparing for his final examination. He still retained his position as leader of his class, and had a promising future before him. He had secured a position as business manager of a large manufacturing concern, a position which he was to take as soon as he received his diploma. Several times since Christmas he had been to see Louise Brennon, the girl who had been his boyhood's sweetheart, and she had promised to be his bride as soon as he was settled in business. Why should he not be a happy man? But the Fates decreed different.

On Friday night before the final examination, Dr. Whitcomb sent for him to come to his office. His face looked troubled when the boy entered, for he knew the news which he had to deliver affected Jackson's whole life.

"Mr. Jackson," he began, last fall while so much hazing was going on in this college, the board of trustees passed a law which forbids any student guilty of hazing at any time during his course here receiving a diploma from this institution. Today, while looking over your record, I find that you are guilty of hazing in your freshman year. According to this, you cannot receive a diploma."

"Great Heavens! Is there no way around it?" Charlie asked.

"None whatever," was the stern reply. "A law once passed here must be obeyed."

With this Charlie buried his face in his arms on the table, and his strong body shook with sobs. To get a diploma had been his highest ambition, and now while it was almost in his grasp, he was about to loose it! The thought chilled him throughout. He sat thus for several minutes. The old Chancellor, knowing his feelings, did not disturb him. Finally the old clock began to strike four, and he heard the students coming down from recitation rooms, so he arose and staggered blindly out at the rear of the building.

As he went out on the campus he saw some students going to the athletic field with balls and bats and all kinds of athletic paraphernalia; others were already engaged in tennis and other sports. The birds were singing in the great oaks on the campus, and everything had the appearance of the spring-time happiness. But all this was not noticed by Charlie as he walked slowly back to his room. All his dearest hopes had been blighted. He knew that his success in life depended on his diploma, and oh, how could he face his parents and Louise?

The next morning his friends missed him at breakfast, and on going to his room found everything packed up and this note on the table:

"Please send my trunk to my parents. I am no longer worthy of them. I go, I know not where, to try to hide myself from my fellow man. Farewell."

This was a shock to all the boys, for Jackson was a friend and they had learned to love him. They knew nothing of his interview with Dr. Whitcomb, but on inquiry soon learned all, and there was not a man on the campus who was not sorry for his friend and school-mate.

Charlie had also written to his parents and told them all about the affair. His father was a stern old man, and

did not have much faith in boyish frivolities, and expected to see his son at home in a few weeks, so he did not bother about him. With Louise it was different. She knew of his ambitions, and knew what it meant to him to have them so blighted. In his letter to her he had told her that she would not see him again soon, perhaps never, for he was guilty of what, in his mind, made him unworthy of her, and for her to try to forget him.

This was a hard blow to Louise, for she had loved Charlie ever since they were mere children, but she determined in her heart that, although he had in a manner, forsaken her, she would remain true to him, for she believed that some day he would return to her.

On that Friday night, after the other boys had retired, Jackson packed up his grip and went to the depot. He had no idea of where he was going. His only thought was to get away to some place where he was not known. It had been a hard blow to him, but he still had manhood in him and when he left that night, he had said in his heart that he would win a fortune in spite of this reverse, and then possibly return to his native home. He had heard of the fortunes which were being made in the new western section so he decided to go there and boarded a train for northern California. His father had sent him some money for commencement, and he had a nice bank account of his own, so he had no fear of running short of funds.

On his way to California he met a man who needed a manager for his ranch and mining business out there. Charlie was just suited for this place, so they made a bargain at once. He went to work as soon as he arrived, and soon proved to be fully competent to fill the position. His shrewdness and business tact soon showed up, and in a few months he was vice president of the stock company his former employer had organized. He was also general manager, and a stockholder in this company.

Three years after he had left college, an investment

of his company back in his native state, made it necessary to send a representative there. When thinking over whom he should send, Charlie began to think of how long he had been away, of his parents who had not heard a word from him, and of Louise. "But of course she is married now," he said to himself, but he decided to make this his chance to return, and on the next day he boarded a train for his home town.

When he was very near home he heard the following conversation between two gentlemen sitting just in front of him. "Did you hear of the sad circumstances connected with the death of that young lady down town yesterday?"

"No. How was it?"

"While out driving alone the lady's horse became frightened and ran away. She was thrown from the buggy, receiving injuries which resulted in death in a few hours. It was so sad, too; it seems that she had been engaged to a young man who had proven false and left her, and during her last moments she constantly called for Charlie.' "

"Ah, sad indeed! Do you know the young lady's name?"

"Yes. Miss Louise Brennan, Judge Brennan's daughter."

"My God!" gasped Charlie, who had been listening. "Is it possible? And to think she loved me, and I have been so false to her. How can I bear it?"

At first he broke down and began to sob violently, but after reflecting over how many misfortunes had beset him, he became despondent, even despaired of his lot in life. His feelings were hardened by his determination to break away from society and sink himself in his work. About this time he was disturbed from his meditations by the porter calling out "Dunville," his native town. He attended to his business as quickly as possible, and caught the next train back to California, where he buried himself in his business in his effort to isolate himself from those whose social ties were so dear in his youth. Ah, how very cruel Fate can be when connected with a poor boy's love affairs! R. J. M.

The Millsaps Collegian

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EDITORIALS.

A PLEA FOR THE LITERARY SOCIETY.

The literary society is an adjunct of the college, whose usefulness time has proven. While the society is beneficial to all who use it, it must be admitted that for students who intend engaging in certain trades and professions it is not a practical necessity and may never prove of any material benefit. It is not essential that a clerk, shopkeeper or accountant should be able to participate in public debates or deliver orations, or that he should know whether a motion to adjourn may be tabled, or in what ways a motion may be amended. Students who intend following these trades

might spend their Friday nights more pleasantly, if not more profitably, outside the society hall. For the society, in its regular weekly meetings, is no more a place of entertainment and amusement than the recitation room is, and does not pretend to be. There are certain professions, however, which demand that the men who enter them should have had such training as the society gives. Ministers, lawyers, teachers all have more or less public speaking to do, and at times have work to perform in assemblies where a knowledge of parliamentary law is indispensable.

If the future lawyer or teacher disapproves of the plan on which the work of the society is conducted, it is not only his privilege, but his duty to propose a better. Some members of the society may be prejudiced and unreasonable in their opposition to the proposed improvement, but college students, as a rule, are more intelligent and more disposed to be guided by reason than are the majority of people, and the man who cannot prevail upon them to do the thing that is best will be hopelessly unequal to the task of convincing a thick-headed jury of the justness of his case, or of persuading an indifferent and unprogressive community to improve their educational facilities.

There are individuals who possess more confidence than brains and who hold a more exalted opinion of the mselves than the actual state of affairs justifies. Such persons sometimes find their way into the literary society, and the society suffers because of them. With us, however, this number is small, and if our societies have degenerated, it is due, not so much to the perverseness of this number as to the indifference of the better class of students. Society interest and pride is a growth and cannot be expected to be developed in the lower ?classmen, who are new men, as it is in the upper class-men, who have grown old in the work. If the older members, after the annual election, lose interest, cease to attend the meet-

ings, leave the society to be run by the new and inexperienced, it is little wonder that the society should fall into confusion. The higher classmen who, upon the rare occasions of their attending the meetings, become disgusted with the working of the society and indulge in harsh and indiscriminate criticism, should consider that if they attended with any degree of regularity and performed their duties, they would have an influence with the society which they could wield for its improvement. The men upon whom the society has bestowed its honors should have at least the semblance of appreciation. They should reflect that the inexperienced members are entitled to their sympathy and assistance in the work of the society. We should be exceedingly slow to censure conditions which are due chiefly to our own negligence and which we make no effort to reform.

THE ORATORICAL CONTEST.

Mr. W. F. Murrah has been selected by the faculty to represent us in the state inter-collegiate oratorical contest. Mr. Murrah is exceptionally popular, with both the faculty and students, is a member of the junior class, and bears the honor of being not only the youngest representative Millsaps has ever selected, but also of being the youngest to enter the association. Mr. Murrah's youth, however, will be no obstacle in the way of our success, his development, both mentally and physically, being out of proportion to his years; he is an excellent writer, and an orator of unusual brilliance. It is in the power of no one to insure success, but we are confident that our representative will do honor to the college. The association will endeavor to place the contest at some point convenient to all the institutions represented. Excursion rates will be granted by the railroads and no student who lays claim to college patriotism should fail to attend and support his representative with spirited yells.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

Measles and mumps have been very attractive to some of the boys lately.

The Pi Kappa Alphas and a number of their friends were very pleasantly entertained by Miss Mary I. Moore at a Valentine party.

Williamson (after standing at the 'phone for fifteen minutes with his ear to the transmitter and the receiver to his mouth)—"Aw, I can't hear a thing over this phone and I wanted the doctor for Hoffpanir, too!"

W. F. Murrah and S. I. Osborne have been selected to represent Millsaps in the M. I. O. and Crystal Springs Chautauqua contests, respectively.

Wonders never cease! Whoever put that calf in the chapel's got Mr. Ackland guessing.

On the evening of February 2, the Kappa Alphas were hosts at a Chafing Dish party.

In the handi-cap tournament Jobie Catchings was successful in capturing the prize, an eight-dollar racquet offered by Professor Moore.

Hon. W. C. Bowman, of the Natchez firm, Shields & Bowman, was on the campus recently.

Will Murrah and Bill Phillips seem to have formed a a sort of you-tickle-me I-tickle-you society. Will calls up Bill's girl and tells her what a fine fellow Bill is, then Bill returns the favor. But the funny part is, one tells the other what to say. This is a little more than self-praise.

We are particularly fortunate in securing Bishop Wilson to deliver the Commencement sermon.

Rev. Paul B. Kern has accepted an invitation from the Lamar Society to make an address on the occasion of their anniversary. The Galloway Society has extended an invitation to Judge Jeff Truly, one of the popular gubernatorial candidates, to perform a similar service.

The new concrete walk from State Street to the main building is quite an addition as well as attraction to that section of the campus.

The geology class is planning a geological expedition to the I. I. & C. at Columbus for the purpose of examining the formations in that section.

Mr. Lewis, the Commissioner of Education, is meeting with gratifying success in increasing the endowment fund. He hopes to be able to make quite an encouraging report to the trustees in June.

Quite a number of Millsaps gallants were fortunate in that they were sufficiently urged to attend the reception on the eve beyond St. Valentine, given by the Belhaven juniors to the seniors.

The efforts of the editorial staff and business management of the Bobashela are being met with considerable success and they expect to get out a creditable publication at an early date.

On the 19th inst. in the College Chapel, Dr. Krebs, of Chicago, delivered his lecture on "Mysteries and Mediums," which was an exposition of the frauds perpetrated by the spiritualist on the ususpecting populace. The lecturer was greeted by a large audience, and on the whole a disappointed one. The subject is an unfortunate one, because the simple explanation of what seems a mystery makes one feel that he already knew it and the efforts of the speaker, no matter how worthy, fail to hold the interest of the audience.

Miss M. H. Robertson charmingly entertained the Kappa Sigmas and their sorores at a "Guessing Box Party" on the 2d inst.

In the near future the Astronomy Class will extend to the astronomers of Whitworth an invitation to avail thmselves of the advantages afforded by our magnificent telescope. The boys are already planning to royally entertain their young lady guests in case they should accept.

The $10 offered by the Collegian staff for the best story published during the first half session, has been awarded Mi s Bessie Huddleston. The title of the story being a "Case of Misapplied Sympathy."

With pain we note the serious illness of Mr. Cain.

Hidden within are the names of a few of the members of the Senior class:

The fruit, but without color, which did so much for science.

A very conspicuous attribute of the sun.

Manufacturer of an article used by the tonsorial artist.

That which Cupid does to the heart.

Something eagerly wished for during a yellow fever epidemic.

A fruit extensively cultivated for the market in Mississippi.

Brand of a good quality of cutlery.

Not a little hill, but————

The first thing an Episcopalian does on entering the church.

Son of a lock opener.

Found on every chicken-house door in a college community.

If these riddles you cannot solve, reference is made to Hinds and Noble.

The mid-sessional debate was held Friday night, March 1st. The Galloway Society was represented by Rousseaux and Backstrom; the Lamar, by Bailey and Turner. The subject for debate was, RESOLVED, that the amount of wealth transferable by inheritance should be limited by statute. The

judges decided that the representatives of the Galloway presented the strongest argument.

Miss Anderson—Courtney, wasn't Lazarus the strongest man in the Bible?

Miss Clingan—"Of course not, goose, it was Solomon."

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

PUCK OF POOK'S HILL.

"The children were at the Theatre, acting to Three Cows as much as they could remember of Midsummer Night's Dream. Their father had made them a small play out of the big Shakespeare one, and they had rehearsed it with him and with their mother till they could say it by heart. They began where Nick Bottom comes out of the bushes with a donkey's head on his shoulder, and finds Titania, Queen of the Fairies asleep. Then they skipped to the part where Bottom asks three little fairies to scratch his head and bring him honey, and they ended where he falls asleep in Titania's arms. Dan was Puck and Nick Bottom, as well as all three fairies. He wore a pointy-eared cap cloth for Puck, and a paper donkey's head out of a Christmas cracker—but it tore if you were not careful—for Nick Bottom. Una was Titania, with a wreath of columbine and a fox glove wand.

The theatre lay in a meadow called the Long Slip. A mill stream, carrying water to a mill two or three fields away, bent round one corner of it, and in the middle of the bend lay a large old fairyring of darkened grass which was their stage, The millstream banks, overgrown with willow, hazel, and guelder rose, made a convenient place to wait in till your time came; and a grown-up who had seen it said that Shakespeare himself could not have imagined a more suitable setting for his play. They were not, of course, allowed to

act on mid-summer night itself, but they went down on mid-summer eve when the shadows were growing, and they took their supper—hard boiled eggs, Bath Oliver bisquits, and salt in an envelope—with them. Three cows had been milked and were grazing steadily with a tearing noise that one could hear all down the meadow; and the voice of the mill at work sounded like bare feet running on hard ground. A cuckoo sat on a gate-post singing his broken June tune, 'cuckoo-cubs', while a busy king-fisher crossed from the mill stream to the brooks which ran on the other side of the meadow. Everything else was a sort of thick, sleepy stillness, smelling of meadow sweet and dry grass."

The play had come off beautifully, and Una and Dan were eating the Bath Oliver bisquits when a strange looking creature no taller than Dan's shoulder came up and asserted his right to enter the play as an actor on the ground that since they were playing on Pook's Hill, or Puck's Hill, and were using his name, he would merely be coming into his own. They accepted him with confidence, and he waved his wand over them. Dan and Una were bright, imaginative, everyday children, and in their naive way induced Puck to tell them of the People of the Hills, and the times of Long Ago. In a fascinating way, Puck told them of Weyland, Smith to the Gods, who haughtily claimed kin to the Scandinavian Thor, and of the wonderful singing sword that he forged for Hugh, a novice at a monastery near which he had his forge. Before Puck could tell the children what became of the wonderful sword the supper bell rang, and Puck broke the spell by giving each of them three leaves of oak, ash and thorn. The next night Puck weaves another spell, and they meet a knight who owned Hugh's wonderful sword. This knight tells them of the contests between Norman and Saxon and showed how that soon there were neither Normans nor Savons, but English.

In the same spontaneous setting there are tales of the Roman occupation of England. Then Puck presents a me-

diaeval Jew and a builder of Churches.

Kipling has reconstructed in imagination the great past of England, and presented it as if it were a present day occurrence. It is his endeavor in this unique way of telling the stories to wake up young and old to a sense of the glory of the past of England and to inspire them to preserve a deathless glory. Kipling is an imperialist, the champion of imperialism, but more than that, he is a patriot. Alive to the fact that in the mad rush and materialism of the present day his fellow-countrymen are apt to forget their duty in preserving for the future a pride in their country, a pride that embodies itself in noble deeds, he has endeavored to put before them as an example in a manner so ingenious as hardly to be suspected the most thrilling phases of England's history.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

In the Emory Phoenix, the story "The Rescue" is the most worthy. The Irish character is well portrayed in speech, is good and the conversation characteristic. Perhaps the story, or the plot, rather, is too adventurous, too like the Nick Carter and Buffalo Bill tales. Of the essays, "Originality vs. Imitation" deserves mention. The contribution styled "Hit the Line Hard and Never Flinch" is full of good thought; "The Evolution of a Love-letter" is quite amusing, remembering, too, the former one. We wonder if this interesting —what shall I say, document—is to be followed by another of the series. The whole magazine seems calculated to publish and set forth the campus life, its plans, events and so forth. The departments have received attention.

Professor (to small boy)—How dare you swear before me?
Pupil—How did I know you wanted to swear first?—Ex.

The story "Unfinished Business" in the Green and Gold is a well-told love story. "Physics" is an attempt at humorous verse. The writer, however, did not realize the possibilities of the subject. It is such pieces that attest interest in a college publication.

A rooster flaps his wings and crows,
A crow flaps his wings and goes.—Ex.

The Whitworth Clionian ranks with the best of last month's exchanges. The short story, "Four New Year Resolutions That Brought Good Luck," is good, true to life so far as it shows the observance of such resolutions by their makers. The title, however, is ill-chosen, misleading. "Murder Will Out" is surely original. We think of all the stories reviewed it is the best. There is only one small criticism—that either the boy was a little prodigy, or else the writer makes him speak too much like an older person, not "childishly" enough. Most notably in the last sentence. The essay upon Bacon is short but clear and concise of statement—some of the requisites for essays in college magazines. We beg leave to quote from the exchange notes: "Surely essays are merely secondary; x x x cute, silly, funny, 'lovey-dovey' poems, stories and parodies on popular songs should play, first fiddle' in a college paper. If every paper will follow out such a plan and not let the 'serious' predominate over the 'foolish' the paper cannot but increase in attractiveness."

"The only record we have of him is in the historical histories of the times."—Ex.

"Whoever may
Discern true ends shall grow pure enough
To love them, brave enough to strive for them,
And strong enough to reach them." —Ex.

The literary portion of the Mississippi College Magazine is quite spare. Not a story, nor a poem! We do not, of course, know the conditions, but there ought surely to be more than two short essays.

Men wouldn't go to sleep in church, either, if they had to hold their heads up to keep their hats on straight.—Ex.

The Converse Concept is an excellently arranged magazine and undoubtedly shows literary ability, or perhaps better to say, shows a knowledge and familiarity with literature. No mere scraping acquaintance! We commend the story "After the Holidays."

Girl—The stars are quite numerous tonight.
Boy—Yes, and there are a heap of them, too.—Ex.

Some folks can't mind their business;
The reason is, you will find,
They either have no business,
Or else they have no mind.—Ex.

A yacht can stand on a tack in silence, but a man is not built like a yacht.—Ex.

Why is a bee-hive like a bad potato?
Because a bee-hive is a beholder; and a beholder is a spectator, and a specked tater is a bad potato.—Ex.

Ethel—What a finely chiseled mouth you have! It ought to be on a girl's face.
Jack—Well I seldom miss an opportunity.—Ex.

Silently one by one in the infinite,
Note-book of the teachers,
Blossom the neat little zeroes.

The forget-me-nots of the Seniors."

Stingy.

He loves to spend a pleasant hour
With pretty lady friends;
But all the girls are getting sour,
For that is all he spends.—Ex.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges: Mississippi College Magazine, Academy Girl, Kendall Collegian, Converse Concept, Andrew College Monthly, Green and Gold, Whitworth Clionian, and Emory Phoenix.

CRIBBING.

Craftily accepting and giving aid in recitation, test or examination is cribbing. It is deceiving and cheating. For those who move along the borderland of crime, but rarely fall into the clutches of the law, the term, "criminaloid" has been coined. The "criminaloid" include the political boss and boodler, the corrupt legislator and officer, those who give and take secret rebates, those who juggle with big accounts, and in the little college world, those who crib. Some students feel toward the railroads Beat them when you can. What harm is there in cribbing? If Jack wishes to copy from John's paper, John knows none the less. If Jack wants to aid his memory by consulting his cuff or some notes on "spots" previously made, but presently useful, is it not Jack's own affair, even granted there is harm? "Now, the man who cribs must be classed with both the liars and the thieves." The student who "jacks," even though he sign no pledge, certainly deceives the faculty—and deliberate deception is lying. And, too, he who gets his grades through fraud, will perchance, finally steal his diploma. At a college where cribbing is generally practised, the value of the institution's diploma is lowered and the hard work of the honest student is discounted. The result is, the cribber harms not only

himself, but also the reputation of his college and the standing of the students going out from that institution.

For this matter the remedy lies in the hands of the student body and faculty. Final responsibility rests on the latter. "When Professors attest the attainments of a student by signing his diploma, it is their business to see to it that they are not certifying to a counterfeit." But the students are mainly responsible. Public opinion is the motive power that propels everything. Unless there is a hale and hearty sentiment against dishonesty, little can be done to cope with it. This sentiment must be strong, corporate and co-operative. The honor system here has done much. Yet we need something more. We need the honor system permeating our atmosphere. Let us talk up honor spirit and set loftier standards and talk down and against any unfairness. Imbibed with high ideals, imbued with right principles and united in purpose, we can successfully subdue cribbing.

The interest of the devotional meetings has been promoted by Rev. T. W. Lewis, Financial Agent for Millsaps. His address, "Poniel's Inflexible Adherence to Principle" was highly appreciated. The value of noble purpose and the forces determining character were discussed with great earnestness. Also Professor Ricketts gave a valuable talk on the Lord's Prayer and His relation to the disciples. It is always enjoyable and profitable to hear our senior Professor. The other leaders have acquitted themselves better than usual. There are now four classes studying Missions; they are progressing very well, though some who were enrolled have not yet come to class.

RELIGIOUS CENSUS.

Of the 166 students who signed the census cards the other morning in Chapel, 125 are Methodist; 17 affiliated with the same; 6 Bap-

tists; 7 Presbyterians, 4 affiliates; 2 Episcopalians; 1 Christian, 1 affiliate; 1 Judaist; 2 no preference. Life work: 14 have chosen ministry; 17 law; 14 medicine; 1 dentistry; 8 teaching; 6 engineering; 1 electrician; 8 merchandising; 3 banking; 1 farming; 2 piano tuning; 69 are undecided.

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The Millsaps Collegian

Vol. 9. Jackson, Miss., April, 1907. No. 7.

A HAPPY AWAKENING.

I was living at my old home in Dennis, a small country town, situated among the hills in the south-central part of the State, when the events of the following story happened.

All who have ever visited that little town know something of the true pleasures of country life, and, as it suffices to say that it is the loveliest in all the country, I will not take time to enumerate particulars here, but will proceed to relate an incident connected with my courtship, near there, with Alice Star.

It was at the above mentioned place, during the Spring of 1905, that I awoke one Sunday morning and read the time from the clock on the mantel and found that I had overslept myself. I quickly arose and dressed in my very best, for the day was at hand on which I had determined to make my third, and what I swore should be my last, proposal to Alice and win her hand if possible. The morning was one that gave life to every thing, and all seemed to be in high spirits. The sun was shining out warmly and the birds and animals, both wild and domestic, seemed to be taking part in the pleasures the day brought forth.

Now Alice's home was about five miles away, and as I had promised her the Sunday before I would come, I thought of nothing but the pleasures that awaited me. As I got into my buggy my mother remarked that she hoped I would have

good "luck". I thanked her, and was soon out of sight down the country road. "Old Charlie," my horse, it seemed caught the spirit of the day, and trotted off as airily as a racer. Nothing worthy of note happened during my ride over the first four miles of the distance, except that occasionally "Old Charlie" would take a little fright, but as my mind was engaged with better things I scarcely took any notice of his caprices.

"Going to make my final proposal,"; yes, that was the thought which I was constantly turning over in my mind.

I had gotten within a mile of Alice's home when, on coming down a steep hill, I came in sight of a big pond out to my right. I was admiring its sparkling beauties when I happened to notice, some distance from the shore, a lot of beautiful water lillies. Naturally, my first thought was to get them for Alice. I glanced at my watch and saw I was just a little early owing to the fast rate at which "Old Charlie" had traveled, so I concluded I would while the time away getting the lillies. But then they were so far from the edge of the pond it was impossible to reach them from land; nevertheless, I was determined to get them, so I drove out to one side of the road and left "Old Charlie" to graze on the pond grass, while I went to get the flowers.

First I went some distance up one side of the pond in search of a boat, but finding none, I returned, and was about to give up hopes of securing the lillies when the capital idea of swimming after them came to my mind. It seemed strange that I had not thought of that plan sooner, for the sun was shining out warmly and the rippling pond was naturally inviting to my boyish nature. Now the road I had been traveling was a private road and I knew no one would pass that way, so I determined to put my plan into execution immediately. Accordingly, I quickly undressed, and as the grass was still damp with the morning dew, I placed my clothes

carefully on my buggy seat. I then turned to my task with renewed energy, for I was a good swimmer and was confident that I would succeeed. I waded as far as I could, but was compelled to swim several yards; however, I reached the lillies all right. They were the most beautiful I had ever seen, so I lost no time in gathering as many as I could take back with me.

I had swum back to the shore and had stopped a moment, near the edge of the water, to admire my hard-won prize, when "Old Charlie," some thirty yards away, turned his head and saw me with the lillies. I suppose he must have thought me some sort of sea monster, for he gave a loud snort and plunged forward with all his might. Before I could realize what had happened he was fifty or sixty yards away. I threw down my lillies and rushed after him as fast as I could. The stones and gravel bruised my feet severely as I ran, but I realized that a time had come in which pain had to be endured. For the first time "Old Charlie" refused to obey my entreating "whoa!" though I called to him incessantly. His fright did not last long, but he still cantered on at a lively rate. I succeeded in overtaking him just as he entered the public highway, which, by the way, was nearly a quarter of a mile from where we had started our race.

I scrambled in over my buggy seat and quickly brought "Old Charlie." to a standstill. Luckily, no one was in sight, but I knew that there was likely to be some one along at any moment; so I quickly put on my shirt, collar and tie and looked for my trousers, but, to my disappointment, they were gone. At that instant I heard some one coming and on looking back, I saw two ladies in a buggy, but they had not seen me, for they seemed to be busily engaged in conversation. I sat down and jerked up my lap-robe and flung on my coat. I started on down the road, but drove very slowly, thinking that the ladies would pass me, and I would then go

back and search for my much-needed garment. But to my sorrow I saw them get out and begin fixing something about their harness. I was trying to think what on earth was to be done when, on turning a sudden bend of the road, I came in full view of several ladies out by the roadside.

On approaching the company I was amazed to find that it was Alice and her grandmother in company with two other ladies whom I did not recognize. They all seemed to be greatly distressed, and on seeing me, Alice ran up to my buggy and exclaimed that my coming at that moment was providential, for she said that she and her grandmother had been to spend the night with two of her friends both of whom were then with them, and that one of the girls had been snake-bitten, and that this had so frightened her aged grandmother that she had become exhausted.

Alice could tell me her troubles, but I could not tell her mine.

She proposed that I get out and with her and her friend walk ahead and lead my horse while the two afflicted people should ride in the buggy. I told her that I was sick and did not feel able to walk. They all said I did look pale, and Alice's friend spoke up and proposed that they should make me a pallet out of the lap-robe, in the shade of the trees, and that Alice should remain there with me while she would carry the unfortunates, one at a time, to Alice's home and then return for us.

They all approved of this proposal declaring it to be a capital idea, and the two girls advanced and——"Bob", my room-mate, jagged me in the side and asked me what in the deuce I had been dreaming about.

"Prep," '09.

TRUE WORTH REWARDED.

"It is a shame, Frank!" exclaimed Jack Winston indig-

nantly, as the two friends came from one of the class rooms. "The idea of Tom Hanley's having better grades than you. I don't believe there is any justice in it!"

"Oh! I guess he makes them," answered Frank, though rather gloomily, "the Prof. would hardly give them to him if he didn't."

"Yes, he makes them," said Jack contemptuously, "but how does he do it? He cuts class whenever he feels like it, and stays in his room **sick**; then he makes it up at his leisure, and makes a fine mark on it. Who couldn't? And when he does come to class, he cheats half the time. He sits back where the Prof. can't see him, and looks on his book whenever he feels like it. Half the time he almost reads the answers to his questions out of his book. Oh! it makes my blood boil to think about a fellow like that getting that scholarship! And he doesn't care anything about it, either. He's not trying for the scholarship; he's trying to beat you!"

"Well," said Frank, with a determined air, "there are the examinations to come. He can't cheat then, and after all that is where the test comes. If he beats me then he will have to do it fairly. I believe I have always beaten him on the exams. before, but his dailies are always better than mine. I wish I knew just how we stand. Well, we will all know in about two weeks, so let's not talk about it any more."

Frank Long was a poor boy working his way through college. His father had died when he was fifteen, and his mother two years later. For the two years after his father's death he worked and supported his mother, and after she died he began to save his money in order to fulfill the one ambition of his life—to get a college education.

By working hard for three years, he saved enough money to take him through college at B——, and now at the age of twenty-three, he was within two weeks of getting his diploma.

But he was not satisfied with this. He wanted to go to Harvard.

B——College offered a Harvard scholarship each year to the student who made the highest record during the four years, and Frank had worked continually to win that scholarship.

In his first year at college Frank had found a friend and had also made an enemy, both of which were to remain such all through his college life.

Frank Long and Jack Winston were as different in disposition as two friends could well be. Frank was serious, rather quiet, devoted to his studies; Jack just the opposite, jolly, full of fun and mischief, and studied because he had to get through college.

In one thing, however, they were alike: they were both very enthusiastic over football, and both were excellent players.

Tom Hanley was also an excellent football player, and it was in playing football that Frank made an enemy of Tom Hanley.

Frank, Jack, and Tom Hanley were working for a certain place on the college team. Tom Hanley had set his heart on that one thing, and when Frank was put on the college team as full back, he was bitterly disappointed. From that day he did all in his power against Frank. Several times while playing he tried to hurt Frank and put him out of the game. He only desisted when he was warned that he was being watched. Then he entered the contest for the Harvard scholarship., not because he wanted it, he had enough money to go to school for the rest of his life, if he cared to, but merely to keep Frank from winning it. He determined to beat Frank by fair means or foul.

So far no one knew who was ahead in the contest. On the daily grades Hanley was a little ahead of Frank each

quarter, but he would never tell what he made on an examination, and though Frank felt sure that he made more on the examination than Hanley, he could not tell. No one would know until the last day of commencement who the winner was.

There was not a boy on the campus who did not like Frank, and all would have been glad to see him win the scholarship. On the other hand, there were very few of the boys who liked Hanley, and would have rejoiced with him over winning it, for he made no secret of his reasons for wanting it. He boasted that he didn't know that he would use it, if he won it—that he did not have to work his way through college.

Frank paid no attention to his boasting, but continued to study harder than ever, preparing for the final examination, for he knew that now everything depended on the final exams.

The boys had found out their daily grades, and as before, Hanley's grades were the highest; it was this which had made Jack so angry. He was devoted to his friend and was as anxious that he should win the scholarship as Frank himself, and could not understand how the professors could allow themselves to be so deceived by Hanley.

It was on the Friday before examination week that they found out their daily grades, and that evening many of the boys dropped in at Frank's and Jack's room to talk about it. Most of the other boys were almost as indignant as Jack, but Frank would not let them talk about Tom Hanley.

"There is no use in saying mean things about him, boys," he said. "It does no good. I am going to do my best to win out, and if I don't—well, I hope he enjoys it."

"If he does he will enjoy it alone," answered Dick Saunders, one of Frank's classmates, "for none of the boys want him to get it."

"Listen, boys," said Frank, "I am tired of hearing so much about the scholarship. I propose that we not mention it any more until after exams. I am sure we will all feel better, if we talk less about it."

So no more was heard about the contest for the next week. Examinations began on Monday, and everybody was busy all the week.

They heard their grades on Friday after the examinations, and Frank felt very hopeful. His grades were unusually good; he had studied hard for the examinations, and was well satisfied with his marks. He felt sure that Hanley could not have beaten him this time, for he knew that he had been studying very little. He was feeling very cheerful over his prospects, until the next day one of the boys burst in his room very much excited. He had just been to Hanley's room, and for the first time Hanley was telling his examination grades.

Jack was all excitement!

"Telling his grades!" he cried. "What are they?"

"They must be very good," said Frank, "or he wouldn't be telling them."

"They are," answered the boy. "He says they are better than yours, Frank, and that he knows he has the scholarship now." Frank's heart sank.

"Well," said Frank, "if he has made better marks than I have, he has won the scholarship."

He hasn't won it," cried Jack angrily, "and if he gets it, there will be no justice in it. But I can't believe they will give it to him."

"Well, we will know Friday who gets it, but there will be a whole week of suspense."

Frank tried to speak cheerfully, but he had given up all hope of getting the scholarship. If Hanley had made the marks on the examinations that he claimed to have made,

he knew that there was no hope for him. Still he did not understand how Hanley did it. He knew there was little or no chance for him to cheat on examination. But Hanley was telling everybody what he had made, and all the boys felt sure that he had the scholarship. All except Jack! He would not believe it. But Frank began to plan what he would do after that week, for he knew that unless he won the scholarship, he could not go to Harvard for several years.

He went to all exercises during commencement week, but he did not enjoy them as he had before. His last commencement, the one that he had looked forward to with so much pleasure, was to be the least enjoyable of all!

Finally, the longed-for Friday came. Friday morning the diplomas were presented and as Frank received his, the President shook him by the hand, and said heartily, "Mr. Long, I hope you will be as successful in everything you undertake, as you have been in your school life, and I am sure you will."

Frank returned to his seat with a lighter heart—his efforts had not been useless after all. After the diplomas were presented and all the speeches delivered, there remained but the awarding of the prizes.

Frank heard the President call the name of the winner of the Freshman medal for oratory; then the Sophomore, the Junior, and the essay prize; then he began the speech always so tedious to the anxious one waiting to know the result of earnest effort.

"There remains but one more prize to be awarded—the most important of all, and the one always of most interest to all. The winner of the Harvard scholarship must strive not one year, but four years—during the whole of his college life, and this scholarship has never been given to one unworthy of it. The one who receives it must be a man worthy to represent B—— College." Tom Hanley's face wore a triumphant

smile; Frank was rather pale—he was getting nervous. "Why didn't he give the scholarship to Hanley and be done with it?

"This year," continued the President, "we have the pleasure of presenting the scholarship to one whom we feel sure will bring honor upon B—— College, as well as himself—Mr. Frank Long."

For one short moment there was a dead silence. Then the old hall rang with a cheer that sent the blood rushing through Frank's veins, and he was caught up on the shoulders of a crowd of joyful classmates and borne triumphantly round the hall while every student save one responded to Jack's call for three cheers for Long, "Three cheers for Long; Hip ray! hip ray! hip ray! Long!"

HATTIE EASTERLING.

FROM THE DIARY OF A CO-ED.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 4th, 19—.

Cold as blue blazes—and we have a written lesson in Chemistry tomorrow! My shoes have just come, the heels are a mile high, and I was scared to death mother would make me take them back, but she didn't say a word. Father said if I'd think less about "gewgaws and furbelows" (which is what he calls everything I get) and more about studying, I'd get along a little faster in the paths of knowledge. Toodles said I'd have to use them for pin-trays, as it was his private opinion I'd never get them on in this world, and he doubted if I'd do it in the next, which made me mad and I threw one of them at him and nearly broke the vase cousin Annie gave me Christmas. He says he believes girls are perfectly happy if they can squeeze their feet into a pair of shoes half a size smaller than nature intended them to wear. "They don't think about a thing in the world but clothes and boys anyhow, and of all the idiotic girls co-eds are—" but that's as far as he ever gets, for I always fly at him with the broom, or anything

that comes handy. You wouldn't think that brother of mine could be so horrid, he's so nice looking, but sometimes it's all I can do to keep from giving him what he deserves.

He thinks just because he's older than I am, and because he's a Senior and I'm just a Freshman, that he ought to "lord it" over me all the time. And his views on girls—and co-education are enough to make a saint despair. The other day I was struggling with my Math (we had seven examples and I couldn't work but one) when Toodles came stalking into my room in his most majestic manner.

"You might just as well go on out," I said, "I've got to study—busted twice this week in Math, and I've got to work these idiotic examples. Don't bother me." And I was for putting him out the door whether he wanted to go or not.

"O, no," he said, "don't try to force your brother Toodles to leave, he's bigger than you are, and you'll just be wasting time. Let me give you a bit of advice, my dear young sister, never try to use force on anybody that's bigger than you are, you'll get the worst of it every time. Argue, if you please, but force—never! Now, your brother Toodles," he always speaks of himself to me as "your brother Toodles," as if I were about two years old; it makes me so mad. "Your brother Toodles is going to amuse himself by talking to his little sister awhile, so she may just as well put up her Math and listen to the words of wisdom as they fall, possibly they may do her some good."

Yes, I put up my Math, I always have to when he starts that way, for I know no earthly power can stop him. I verily believe if the house was to burn up while he was in the midst of one of his lectures to me he'd just go right on till he finished, as calmly as if nothing was happening. Knowing this, what else could I do but resign myself as much as possible and endeavor to submit gracefully to the inevitable.

"No," he began, as if I had asked him a question, "No, I do not approve of co-education. My opinions are not hastily formed, they are the result of years of observation, so you must not imagine for a moment that your brother Toodles has not proof enough to convince a jury." He began to stride back and forth across the floor, occasionally running his fingers through his hair to make it rare up in a most oratorical manner. "Why," he continued, "have I not a living example before me? Yes," pausing to look at me critically a moment, "yes, I behold one in you. You are a very nice sort of girl—as girls go: you have a little sense, not much, oh no, let me hasten to add that you are not overburdened with brain. However, you understand me, don't you, you have just enough not to be quite a dunce. I will say no more of your mental powers, for I have always been taught that it is wrong to speak slightingly of the absent.

"As to your appearance," he stopped for a minute and regarded me with the most quizzical air, "your appearance isn't much; I don't mean to say you are ugly, oh no, far be it from me to say that, but, honestly, child, I'll tell you what you are—you're homely, and that's all. Your eyes are too far apart, they give one the impression that all is vacancy bihend them. Now, look at your brother Toodles' eyes—they're just about right; see," he went on measuring with his finger, "your eyes are at least an inch farther apart than mine, and you can imagine how they look. You can't tell by the looking-glass either—they're so far apart that to you they look close together, so you'll just have to take your brother Toodles word for it. Now, I could forget your eyes, but your freckles—ugh! they look like door knobs. Goodness! don't drop your chin that way! When you do it so, I wouldn't suspect you had a chin if I didn't know it. Oh, well, don't bother about it," he added, as he saw I had reached the limit of my endurance, "we all know it isn't any fault of yours; you can't help it, you do all you can to help things—trying

to make your hair curly and so on, but it doesn't do much good, not much. Well, there you are, anyway, and besides all that, you're a co-ed. You haven't quite reached the height of co-edicy, which is a synonym for lunacy, not quite that state where you meet a fellow on the walk, exclaim simperingly, 'Why, good morning, Mr. so-and-so,' giggle, giggle, 'How are you this morning,' giggle, giggle—and so on throughout a whole conversation. No, I'll admit you aren't quite there yet, but you're in a fair way to get there pretty soon if you keep on at the present rate. No, indeed, a boys' college is no place for a girl. She ought to be at home learning how to cook and wash dishes and sew; or, if she has to go to school, she ought to be in a convent, and that's right where you'll be this time next year if I have my way. This co-education business will be the end of me yet. Why, just a minute ago, you spoke of Math as 'idiotic stuff' and said you had 'busted.' The idea of a sister of mine, a person who pretends to be the beginning of a lady, the idea, I say, of such a person's speaking so! It sounds like a rowdy boy with no manners at all. If you want to say you 'busted', don't say it—it is slang, and I am sure you never heard your brother Toodles use it except in quotation marks. And let me never again hear you speak so disrespectfully of your Mathematics—it is almost immoral to call it 'idiotic stuff.' I hope you will try to remember what I have said, and profit by it, for you could be a right nice sort of girl if you weren't—so—homely—" And I almost hit him with my Math book, but he was too quick, and had the door shut before it reached him; but I'll forgive him for he dropped a box of candy on his way out.

It's pretty good candy, I'm eating it now, and I don't care if I haven't got my Math and I think my brother Toodles is a right nice kind of boy—if he wasn't so conceited. Goodness! It's half past four, and I have to practice an hour before dark. Don't co-eds have a hard time!

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5th.

I thought I was late this morning and most ran all the way to chapel, but when I got there found I was early—our clock is a caution! It's always wrong. Well, I sat down in Junior section to wait, and hadn't been there two minutes when Billy Hallowane came in. He's a funny little fellow, always up to some mischief, but awfully smart and always knows his lessons. He walked over to where I was and handed me a bundle about the size of a shoe box.

"I want you to keep this for me till after chapel, please ma'am, if it's not too much trouble."

"Of course I will," I said, taking it, tho I thought at the time it was a rather peculiar request. "Have you heard Prof. Jackson is going to give us an exam this evening?"

"This evening, goodness! I've got to get to work—see you after chapel," and he was off in a hurry.

Now, I wondered what was in that box, and why he wanted me to keep it, but I just put it beside me on the bench and looked at it. Directly several of the girls came in, there aren't but six of us in all, but we have to sit on one bench in chapel—which is rather uncomfortable; and so when Annie came in late after the President had come in, and in fact, after he had started talking (he always gives a heart-to-heart talk about two weeks before exams) I had to move "jam-up against the wall" and picked up the box. I had just turned it over, when the thing began to ring. I dropped it on the floor, and it rang all the louder. President stopped about the middle of a sentence and looked at Junior section as if he'd like to murder every last one of us; everybody in Chapel was simply dying laughing and I was about to go crazy; but I had presence of mind enough to give the thing a kick that broke the box and sent the little alarm clock rolling across the floor to the seat where Billy was. Meanwhile the bell was still ringing and the

whole Chapel raving. President beat on his desk with his fist and by the time he got the laughing about hushed, the clock had run itself out.

"I would like to speak to the student who has caused this unseemingly disturbance, for a moment after Chapel." and he went on with his talk.

Everybody has teased me to death about it since. Poor Billy got twenty-five demerits, but he certainly deserved them. Toodles has nearly run me crazy—he was in the chapel and heard it all, and he says a convent is the only place for me. I'm beginning to agree with him—the life of a co-ed is too strenuous for me, and I'm seriously thinking about stopping school "on account of my health."

This is all for today.

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ISSUED THE TWENTIETH DAY OF EACH MONTH DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR

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EDITORIALS.

The Millsaps-S. U. Debate.

The debate which in the early part of the session was arranged between Millsaps and the Southern University occurred in Greensboro the 29th of March, and as the second debate of this series will occur here next spring, we feel that it is not improper to speak of the generous hospitality of the students of the S. U., so that the students here may not fail to be impressed with the fact that they are under obligations, beyond those which ordinary courtesy and politeness demand, to entertain the representatives of the S. U., in next year's debate.

The selection of judges, the setting of the time limit of speeches and all other preliminaries of the debate were left to the home debaters and in every particular they were careful to see that the square and honorable thing was done. They were excused by the faculty from reporting to recitations Friday in order that they might make everything as enjoyable for the Millsaps men as possible; but the S. U.'s hospitality was by no means confined to her debaters, but the entire student body and even the faculty seemed to have conspired to make the stay of the visitors a pleasant one.

While the debate was in progress the audience was attentive and liberal in their applause to both sides alike and though their sympathies must naturally have been with the home speakers a careful observer could scarcely have detected it during the debate. Because of generous and hospitable treatment in all respects the Millsaps representatives will always recall their visit with pleasure, but it was as representatives of Millsaps College they were entertained, not as individuals, and we mistake the character of our students here if next year they are not equally hospitable to the representatives of the Southern University.

Things in General.

This year is one of unexampled prosperity with Millsaps. A number of things have occurred which not only indicate a bright future but also bear evidence that our present position in the college world is in no wise a mean one. The year will witness the completion of our Millsaps-Carnegie Library which will easily hold the first place of all the libraries in the state. In December the Conference provided a Commissioner of Education for the College and selected to fill the position one of the ablest and most prominent ministers in the state. This officer is vigorously and successfully en-

gaged in increasing the endowment fund, and when thirteen thousand dollars more is secured the task of raising the one hundred thousand, which was determined upon two years ago, will have been accomplished.

Nothing has occurred so gratifying to the College and its friends as the action of the National Board of Education in voting to the College twenty-five thousand dollars of the Rockefeller Educational Fund. This is a matter for elation, not only because of the intrinsic value of the amount granted, but also because of the conspicuous recognition of the College which brought it into National prominence. This Board of Education is, of course, composed of the country's ablest citizens and it is known that they do not bestow money upon any institution without assurance that it is a deserving one. Though scores of Southern colleges made application to the Board Millsaps bears the distinction of being the only Southern College to receive any portion of the Rockefeller Fund, and this fact has been commented upon in the great journals all over the country.

All these things are a source of gratification and we are proud of them. In the midst of this material prosperity, however, we need to repeat the recessional "Lest we forget." For we are in danger of forgetting that it is great teachers and earnest students who make the great college and not handsome buildings and large endowments. We need to make our advancement intellectually in proportion to our advancement in other ways. At present there seems to be a growing tendency among us to be too easily satisfied with what we do, too content with the mediocre. Our efforts may not be, in any line of work, discreditable, but it is in our power to do more than we are doing. We need to set a higher standard and to realize that a high standard can be reached only by unwearied and unceasing labor.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

With the advent of spring Morpheus has made his appearance. "Fatty" Backstrom's "long suit" is taking his afternoon nap between two and three.

J. A. Baker, after completing a term as "piney-woods Perfesser" at Morriston, spent several days on the campus mingling with his old friends.

On the evening of the 12th occurred the 15th anniversary celebration of the Lamar Society. The speakers of the occasion were, C. H. Kirkland, orator, "The Passing of the Middle Class in the South;" S. I. Osborn, anniversian, "Centralized Democracy." The feature of the exercises was the address by Mr. Paul B. Kern, of Nashville.

Dr. Bourke, of the Chair of English, in charge, and Messrs. Alston and Kirby, of the S. W. B. U. base ball team, on their return from Mississippi College where they played a series of games, stopped over with club-mates for a few hours.

If there have been any disappointments on the part of any of the patrons of the Lyceum Course they have been fully recompensed by the appearance of the Temple Male Quartette. Congratulations are due the management on their selection of this popular attraction.

Dr. Moore was absent from his classes a week on account of sickness.

The faculty have chosen the following young gentlemen of the Freshman class as contestants for the Millsaps medal: Andrews, Campbell, Easterling, Johnson, Jones, L. B. Mohler, McClure, McGahey, Neill, Jumper, Guinn, and Pittman.

Quite a number of the boys attended the Philomathean anniversary exercises at Mississippi College on the 6th.

Misses Moore and Easterling attended the Missionary Conference which convened at Hattiesburg recently; also they saw Fred.

To our calendar of events has been added "Patriots Day,"which is to be annually devoted to the celebration of Mississippi, the South, the Nation. In the forenoon the program will be speeches interspersed by music from the Millsaps Quartette, in the afternoon field games. April the 26th has been selected as the date.

Prof. and Mrs. Walmsley are rejoicing over the arrival of a young lady in their home.

On the evening of the 19th the club rooms of the Kappa Sigmas were the scene of much merriment. The occasion was the annual reception. Music was furnished by Pierson's band.

"Red" Neill is recuperating at Coopers Well.

Curry at 872—"Hello! whom do you want to speak to"?

The other party—"To Mr. Rousseaux."

"Well, who is that?"

"This is his girl."

"Bishop" Rainey purchased some anniversary invitations and when he came to send them out naturally found that he had twice as many envelopes as invitations. Conscientious as he was, he carried the extra envelopes back to the committee, "you have made a mistake and given me too many envelopes and I thought perhaps you wouldn't have enough."

After a few days time lost on account of lack of material, work has again been resumed on the Millsaps-Carnegie Library. The walls of the building are almost up and the stone trimmings present a very attractive appearance.

The Sophs have adopted the class hat, purple and white; the Freshmen, imitating, will soon appear in head gear of black and gold—the verdant color more appropriate?

The faculty and student body were rejoiced to see Bishop Galloway, president of our board of trustees, on the campus. The Bishop has but recently returned from Florida where, we are glad to note, he regained his impaired good health.

After the close of the series of basket ball games in which the Juniors won the pennant, a schedule for class championship in base ball was arranged. This also has been finished and the Freshmen were victorious. The team is muchly elated over the fact that the "co-ed"members of the class will celebrate the victory with a reception to them.

This self-same team, weeping for other teams to conquer, challenged the Freshmen team of Mississippi College. After the game was pulled off they came back with their spirits a little bedraggled. The score—we forbear.

Again the Edwards was the scene of gay collegiate festivities. This time it was the occasion of the annual banquet of the Kappa Alphas. Prof. Pitard's orchestra furnished the music, and the occasion was a decided success.

The annual revival, under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A., was conducted by the Rev. Paul M. Brown, of the Louisiana Conference. Mr. Brown is recognized as one of the most able ministers of his Conference. Much good is accomplished each year by these revivals.

Somehow Millsaps has always felt a special affinity for Whitworth, and this tender feeling for our sister institution was greatly strengthened by a recent visit from the Senior class. They enjoyed looking at the heavenly bodies, while we were content to confine our attention to those terrestrial. If you enjoyed the visit half as much as we the honor of it—satisfactory here.

HERE'S TO

The ugliest of the ugly,
The greenest of the green,
The Freshman!

The wisest of the wise,
The biggest of the fool,
The Sopomore!

The dinkiest of the dinky,
The swellest of the swell,
The Junior!

The stateliest of the stately,
The grandest of the grand,
The senior!

The gentlest of the gentle,
The fairest of the fair,
The Co-ed!

On invitation of the President of the Epworth League Association of the Mississippi Conference, the Millsaps Quartette consisting of Frost, 1st tenor; Gieger, 2d tenor; Terrell, 1st bass; Kirkland, 2d bass, attended the Conference held on March 29, 30, 31, at Laurel.

The Galloway Society will celebrate its fifteenth anniversary on the 26th. Dr. A. A. Kern, head of the Department of English, but who has recently had conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, by Johns Hopkin University, will be the prominent speaker.

Dr. O. E. Brown, of the Theological Department of Vanderbilt, was on the campus a few days during the month. His lectures and sermons were highly appreciated.

The faculty have inaugurated the plan of giving lectures on topics touching their particular department. These lectures are interesting and beneficial, not only to those who have given some study to the subjects, but they are made so delightful that they are attractive to the entire student body. On Wednesday, the 17th, Dr. Sullivan, of the Department of Science presented quite an interesting and instructive paper on the "History of the Sciences."

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

Written by Dr. B. A. Wise, Acting Professor of English.

Perennial has been the interest in Chaucer, the morning star of English song; but in recent years, especially since the publication of Professor Skeat's peerless 7-volume edition of the poet's works in 1894, the interest of scholars has been heightened. Since then many monographs embodying the results of Chaucerian research have been published. Indicative of their number is the fact that no less than three Johns Hopkins dissertations upon Chaucerian subjects have been announced within the past two years. The latest of the three, published in February, is the dissertation of Dr. A. A. Kern, Professor of English in Millsaps College.

This thesis, entitled "The Ancestry of Chaucer," is based in the main upon the "Life Records of Chaucer," printed by the Chaucer Society. The study was begun with the purpose of "letting us see just where we stand with regard to certain points in Chaucer's life;" and has resulted in a "complete and well arranged account of hitherto neglected and often mis-written portions of tht poet's biography." Dr. Kern has so skillfully collected and sifted material that in every subject upon which he has touched he has been able to correct many slight errors and to add new facts. Moreover, he has

rejected some false theories that until now have been generally accepted. Where he could not prove statements, he has carefully weighed probability. His logical presentation of facts enforces the acceptance of some conclusions which have not hitherto been wholly convincing. Whether rejecting the false or proving the true, he has everywhere made such clear statement as indicates mastery of the subject, carries conviction, and increased knowledge. In a word, his saue valuation of evidence and conservatism of statement makes his study a model of sound scholarship.

These are the chapter headings: "The Name Chaucer," "The Chaucers," "The Parentage of Chaucer," The Grandparents of Chaucer," "The Parents of Chaucer," "The Friends of the Chaucers." In treating each of these topics, the author not only shows us where we stand, but also gives us a historical sketch of the erroneous views, wild guesses, and lengthy discussions that have had part in bringing us to the present state of our knowledge. We can here mention but one or two points made by Dr. Kern.

The name Chaucer is derived from the old French **Chaucier,** meaning "a hosier," and furnishes a good instance of the passing of a trade name into a surname. The article "le," found before the name in the case of several members of the family, is an important link in the chain of evidence. In England the name was slightly changed in form and meaning, and became **Chaucer,** "a shoemaker." However, the older form **Chaucier** appears on the poet's seal. Support of this derivation of the name is found in the fact that, with one exception, the London Chaucers all lived in Cordwanerstrete Ward, i. e., in the shoemakers' ward.

We now know that the poet's great-great-grandfather was Robert, the tavern keeper, who live at Ipswich in 1260. Between him and Goeffrey the male ancestors in order are Andrew, Robert, and John. The poet's father and grand-

father were wealthy and influential citizens of London, and both held in the Customs service the position of deputy to the king's butler. Thus it is not strange that Geoffrey should have risen so high in royal and social circles as to be page to the Countess of Ulster.

The Appendix shows that even scholars may have eyes and see not; for it contains a number of records bearing upon the ancestry of Chaucer that have been accessible to every one in the **Close Rolls** of the English kings. Though these records widen considerably our knowledge of Chaucer's forbears, they have not heretofore been recognized as pertinent. It remained for Dr. Kern to see their bearing and value.

Dr. Kern's thesis has already been favorably received in the scholarly world. Dr. F. J. Furnivall, President of the Chaucer Society, has written to the author commending the study as a "capital bit of work," and asking his permission to print 150 copies as a regular number of the Chaucer Society's publications. This unsolicited and substantial praise from one of England's foremost Chaucerian scholars is no doubt, gratifying to the author and to his father, to whom the work is dedicated. It is no less a source of great pleasure to Dr. Kern's many friends at Millsaps College.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

Hello, you fellows! What is the matter? We do not get but a few exchanges, though ours leaves every month for your colleges. How can we comment if you do not send us anything to comment upon? Get busy and let us hear from you.

We like the article "In the Winter Time of Life" published by the Mississippi College Magazine. It is a good,

strong, worthy plea for a good noble life, especially in youth, the formative period of life towards which the memory turns for pleasure and solace in later years.

"Sergeant Osekara" is a pathetic little story, written evidently for an object which we think the author makes quite clear.

"The Unfinished Story" is a passable, good story, written to a worn-out plot. A teacher once told me never to enter into too minute description of the characters of my stories. They are more or less the same always, and our descriptions can be but very imperfect. Leave that to the imagination of the reader. He can always call up a picture to himself, perhaps, more suggestive than ours. A worthy piece of verse, voicing the feeling of many a human heart, is the poem, "The Pine Knot's Burning Bright."

The Spectator does not come up to its usual high standard. We like the article "Descriptions," though it looks uninteresting, and the title is unenviable. It is an ingenious idea. The little word paintings are fine. One likes to read them.

We have not seen a better issue than the "Chimes." It is well gotten up. The stories are good. We mention three: "Man Proposes," a uniquely plotted tale of perfidy; "The Black Domino," an interesting love story; and "An Unsolved Problem," a short but funny little piece, of no plot. The departments are well attended to.

The Emory Phoenix is an attractively arranged journal. It has quite a lot of poetry or verse in it. The story "The Metathesis of the Answer 'Yes' " is a good story, as far as

plot goes. The heavy articles, "Discipline of Experience" and "Play the Game" are good. The extract "Carrie A. Nation," from a letter, is interesting and instructive. How many of our famous characters are just so quiet and unpretentious. All the departments haye received attention. It is a pleasure to look through a journal in which such manifest interest is taken.

The University of Virginia Magazine is among our best exchanges. The arrangement and choice of matter is excellent. The stories are long and absorbing. Best of them is "A Sacrifice to Hermes." It is well told, and the plot is worthy. The varied bits of verse add to its appearance, and the tragedy, "Lyel and Yvaine," lends a classical aspect to the journal. The editors have done good work.

He who inside his watch-lid wears
His sweetheart's pretty face,
Is sure to have a time, for there's
A woman in the case.—Ex.

The Pine Knots Burning Bright.

How sweet in the winter night time,
When the toil of the day is through,
And the stars from their high places
Are making goo-goo eyes at you.
Then to come from the cold and darkness,
To the cabin and warm firelight,
And to gaze in deep reflection
At the pine knots burning bright.

There's a lot of comfort in it,
As you listen to the wind's cold blow,
With a seat in the warmest corner,
It's a consolation to know

That trouble may hang about us,
But follow as long as he might,
I can dodge him when I come in
To the pine knots burning bright.

It's not what we possess that counts,
Nor the things that fortune brings,
But our pleasure depends, I think,
On the way we look at things.
It takes a lot for some people,
For whom things never go just right;
But I'm always most contented,
With the pine knots burning bright.—Ex.

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT

Our revival services are just closed, but the revival is not ended. Rev. Paul M. Brown, of the Louisiana Conference was with us. No effort does Mr. Brown make toward oratory or emotionalism. Plain practical preaching is his style. There is, however, eloquence in his earnestness and excellence in his simplicity. "Speaking that we do know and testifying that we have seen and felt," he delivered messages that reached the heads and hearts of men. Five men accepted Christ and others came back to Him. Many had their spiritual lives graciously renewed and were abundantly blessed. I believe there are few men on the campus who were not deeply moved, and in a measure convicted of their sins yet who did not will to take up the Christ life.

Their salvation is the most important concern of the active members of the Association. The success of this meeting is a result of the prayers of the devout students and parents and friends of the Association, together with the humble help

of the earnest leaders and our consecrated speaker. We are persuaded that the parents of the students complied with the request made in a personal letter to them from the Association, that they pray daily God's blessing upon their sons.

It is our business to encourage and help these men who have undertaken to live as Christians. Let them be present at the religious meetings and take part in Association work. The safest way to stay right is to keep busy. for "the place to see visions is in line of duty." No man can cloister himself and perfect his character. To be religious is not to be separated from friends. On the contrary it is getting out among men and using what influence one has for good. Religious life is a growth, for we are told to "grow in grace and in knowledge of our Lord."

As respects some steps toward spiritual decay, a word of warning seems necessary. "An avoidable absence from Church is an inevitable sign of spiritual decay." A man quits attending church regularly, cuts out going to Association meetings, drops out of Bible study, neglects his daily prayers, studies on Sunday, finally falls into folly. Things creep into his life which shut him out from God. The last state of that man is worse than the first, unless he alters the order of his living. The way a man spends the Sabbath shows accurately himself to others. While you watch others, watch yourself.

It was our pleasure and profit to have Dr. O. E. Brown, of the Biblical Department of Vanderbilt, visit our College. Owing to the dearth of a sufficient number of young men entering the Christian ministry, Dr. Brown has been sent out from the University to enlist recruits for the Imperial Christ. His address on the Christian Ministry was magnificent. Rare is the opportunity of hearing a man like him.

At the last business meeting the following officers were elected: President, Robert H. Ruff; Vice President, R. M. Brown; Secretary, W. P. Moore; Treasurer, W. A. Welch. Chairmen of Committees have been appointed by the President as follows: Bible Study, R. M. Brown; Missionary, J. C. Rousseaux; Finance, W. A. Welch; Hand-book, D. T. Ruff; Membership, T. L. Bailey; Devotional, W. P. Moore; Advertising, R. J. Mullins; Social, L. B. Robinson. With these officers and committees the Association has a bright outlook for another year.

The Cabinet has outlined a large policy for the ensuing year. The membership committee plans to get every man in college to join the Association. The Finance Committee is in line to raise a seven-hundred dollar budget for next year. The Bible study leader will make a strong effort to enlist one hundred and seventy-five men in systematic Bible study during the coming year, and maintain such an interest as will prevent much falling out in attendance, The Missionary Committee will endeavor to enroll seventy-five men in weekly Mission study, and raise seventy-five dollars for Missions by systematic giving. The Devotional Committee will vary the program in order to make the religious meeting more interesting and helpful. These things will be done if proper efforts are put forth.

THE CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.

An address by President Southworth sent free on application to the **Record Clerk, Meadville Theological School, Meadville, Pa.**

The Millsaps Collegian

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THE RUN THAT PAID.

"James, I have told you that for me to spend my life with you would mean absolute unhappiness to both of us, and why do you continue to annoy me?"

"It is because I love you, Sallie."

"I do not believe you, James, and I assure you I cannot, neither do I desire to love a man whose life, like yours, is so stained with sin."

"But you must."

"No, I cannot, and hear me, I will not!"

"Now come! Do you realize that I can deprive you of all that splendid fortune which your uncle is about to give you?"

"The idea! Uncle often scolds me for even associating with you, so what hopes have you of influencing him?"

"None whatever. But I can, and I swear I will delay this train if you do not comply with my wish. So speak up, and decide your own fate."

"Go, James! I know you are a villian! Go! Never speak to Sallie Richton about love affairs again."

The above conversation between James Burbage and Sallie Richton was overheard by George Lambert, the engineer of No. 6, as he stood near his engine at Ft. Wayne Station, Illinois, waiting to receive his orders.

Now George Lambert, Sallie Richton and James Burbage all were old school-mates, and had spent many pleasant hours together on the old country school ground at Elbert. But a lapse of ten years separated them from those pleasant days.

George had been an employe of the Great Northern Railroad since his graduation, four years ago, at the State Mechanical College of Indiana. He had worked hard, and was then engineer of one of the fast trains between Ft. Wayne and Lafayette.

Sallie Richton had spent some time in the Industrial College of Indiana, but owing to her limited finances she had been compelled to stop school before graduating. Her strong traits of character and love for industrial works had won for her a splendid position in the Ft. Wayne Training School.

James Burbage had experienced a different career from either of his schoolmates. He had spent some time at the University of Illinois, but at the death of his grandfather, which occurred during his sophomore year, he became heir to a vast fortune and quit school. Since that time he had lived a reckless life, spending his money in vain and frivolous ways. Owing to his immense wealth, he had become first assistant manager of the Great Northern Railroad, and had exclusive management of the route between Ft. Wayne and Lafayette.

James had declared his love to Sallie time after time and had pleaded for hers in return, but she knew the life he was leading and always refused, So he had taken this opportunity to force her to say that she would marry him. He knew much depended on Number 6 reaching Lafayette on time, for Sallie had received a telegram stating that if she would appear before her uncle, Tom Richton, who owned a big manufacturing plant at Lafayette, by 6 o'clock that evening, she should be heiress to his wealth.

"Old Faithful", the name George applied to his engine, seemed to be conscious, at least to George's mind, that some great race or disaster was soon to occur, for she seemed to tremble and throb like some great monster whose angry passion had been stirred by some unknown force. She was standing in full readiness, and George glanced at his watch

just as Sallie spoke her last word to James, and its hands told him it would be time to go in two minutes.

After the conversation between James and Sallie, James hurried away towards the telegraph station and Sallie turned to board the train. Just as she turned around she was confronted by George, who addressed her by asking:

"What are you troubled about today, Sallie?"

"Why do you think I am troubled about anything?" was her reply.

"Because you look sad and"—

"Well here, read this. If I don't reach Lafayette on time, all is lost."

As she spoke she thrust the telegram before George's eyes. George read it, and as he glanced up at her face he saw a tear trickle down her pale cheek.

"Here, Sallie," spoke George as he handed the telegram back to her, "I vow this train shall reach Lafayette on time; this evening is my run, so be contented."

"Yes, but James said that if I did not promise to marry him he would delay the train."

At that instant the conductor halloed "All aboard." As George climbed into his engine cab he glanced backward and saw Sallie step up into the rear coach of the chair section.

"Ned," said George to the old negro fireman as he climbed into the cab, "this is an important run today, and much depends on it. Swear you will stick to me and do your best."

"Yes, boss, I's right wid yo', I is gwinter give 'Ol' Faithful' all she'll stan'," replied Ned, and at that he shoveled in more coal.

George pulled the lever and Number 6 glided off. He was thinking of what James had threatened when Ned saw an angry tear glimmer in his eye a few moments later. Three and one-half hours in which to reach Lafayette, two hundred miles away, and that will leave thirty minutes for Sallie to reach her uncle; how could James interfere with the run? He was not on the train, and it's the fast train, anyway. All

these sorts of thoughts were whirling through George's brain, as he unthoughtedly set his lever at the seventy-five mile notch, and stormed at "Ned" to "shovel coal."

They made good time for the first seventy-five miles, not stopping but twice in that distance. But there they were detained ten minutes waiting for the north-bound mail. There George received orders to go according to schedule until he reached Maypleville, twenty-five miles further on. He arrived there on time, but when he read the orders that were handed him there he turned pale and trembled with rage. They were as follows: "Hold No. 6 at Maypleville for east-bound J. & I. mail." This meant a delay of at least thirty minutes if the mail should be on time. After waiting twenty-five minutes a message was received stating that the mail was half an hour late.

George knew why the delayer of his train had done this. It was not to get the mail, for they had never done that before, but it was to make a poor woman unhappy because she would not love a villain.

The trial of George's life then faced him. He was not long in making his decision. He resolved to go ahead regardless of orders, so he gave a signal for a start, and the conductor, thinking he wanted to get off the main line, gave the bell cord a pull. But George did not side-track. On the contrary, he moved out as he had been accustomed to doing.

George had disobeyed orders and now his only desire was to reach Lafayette on time. He knew he would be "fired," so he threw open the guage and that long train dashed along as she had never done before. George was almost frantic. At Carson, seventy-five miles from Lafayette, he threw to the agent a notice to telegraph to Lafayette for a cab to meet him there, and thundered on through as though he had not seen that little city of seven thousand souls. The people along the route, that afternoon, gazed with astonishment at the train as it plunged on with the speed of the wind and wondered why it was travelling at such a rate. The people on the train

became excited, and appeal after appeal was made to the conductor to check the train, but he told them that it was the engineer, who had gone contrary to orders.

At Bolton a stop was made for coal, and there the conductor left the train and telegraphed to headquarters what had happened.

George was more determined than ever, so he left notice at Bolton that no stop would be made between there and Lafayette. Over that remaining fifty miles "Old Faithful" was plunging like a mad giant when on coming around a curve, George saw an open switch. As quick as thought he gave the signal for the "main line" and the switch was instantly closed and a moment later it was a mile behind.

They had gotten within twenty-five miles of Lafayette and were running at a tremendous rate when George saw a "wrecker" ahead of him. He reversed his engine and brought it to a standstill just as the two trains came within a few feet of each other. The conductor of the "wrecker" quickly showed his orders but George showed none, and all that he said was that his was the fast train and must have the right of way over all others. After ten minutes delay number 6 passed the "wrecker" and they were thundering on when George glanced at his watch and saw that it was then five-twenty o'clock. He opened every guage that would increase speed, and that mighty engine trembled and surged at its task with almost inconceivable strength. The people on board became frantic; they shrieked with fear, and some prayed.

But in the rear end of a chair car sat Sallie gazing out of her window. She enjoyed and appreciated to an unspeakable degree what the other passengers feared. She knew the one whose hand was on the lever, was one who was lifting from her life at a severe cost to his own, a sorrow which another had endeavored to place there. The rocks as they flew by her window, the trees, as they swiftly fitted past, the shrieks of George's engine, the roaring of those great wheels—all were beauty and music to her.

Number 6 arrived at Lafayette five minutes late. George Lambert hurried down from his seat, and, though he was so smutty and greasy you could not have recognized him, he rushed up to where Sallie was, and, grasping her by the arm, he ushered her into a cab, then jumped on the seat by the cabman, and, with his permission, George drove the cab himself.

"Sallie, I had about given you out," said her uncle, as she entered his parlor ten minutes later, and continuing, he said: "My entire estate is liable to be sold tomorrow if I do not deed it away. My partner has defrauded a company in Chicago and I will have to make all damages good if I do not dispose of my wealth. So I thought by conveying all to you I could still have plenty and enjoy life the same. Promise me first that you will never marry James Burbage then all is yours." As he spoke the last words Sallie bowed in affirmation to his wish, and he handed over to her the papers conveying three quarters of a million to her. She was ready to fall on her knees and thank him, but before she could speak he took her by the hand and said, as he kissed her tear-stained checks, "Dear girl, what seems to be your joy is only my pleasure."

Three years after this occurrence the writer was a visitor, for some days, in Lafayette, and the most pleasant day he spent there was the one on which he dined with his two old schoolmates, Sallie and George, who were living in perfect happiness with an uncle of theirs. George had been "fired" by the railroad company, but he had won a splendid fortune and a noble bride.

"Prep" '09.

MY MISUNDERSTANDING WITH MISS MELISSA MURDOCK.

Yes, I am a woman hater. Once I was enamored of womankind. The story of my change of heart, though

I may attempt desperately to relate it in a light and humorous way, has an inevitable under-current of melancholy.

The event on which, as a pivot, my affections swung from one extreme to the other, occurred when I was a schoolboy of seventeen, at Trolleytown. The Dramatis Personae of my tragedy are Miss Melissa Murdock, the Rev. Jeremiah Murdock, Mrs. Jeremiah Murdock, Prof. Dudley Leslie Turnipseed, and your humble servant.

As I have just hinted, I was a pupil in the Trolleytown High School at that time. Moreover, Profesor Dudley Leslie Turnipseed was the first Assistant. Unhappily, the relations existing between that gentleman and myself were not of an entirely harmonious character. This was the case for two reasons: 1st. The year previous it had been my ill fortune to be, in part, under his instruction, and it had been my ill-concealed opinion that he was a hard and unjust taskmaster. Some industrious tale-bearer, gathering some of my most unfavorable remarks, and perhaps adding a few original statements to give the tale effectiveness, conveyed the same to the Professor. The result was a heated controversy between us, almost culminating in a hand-to-hand encounter. However, the matter was smoothed over for the time, but there existed still a smoldering mutual dislike. The second and weightier reason is that he and I both were in love with Miss Melissa Murdock.

Now, Miss Melissa was passing fair. She was a tall, slender beauty, with glorious brown eyes and a most charming smile. She was older than I, but I loved her, nevertheless. I dreamed of her by night, and thought in loving terms of her by day. Her home, a comfortable looking white dwelling was near the school building. Stately oaks and glorious magnolias stood like guardian sentinels around, their massive foliage shielding it from summer heat and from the piercing winter winds alike. Prim boxwood hedges, kept in trim by Melissa herself, bordered the picket fence. Modest violets, the objects of the same angel's care, nestled in beds of various

mathematical shapes about the yard. And by the flight of steps that led to the porch were clumps of rose bushes, planted by Melissa's lovely hand. Vividly I recall the time when it was my habit to slip away at recesses and sitting underneath those trees, inhaling the delicious odors of the place, and entranced by my sweetheart's wit and beauty, I whiled away the moments allotted to me for a book education. Melissa's beautiful face, expressive of gentle sympathy as I poured forth my complaints against the pusillanimous Turnipseed, or of sparkling mirth as I told my funny jokes, confronts me in memory now as then it confronted me in reality.

Something, too, should be said of her father, the Reverend Jeremiah. This gentleman, as I have previously stated, was a Baptist minister. In personal appearance, he was awe-inspiring, though, perhaps, the relation he sustained to Melissa had something to do with the feeling he inspired in me. A tall, gaunt, slightly humped figure, a keen face set considerably forward on the shoulders, a pair of small, sharp, black eyes which peered eagerly and restlessly from two caverns overhung by bushy eye-brows, and separated by a large, slightly hooked nose, and a mouth indicative of great firmness, were the most striking features of his make-up. His manner, too, was authoritative. Seemingly conscious of his divine rights as one of the elect, his words had an authoritative ring and a dogmatic positiveness.

Now, the Reverend Jeremiah was interested in me. Of course I thought this was proof positive that my attentions to Melissa were regarded with favor. But he was also on good terms with the hateful Turnipseed. This I accounted for, though, on the ground that, as Turnipseed was his Sunday School Superintendent, it was the part of policy to maintain such friendly relations. There could certainly be no politic motive to inspire his interest in me. In an unobstrusive way he sought my companionship. As he, like several other members of his calling, was fond of theological disputation, he and I passed many pleasant moments sitting on the post-

office porch or strolling along the shady roads engaged in debating the differences in the creeds of our respective denominations. I assumed the role of an anxious inquirer after truth, and though my usual manner of debate had always been heated and boisterous, to the Reverend Jeremiah my opinions were faltered in such an apologetic way as I think, led him to consider me as doubtful of their validity, and to regard me as a probable convert to his views. The Reverend gentleman had a better half, so quiet and shy that few people knew her very well. I knew, however, that she was a good cook, on the evidence of cakes and other delicacies which Melissa used to transfer from the kitchen to the parlor when I called.

"Things are going my way," so I thought, and so my chums assured me—the very natural inference from the good treatment I was receiving at the hands of Melissa and her parents. But how suddenly and how completely many of our fairest hopes are crushed.

It happened because I overestimated the ability of woman to take a joke. Melissa had always been particularly fond of my wit. As this was a faculty with which I supposed myself abundantly gifted and of which I was immoderately vain, her responsiveness to my witty sallies had always been especially pleasing to me. So much so, that in my endeavor to be amusing, I entirely upset my beautiful air castle.

This was the way of it: We boys planned a swell party to come off shortly after Commencement. In order that none of the girls might be slighted, we made a list of names arranged in alphabetical order, and we boys, beginning in reverse alphabetical order, checked off the names of our partners for the occasion. Much to my satisfaction it fell to me to escort Miss Melissa. During the rush and excitement of Commencement week, however, many of us failed to write the customary note. Owing to the prominent part which I took in the Commencement exercises (this was my graduating year), I was unusually laggard. On the last day of the exercises

a chum came to me and said that some of the girls were "mighty mad because the boys were so slow," and that Melissa was one of the indignant crowd. Then struck by an inspiration, I sat down and penned the following note:

"My Dearest Melissa:

"Tomorrow night at Mr. Joshua Bang's there will be a party given in celebration of the passing out of the old and the coming in of the new. This, of course, means the passing away of school days and the coming in of vacation; also the passing away of old maids and bachelors and the ushering in of a younger generation of belles and beaux. Will you be so gracious as to honor me with your company on that occasion?

"Very devotedly yours,

"John W. Newton."

The reply soon arrived:

"Mr. Newton:

"Your note requesting my company to the party tomorrow night received. The language you use shows that you are undoubtedly under the influence of intoxicants. No, sir, I will not honor your request! You may seek company among the 'younger set,' where perhaps there are fewer scruples against such conduct.

"(Miss) Melissa Murdock."

I stood amazed. Melissa had misunderstood me. She thought that I meant to intimate that she was an old maid! It made me indignant to think that she could have such an opinion of me, since she knew that my conduct had always been gentlemanly before. This thought kept me from rushing over at once and righting matters. I determined to hold myself aloof from her, to treat her with the coolness of an iceberg.

On the night of the party, I was humiliated to see Melissa paying the same rapt attention to Turnipseed that she once paid to me. In vain I tried to affect indifference. At the

earliest opportunity I stole away, and in solitude, meditated in bitterness of spirit over my unhappy condition.

A long lonesome summer dragged slowly by. Melissa's company had not cheered me, nor had the Rev. Jeremiah sought my company during that time. Indeed my Reverend friend had been heard to make harsh criticisms concerning me. But what was hardest to bear, the Professor was now a regular caller at the Murdock home.

One day I passed Melissa on the street. She smiled sweetly and spoke to me for the first time that summer. The same day my chum, Jim Powell, told me in confidence that he had good reason to believe that Melissa wanted to make up. But no amount of questioning could make Jim divulge the secret. My hopes began to revive. The next day I received a letter. It was in a larger square envelope. The superscription was Melissa's handwriting. I opened it—another envelope! I opened that and pulled out a stiff sheet on which was inscribed the following:

"Mr. and Mrs. Jeremiah Murdock request your presence at the marriage of their daughter, Melissa Mariah, to Professor Dudley Leslie Turnipseed, at their residence, on the 28th inst., 8 o'clock P. M."

F. L. A.

KIDNAPPED BY GYPSIES.

About two miles out from B—, New York, stood the old Graves Homestead, a large gray stone mansion. It was a beautiful place, surrounded for many miles by deep, shady woods, in which were many winding paths, and drive-ways. It was one of these old tranquil country homes where one always expects to find happiness. Yet even here there was sadness.

Here Dr. Graves lived alone with his little daughter, Vivia, a child of ten. His wife died when Vivia was ten years old, leaving him broken hearted to be both father and

mother to his little daughter. At first he could not bear to look at the child; she reminded him so forcibly of his loss, but after the first bitterness of his grief wore off, her pretty, loving way began to amuse him, and he began to try, in some measure, to take her mother's place.

With joy and pride he watched her grow more and more like her beautiful mother. He worshipped the child, as he had worshipped her mother, and when he was at home could not bear to have her out of his sight.

But as she grew older, she grew very fond of the woods, and would spend hours playing alone in some nook among the trees, and often when he came in from visits to his patients, Dr. Graves would have to send for her. He did not like the idea of her going alone into the woods, and often cautioned her about going too far. He was afraid she would wander too far, and get lost, but he hated to forbid her going into the woods at all; she seemed to enjoy it so much. But one day he told her she must never go into the woods alone again, for the day before he had seen some gypsies prowling around the place. For a long time the idea of the gypsies stealing her kept her from going alone into the woods, though she often went with Mrs. Rawls, the old woman who had nursed her since she was a baby. She was devoted to the child, and would do anything in the world to please her.

But one day Mrs. Rawls was busy, and Dr. Graves had been away all day, and Vivia was feeling so lonely that she thought she would walk just a little piece into the woods, and come back in a little while before her father came. She did not intend to go far, but just kept walking, not realizing how far she had gone, and when Dr. Graves came home at six o'clock that evening she had not yet returned.

As usual he asked for her the first thing on coming in. Mrs. Rawls went to look for her, but could not find her in the house, so came and told Dr. Graves that she must have wandered into the woods, and that she had sent a servant to look for her.

"Gone to the woods!" cried Dr. Graves, springing to his feet. "Alone? I told you never to let her go to the woods alone!"

"I was busy, Sir," answered Mrs. Rawls, "and when I noticed her last she was playing very contentedly on the veranda. I didn't think of her going to the woods, but John has gone to get her, Sir."

"Yes, if he can find her," said Dr. Graves excitedly. "One of those prowling gypsies may have carried her off. She never has stayed out this late before." He walked out on the veranda and paced up and down, waiting anxiously for Vivia to come in. He was very much worried, and for the first time felt like scolding her.

In a few moments the servant came in, but Vivia was not with him. He did not find her where she usually played, and had come back for a lantern, as it was growing dark in the woods.Dr. Graves was sure now that something had happened to her. But one idea filled his mind—"The gypsies had stolen her." He determined to search the woods thoroughly before notifying the police, so he sent Mrs. Rawls to call the servants, and furnished each one with a lantern to help in the search. Then he sent for a poor man living near, whom he had often helped in cases of sickness, and they started out to search the woods. They agreed upon a signal, which the one finding her should give, and separated, each going in a different direction. Dr. Graves searched every nook where she might be hidden asleep, yet hardly daring to hope to find her, all the time listening for the signal. Finally, several miles from the house he found her little hat lying on the ground by a bush laden with flowers; at the sight of it he broke down, and falling on his knees he prayed to God to keep his darling child safe and to bring her back to him. He arose from his knees strengthened, and went on with new hope. But daylight came and no other trace of her had been found. They had searched carefully and it was certain that she was nowhere in the woods, so by a pre-arranged signal they met and returned

to the house. They found the women servants waiting for them anxiously; Mrs. Rawls was almost crazed with grief and anxiety. Dr. Graves looked ten years older.

Without waiting for breakfast he went at once to B—, and employed detectives to hunt for his daughter. The man to whom he talked seemed very hopeful.

"There is no doubt," he said, "that she has been stolen by the gypsies, whom you saw. They have gone, have they?"

"I do not know," answered Dr. Graves. "I have not thought to ask about them."

"I suppose they have," said the detective, "and when we find them, we will have found your daughter."

"God grant that may be soon," said Dr. Graves, fervently. "I cannot stand this suspense much longer"—little knowing how much longer he would have to stand it. "Spare no expense to find them," he added as he turned to leave, "and I want them prosecuted to the limit of the law."

"We will send someone at once," said the detective, "and you will hear in a few days."

Dr. Graves was a wealthy man, a millionaire some said, practicing medicine from pure love of his profession, and he was willing to spend his whole fortune if necessary to find his little daughter, for without her his whole life would be dreary indeed.

He could do nothing now but wait, and he went home tired out, and throwing himself on the bed, slept soundly for several hours. Then he got up and went out to make some calls, thankful that he had something to keep his mind occupied.

Thus a week passed, and he heard nothing from the detective. Finally he did hear, but he could tell him nothing: The gypsy camp had moved the day Vivia Graves disappeared, but where they had gone they could not tell. The gypsies had disappeared as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed them.

Dr. Graves' heart sank, but he did not lose hope.

"Get more men," he said, "and search every gypsy camp in the country. Offer a reward of ten thousand dollars for her return. Spare no work nor expense to find her."

"Very well, sir," said the detective, "that reward will find her, if anything will."

But the reward did not find her, nor did the detectives, though they did all in their power.

A year passed, and Dr. Graves heard nothing of his daughter. He began to despair of finding her through the detectives and his lonely life was becoming unbearable, so he gave up his practice, determining to hunt for his child himself, and to go all over the world if necessary to find her. And he did. Wherever he heard of a gypsy camp there he went, and searching and asking questions, endeavored to find some clue to the mystery, but all in vain. After two years of weary travelling and searching he knew no more than on the day Vivia had disappeared.

It was three years after Vivia Graves disappeared so mysteriously that one day out in California Dr. Graves ran across a sick gypsy who had been deserted by the rest of the tribe. Dr. Graves examined him, and found that he was very ill of typhoid fever. He saw what a helpless condition the man was in, and going to D—, a town about a mile distant, where he was staying, he procured medicine and a man to help nurse the sick man, and they stayed with the poor fellow until he was entirely well.

The gypsy was very grateful and asked Dr. Graves if there was not something he could do to repay him for his kindness to him. He had no money, but was willing to do anything he could.

"I want no money," said Dr. Graves. "I have more money now than I need."

The gypsy was surprised. "Then why are you travelling around this way?" he asked curiously.

"I am not travelling for pleasure," he answered, and he then told the gypsy of how his little daughter had disappeared

three years before, and of his search for her, and of his hopelessness of ever finding her, little dreaming that the gypsy could aid him. The man had been listening with increasing interest as Dr. Graves went on, and when he had finished, asked eagerly, "Did one of the gypsies you saw have a lame foot and an ugly red scar across one cheek?"

Dr. Graves looked up surprised.

"Yes," he answered quickly, "I noticed him especially, because he had such a cruel, cunning look."

Thy gypsy nodded.

"I know the tribe," he said, "and no doubt they stole your daughter, they are good at that business. I think I can find them; they were near here about two weeks ago. If they have your daughter, we will get her."

Dr. Graves grasped his hand. "Find her, and you shall have the reward I have offered for her return."

The gypsy shook his head. "I don't want any reward," he answered, "I will only be repaying you for your kindness to me. I will do all in my power to find your daughter. Tell me where to write you, and I will send you word as soon as I find the tribe. If they have her, no doubt it will take force to make them give her up, and if they haven't we must make them tell what they did with her."

Dr. Graves told him where to write him, and the gypsy started off on his search, leaving him in a turmoil of hope and fear. For sometime he stayed at home all the time, fearing lest a message should come and he would not be there, but a week passed, and then another, and still he heard no news. He began to grow restless and his hope began to fail him.

Was he to be disappointed after all? He felt sure that he would have heard from the gypsy before that time but another week passed, and still he heard nothing. One evening, about a month after the gypsy had gone, on returning from a long walk Dr. Graves found a letter waiting for him. He tore it open with a nervous hand and read:

"Come to Salt Lake City at once. Have found the gypsies who stole your daughter, and she is with them. But you must hurry; they are preparing to move."

It was signed by Carlos, his gypsy friend, and told him where to find him. He took the train for Salt Lake City that evening, and arrived in the city the next day, and went at once to a room in a lodging house where the gypsy had told him to meet him. He tapped on the door and Carlos opened it and drew him inside. "Where is my child?" cried Dr. Graves excitedly. "About a mile from here," answered Carlos, "with the gypsies who stole her, and we have no time to waste if we are to get her. They suspect me, I think, and are preparing to move. They may leave tonight; so we must hurry."

Dr. Graves sprang to his feet. "Come on then! What are we waiting for?" "Wait" said Carlos, "We can't go alone. It will take armed men to get your daughter. We must take policemen with us."

So they went to police headquarters and getting ten men and arming themselves, they went to the camp just on the outskirts of the town, Carlos leading and directing them. They came just in time. The gypsies had everything packed and ready to leave that night; only a few tents were left standing. Carlos stepped up to a man standing near one of the tents, and told him he wanted to see a certain one of the gypsies, calling him by name. The man hesitated as though about to refuse, but looked at the officers standing near, and turning, without a word, went into one of the tents, and another older man came out. An ugly look crossed his face when he saw Carlos, and it grew uglier and fiercer when Carlos demanded the child. "We've got no child," he answered roughly, "you've come to the wrong place."

"We know you have got the child," answered Carlos, "and we have come prepared to get her, so you may as well bring her out."

"Oh! you have, have you?" the other cried angrily, and catching a knife from his belt, sprang at him; but before he could touch him, a pistol fired from the hand of one of the policemen, and he dropped to the ground with a bullet in his leg.

At the sound of the shot a light-haired, fair-faced child ran out of one of the tents, but a woman caught her by the arm and pulled her inside but not too soon for her to be seen.

"That is Vivia!" cried Dr. Graves, springing forward, but Carlos caught him by the arm.

"Wait!" he cried, "They will kill you."

When the pistol shot rang out, four or five men had come out from the tents, and had come towards the group and the policemen promptly covered them with their guns. Carlos spoke to the man on the ground:

Will you tell the woman to bring the child out here, or shall we go and get her?"

The man growled fiercely, but he saw he must yield.

"Mag!" he called roughly, and when the woman appeared at the door of the hut said, "Bring the girl out here."

The woman disappeared and in a few moments came out leading the child by the hand.

Dr. Graves stepped out of the crowd and held out his arms.

"Vivia," he cried, "my precious baby, don't you know me?"

The child looked surprised for a moment, and then a glad light broke over her face and she ran forward and threw her arms around his neck crying, "Father! Father! I knew you would come for me!"

The officers took the wounded man, he was the chief of the tribe, and several men to town with them, and at the trial a month later, the wounded man was proved guilty of stealing Vivia Graves. He had seen the offer of the reward but knew that Dr. Graves was a very wealthy man, and was holding out in hopes of a higher ransom.

HATTIE EASTERLING.

THE OWLS.

Since my earliest childhood I have been a great lover of stories—especially those of adventure. I remember very distinctly a story told me by a centenarian who lived in our town and came to this state before the greater part of it was settled. I shall endeavor to relate it exactly as he did.

It was back in the forties before a railroad had touched the vast territory through which the Great Southern now passes. From Columbus to Grenada was almost a wilderness, so the few farmers had to market their farm products at one of these towns. It usually took about a week to make these trips and on this account they usually gathered all of the crop before marketing any of it.

In those days many and varied were the experiences of the men who went upon these trips. Often they told of daring attempts at robbery but usually they were successful in warding off the attacks, for their heroism proved to be a great barrier for the outlaws, and as a result, it was very seldom indeed that anyone suffered loss. So, I had come to think that all these stories were without foundation for I marketed more cotton each year than any other man in our section and had never been molested in the least. However, I was not to be permitted to doubt very long for I was destined to have an experience the mark of which I still bear in the form of a scar upon my left arm.

It was in November. The fall had been unusually favorable for gathering the crops and we were early in marketing it. Especially was the weather beautiful and we could but anticipate a pleasant trip.

On the third evening after we had been upon the road, we arrived safe at Columbus and sold our cotton. The next day was spent in purchasing provisions for we could go to the market only one or two times a year and on account of this were forced to purchase a good supply.

In the evening, after all was made ready for going, I went in and had a settlement with the firm to whom I had sold the cotton. I received a handsome sum and started for home, for in those days the time-lock safe had not supplanted the "stocking-leg." We started rather late, and the cashier, as I was receiving the money, asked if I were not going to stay until morning. He insisted that I stay over until the next day as it was growing much colder. However, I declined to stay, and after he saw that I was determined to go he was kind enough to tell me of the favorite camping place of those going out from the town.

We hastened, and just as the sun was setting we arrived at the place where we were to camp that night. We pulled up, unyoked our oxen, rolled together some logs and kindled a fire. After this was done, we made coffee and prepared our blankets and lay down in front of the fire.

I was not sleepy and lay for a long time listening to the hoot of the owls. They seemed to be carrying on a conversation, for there was one upon my right and one upon the left, each one answering the cry of the other.

I lay thus passing away the time, when I heard a noise as of some one approaching. I looked up and saw the form of a person approaching from the direction of the road. As the form drew nearer, I discerned that it was a woman and that she limped. When she was within a few feet of our camp, she spoke. Her voice was decidedly masculine but I thought nothing of this as I attributed it to hoarseness. I noticed, too that she was very muddy and well wrapped. She stated that she had travelled a considerable distance and consequently was very cold. I knew that she must have come several miles for there was not a house for miles around, but there was a question in my mind as to where she really did come from and why she was out afoot upon such a night.

She took a seat upon the spring-seat which was near the fire. Glancing at me she seemed to see the look of suspicion in my eye and before I could ask the question, she

began an explanation. She said that she had suffered intensely of tooth-ache for several days and that she had started to Columbus early in the evening in order to get relief. Her pony had shied near our camp and thrown her; she was unconscious for a considerable length of time, but fortunately she was not seriously injured as she fell in a mud-hole. When she had sufficiently recovered, she had approached our camp in order to warm and if possible to secure a conveyance to Columbus. I informed her that our teams were all ox-teams and she decided that if we would permit it, she would sit by the fire until morning.

My small son who was with me was awakened by the conversation that ensued as she approached the camp. He called my attention to the disturbance among the teams, and since none of the drivers were awake I arose, and accompanied by the boy, went to investigate the cause of the disturbance. The woman seemed to have excited him very much, for we had hardly started before he began to tell me of her "man's boot" and "short hair."

The teams were straightened and we were fixing to return to camp when there was a hoot from in front of the camp, still further out in the woods, and to my surprise a reply from very near our camp. This was the first time that I had heard the "hoot" since the woman had entered our camp! The part that so astonished me was that the cry was more like a human imitation than a cry of the real bird.

We returned and lay down again, but some kind of a mysterious feeling had come over me and I could not sleep. Time and again I tried to banish it but it clung tenaciously to me. I finally tried to engage the visitor to our camp in a conversation, but she seemed rather reticent. I attributed this to the fact that she was suffering intensely, for occasionally she would cry out as if in very great pain. I happened to think of a remedy that I had once heard suggested and asked her if she could hold a piece of tobacco in her mouth next the aching tooth. She took the tobacco and before a great while

was in a deep sleep. I then banished every suspicion and was asleep when I was awakened by the "hooting" out in the woods near the camp.

I turned towards our guest and she still seemed to be asleep. I lay trying to go to sleep when again the hoot broke upon my ears and this time the answer came from our camp! That woman was answering! I felt for my pistol which I always kept near when on such trips. She too arose and drawing a pistol from her bosom started directly at me. I shot her down before she had advanced five steps; just as I fired upon her there was a shot from the bushes near by and my pistol fell from my hand, but fortunately my first shot was well directed and the woman had been stopped.

The shots awoke every one in camp. We did not pursue the retreating person who had fired the shot from the bushes for we were too anxious to examine the person whom I had shot. We unwrapped the face and to my consternation viewed the face of the cashier who on that evening had paid me the money.

Did I learn who the other fellow was? No, I never tried to find out who he was. It was already bad enough for me.

IN MEMORIAM.

WHEREAS, God in His wisdom has seen fit to take unto himself the mother of our class mate, Morris Strom; therefore, be it

RESOLVED, first, That we the Sophomore Class of Millsaps extend to him our deepest sympathy in this time of bereavement.

RESOLVED, second, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved one, and that a copy be published in the COLLEGIAN.

MARY MOORE,
R. M. BROWN,
W. R. APPLEWHITE,
Committee.

The Millsaps Collegian

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L. K. Carlton.....Associate Editor
J. W. Frost.....Local Editor
Susie Ridgeway.....Literary Editor
C. L. Neill.....Alumni Editor
J. R. Bright.....Y. M. C. A. Editor
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Remittances and business communications should be sent to J. C. Rousseaux, Business Manager. Matter intended for publication should be sent to W. A. Williams, Editor-in-Chief.

ISSUED THE TWENTIETH DAY OF EACH MONTH DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR

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EDITORIALS.

Stay for Commencement

Generally speaking, it is true that a man gets out of a thing what he puts into it, and college life is no exception to the rule. It is possible for two men to enter college together, to complete their courses at the same time, to receive the same degree on the same day and for one of them to have secured his with less than half the labor and expense which the other has undergone. One may be reluctant to resign a lucrative position when vacation is ended and may postpone

his return to college two or three, possibly six, weeks, and in some way contrive to pass at the end of the year. He can refuse to become a member of the literary society, the Y. M. C. A., or anything else connected with the college, and by so doing he will avoid paying a few dollars dues and escape a considerable amount of work. Subscribing for any of the college publications or contributing anything publishable to them involves both work and expense which are not compulsory and he can decline to support them. At the close of the session he can refuse to remain for commencement, rush home as soon as the final examinations are finished and thus save another week's time and expense. It is true that this man may receive identically the same diploma, the same degree as the man who pursues the opposite course, who patriotically supports all college enterprises and makes himself prominent in every phase of college life, but no one can be so stupid as to believe that their diplomas stand for the same thing, that the two men have been equally developed and benefitted by their college work. Each will receive from it what he has put into it; as they have sown, so shall they reap.

None of our students are so unpatriotic that they refuse to support our college enterprises nor are there any who so detest work that they do no more than is absolutely required of them, but there is at least one unfortunate and unjustifiable habit which a majority of us have fallen into. This is leaving college as soon as we have finished examinations and letting commencement exercises progress how they may. This is a habit that is to be deplored and should be corrected for more reasons than one. It is not showing the proper consideration for the representatives of the different classes, when they have worked faithfully on their speeches, for their classmates to refuse to hear them. It becomes embarrassing to the President, and the faculty, when prominent men whom they have invited to address the student body arrive for that purpose and the student body is scattered over three states. The most unfortunate feature connected with the custom is the failure

of the absent students to receive the benefits to be derived from commencement exercises, their refusal to "take the goods the gods provide" them. Prequently more benefit is to be derived from attending the commencement exercises than from a month of ordinary text book work; the commencement sermon alone may contain thought enough for a vacation's reflection. A departure from this custom so long in vogue would indeed be fortunate, and the students who will remain this year to enjoy the most pleasant and profitable week of the year cannot possibly have cause to regret it.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

Evidently Dr. Wise would like to have a Senior English Summer School.

L. K. Carlton has been selected to respond in behalf of the Senior Class to the welcoming address of the alumni which will be made by Mr. W. W. Holmes of New Orleans.

Rousseaux, Bratton, Neill, Loch and Frost attended the Convention of the Mississippi teachers which convened the first of the month at Gulfport.

The Pi Kappa Alphas gave their annual spring reception on the evening of the 26th. The fraternity halls were tastefully decorated with palms and the fraternity colors. The "Pikes" proved themselves excellent hosts.

C. H. Kirkland attended the Pi Kappa Alpha Convention which convened at Richmond, Va. While absent, he visited Washington, Norfolk, and other points of interest.

On the evening of the 26th, Prof. Ellsworth Woodward, of Sophie Newcomb College, delivered in the College Chapel, under the auspices of the Art Study Club, quite an interesting

lecture on "Everyday Art," after which the ladies tendered a reception in his honor in the Kappa Sigma halls.

Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Robinson visited their sons on the campus recently.

Capt. Frank Johnston very graciously delivered a lecture to the Junior and Senior classes Friday the 24th on "Reconstruction in Mississippi." The talk was all the more interesting from the fact that Capt. Frank Johnston figured prominently in the affairs of that time and the incidents related came under the observation of the narrator.

There is a business way to do everything—the latest development is that of sending candy to young ladies on the installment plan.

The Kappa Sigmas gave an outing to their young lady friends last Saturday. The party of thirty, chaperoned by Mrs. H. H. Harrison and Miss Etta Mitchell, repaired to Bellevue Springs —about five miles from town—and spent a very pleasant day rusticating.

Dr. M. W. Swartz delivered the Commencement address of the Yazoo City High Schools.

Well, the "co-o-eds" did entertain the Freshmen baseball team.

Miss Lucille Merritt is spending some time in Greenwood.

They say "Red" is liking some young lady of the Senior Class.

College society comes to a close with a reception by the Kappa Alphas and a banquet by the Kappa Sigmas.

With this issue of THE COLLEGIAN the present staff throws up the sponge. Altho' the work of this department has been pleasant indeed, the local editor retires to rest from his labors, hoping that things sensational may happen next year, not to, but for his successor.

Adieu!

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

The Walking Delegate.

"The Walking Delegate," by Leroy Scott, is a portrayal he inner workings of an iron workers' union of New York . It is an account of the fight for the office of walking egate between the unscrupulous holder of it, Buck Toley, a younger man, Tom Keating. who wants the office in er to lead a fight for higher wages. These two were strik- y similar and strikingly dissimilar. Aggressiveness, fear- ness, self-confidence, a sense of leadership showed themselves he faces and bearing of the two; though all these qualities e more pronounced in Buck Toley. Their dissimilarity summed up in their eyes; there was something to take hold your confidence in Keating's—Toley's were full of ning.

The Iron Workers' Union was composed of men in the hness of their manhood, clear, keen and full of spirit, vividly Their work explained their fitness, it was a natural civil vice examination that barred all but the active and daring. posure, almost endless accidents from falling beams, dropped nmers and falls to the street far below kept the ranks nned out. Added to this danger was the almost equally l fact that while wages were good for the time, they worked vas impossible to work more than six or seven months in year. How could a man pay rent and support his family ept meagerly on six hundred dollars a year in New York ? This was the question that confronted Tom Keating many another man in the Union. Previously no one dared go against Toley, who had organized the Union managed it successfully for awhile, then by threats and es had begun a system of graft on a big scale. As the er element of the Union began to drop away he began

to be more and more jealous of his power and more and more harsh in his methods used to guard it. He attached to himself intimately several of the worst of his followers, who were soon nominated the Entertainment Committee. If anyone attacked Buck Toley he did so knowing that he would probably experience the hospitality of these gentlemen the first dark night he ventured forth.

Such were the acts of tyranny that Keating overhauled and that he had denounced in an open meeting of the Union. He had talked before of getting rid of Toley, but never publicly. His cool, moral judgment demanded the dethronement of Toley. He was well furnished with confidence for since he had begun to look at life seriously the knowledge had grown upon him that he was abler and of stronger purpose than his fellows; this knowledge had not made him presumptuous, but had imposed on him a sense of duty.

Keating considered the risk of a fight against Toley. There would be personal danger, but his hot mind did not care for that, and financial loss, but he had his savings.

His first step was to see Mr. Baxter, President of the Executive Board of Employers, but that gentleman, openly a friend of the Union, was a mere tool of Toley's. He would make no promise to use his influence to secure to the men their jobs in case Toley won. To pay for this move, Toley, with his great power as controller of the members of the Union, forced Keating's employer to fire him. The fight had now begun in earnest. It was a case of cunning matched against evil acting, perseverance and vigilance. Until the time of election Keating was engaged in rousing the members to fight for square government of the Union and increased wages. He canvassed and the women canvassed those who held back through fear of Toley. But at the election he was beaten on account of a stuffed ballot box. He determined to run again at the the end of the next six months and to keep a closer watch on his opponents.

In the mean time he would follow up his strike agitation, for he had already put Toley into opposition to his demand for more money. If he could induce the Union to make the demand in the face of Toley's opposition it would be a telling victory. Perhaps he might head the management of the strike if it came to a strike. His work had its effect and at the meeting of the Union when the moment had come for putting the motion for a strike Toley arose and to the consternation o everyone advocated a strike. The surprise showed on the faces of his followers, but they had been well trained to take their cue from him. The motion was carried and Keating was a leader left without a cause. The strike lasted for weeks, at great loss to the Union and to the employers.

At last the irreproachable head of the Executive Council felt forced to offer a bribe to Toley to raise the strike. There were but three weeks before election and in that time Toley had to convence his following by art and insinuation while still vigorously advocating it, the hopelessness of the strike. Fifty thousand dollars made the task easy for him. Toley had no fear that knowledge of the bribe would leak out and incriminate him for all would be sure of the ignominy and punishment alike. But a little fear would not have been amiss, for Mr. Driscoll, a friend of Keating's, and a former employer refused to sit on a dishonorable board. To prevent suspicion the newly elected member was Mr. Driscoll's partner, a man who was not beset by any conscientious scruples. While these two were discussing the turn affairs were taking, soon after the change in the membership of the Board. the secretary, Miss Arnold, having come in quietly, inadvertently overheard Mr. Bermans enjoin Mr. Driscoll that "walls had ears," and at that gentleman's answer that he "would like for the scandal to get out somehow" she quickly put on her hat and went out to inform Keating that Toley was playing the Union false. She had shown a great deal of interest and sympathy for him in the fight and he felt that her information was nothing less than well founded; she could tell him only the

bare statement with no confirming details without convicting her uncle, Mr. Baxter. But how could it be proven? Keating after racking his brain all night put a detective on the case.

He had heard nothing from it until the day the strike agitation was to be settled when he received a report from the detective that removed all doubt. He let Toley put himself on record as the dejected sorrowful leader of a futile strike, and then amid cries of "Toley! Toley! Down with Keating!" he mounted the piano and by his theatrical appearance and determination to be heard, gained the ear of the people. When he told them how Toley had betrayed the Union, it was by main force that he and several other kept Toley from being trampled underfoot. But always resourceful, Toley escaped arrest—and by the might of right Keating arose from a mere member of a body to the leader of a great labor trust.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT.

The Southwestern University Magazine ranks with the best of our exchanges. The whole journal shows attention and interest both on the part of the editors and student body. It is a live magazine. Its little snatches of poetry—of which "Redbird" is perhaps best—add a tone and color to it which are distinctly pleasing. Its stories are above the average both in plot and execution. We wish to mention specially "The Rivals" and "Marie and I" and "A Stolen Story." The serious articles are all good, and some we like very much because they treat of things usually not found in college magazines and also because they appear to have been written for the magazine, to-wit, "It's Always Morning Somewhere," "America's Uncrowned King," and "The Frat Man and Barb." These subjects are treated seriously and yet somewhat breezily; and they are not hackneyed. The usual speech or oration never could take their place, nor be quite so interesting.

The Blue and Bronze is not as good as usual. Some of its verse is delightful and goes far in making up for the de ficiencies in other lines. We note particularly, "The Stars," "To the Advanced Rhetoric Class," and the "Ode to the Bee." The short sketch entitled, "Six and Sixty" is good but we think some more and lengthy stories would be an improvement. The contribution, "Celebrated Literary Friendships" is a representation of work and study.

The College Reflector opens with the inevitable debate! Another story or some different contribution would break the monotony. The two stores published are above the ordinary level and are well-written. "The Love Affairs of J. J. Peters, Esq.," is fine and the humor of the tale is well expressed. But poor fellow! Scarcely less good is "Robert's Reward."

"One in a Multitude," in the Ouchita Ripples is a good story; and especially to our liking is the "Ode to Oatmeal," with which the magazine opens. How much such a humorous little piece of rhyme can add. Everybody likes them. We think the serious predominates too often in our magazines.

The April issue of the Whitworth Clionian is the best we have seen. Some jolly good stories have been written for it. Of them we make special mention of "Eavesdropping" and "A Junior Redemption." The serious articles are delightful; they are well written and deal with subjects that cannot fail to call for our attention and enlist our interest. They are not worn out.

I stood on the bridge at the close of day
  Attired in football clothes;
And the bridge belonged, I wish to say,
  To the rival half back's nose.—Ex.

Honest Confession.

Of money I'd little, yet freely I spent
And threw it away without fear:
To socials, to parties, to banquets I went—
'Twas in my Sophomore year.

My Greek was old Lysias, and fearfully tough,
But to study was out of my sphere;
I tried at sight-reading to run a big bluff—
'Twas in my Sophomore year.

I supported all forms of collegiate sport
And went with the team far and near:
My fun hours were long and my work hours short—
'Twas in my Sophomore year.

I wasted my goods in a riotous way—
Nor money, nor time I held dear;
Forgive me, kind heaven, forgive me, I pray—
'Twas in my Sophomore year.

When time came for leaving and packing my trunk
I found that my whistle was dear.
When the profs. read the grades, I was read out a flunk—
'Twas in my Sophomore year.

Of the four lengthy sessions a man spends in school—
And I tell you the truth I revere—
The time he's surest to act like a fool
Is in his Sophomore year.

—A. S. Wakefield, in William-Jewell Student.

"It's easy enough to be cheerful,
When life flows along like a song,
But the man worth while is the one who can smile
When everything goes dead wrong.

For the test of the heart is trouble,
And it always comes with the years,
But the smile that is worth the praises of earth
Is the smile that shines through tears.

"It's easy enough to be prudent,
When nothing tempts you to stray,
When without or within no voice of sin
Is luring your soul away.
But it's only a negative virtue
Until it is tried by fire,
And the life that is worth the honor of earth
Is the life that resists desire.

"By the cynic, the sad, the fallen,
Who had no strength for the strife,
The world's highway is cumbered to-day,
They make up the item of life.
But the virtue that conquers passion,
And the sorrow that hides in a smile,—
It is these that are worth the homage of earth,
For we find them but once in a while."—Ex.

ODE TO THE BEE.

BY VIRGINIA STREET.

Oh, thou busy little bee,
  Sucking sweets from every flow'r
What a lesson thou art to me,
  As thou flitt'st from bow'r to bow'r.

Thou deem'st worthy every posy,
  Whose petals the sun has blest,
Thou sipp'st honey from the pansy
  As though of all it was the best

Teach me, oh thou little bee,
That I in others may ever find
As thou in every field doth see,
Something sweet and something kind.

Mary, on her pretty arm,
Found a little flea;
Every time she grabbed at it,
It would "23."
Fido saw her acting up
And the cause he knew—
Fido smiled and said, "Ah, ha,
Mary's got 'em, too."—Ex.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Some pessimist has said that the only thing worth noting that our Alumni do is that they either get married or come to Jackson. Anyhow the chief duty of this department seems to be by custom or necessity from lack of other news, to chronicle the visits of our "old men" to the campus. "Dae" Bingham paid us a visit recently and in spite of his popularity and fame that he enjoyed as a college sport and "all round man" when he was here three years ago, he said he saw only one or two that he knew. They tell us that is the sad part of visiting our Alma Mater. But each class thinks that its superiority is such that its name will be handed down in college traditions, and rude is the shock when such hopes are disappointed. Although Dave is married and settled in life he really looks younger and is just as giddy as he used to be.

Rev. Jim Lewis was seen in town recently. He is fat and prosperous looking, and, as one of our other graduates said of himself, seems to be enjoying married life.

Mr. Lambert Neill, of last year's class, has just completed a very successful year as Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association in the Georgia School of Technology. He has come home to join the Mississippi Conference and will be in charge of the church at Pass Christian.

Commencement is coming and every alumnus of Millsaps should attend. His presence encourages the undergraduate and fills him with college spirit. To think that some day it will be his privilege to visit his Alma Mater helps him in his determination to "stick it out" through college. Then, too, his presence adds dignity to the occasion. The exercises this year promise to be more interesting than usual. Arrangements have been made to have the Association meet in the morning instead of at night when other things distract most of the members. Rev. "Billy" Holmes is to make the address, and all who know him expect a rare treat. Mr. Lambert Neill of the Class of '06 will welcome the class of '07 to the Association. There are rumors that "somebody" is going to give the Association a banquet, and it is the most ardent desire of the class of '07 that this welcome address shall be delivered before that event takes place.

Y. M. C. A. DEPARTMENT

The Choosing of a Life Work.

Quite a number of men besides those who graduate will not return to college. Many of these have not decided, as yet, on a specific career. All students and especially these should carefully consider what lines of activity are most suitable and for which they are, or can be, best fitted. Before a man can intelligently choose a career he must know something of his own limitations as well as his own aptitudes; also, he must regard his inclinations and aspirations; while

some men deliberately choose their life work, others either drift into it or have it thrust upon them by compelling circumstances. You may frequently chance to meet a man who is successful in a career other than his chosen one, but he will confess that altho' his work is pleasant he would have been more contented in his preferred vocation.

The most important aspect of life is Christian service. For the man who takes life seriously his religious obligations enter as mighty factors in deciding upon and dedicating himself to a specific career. To such a one the lines of demarcation between the sacred and secular callings are almost obliterated; a Christian's first business is the King's business, and therefore every man should consider first whether he ought to respond to some Christian calling—then what vocation or occupation should he undertake, ever keeping in mind his prime calling.

The claims of the ministry and its kindred callings require the best any man has in him to do. There is ample scope in it to exercise the tactfulness, common sense, the powers of thought, the gifts of utterance and the energies of man's trinity. Urgent is the need and loud the call for men—"Tall men sun-crowned, who stand above the fog in public duty and private thinking."

Those who are considering the question of their life work will find in the May Inter-Collegian some strong articles on this subject: "In Business Life," "The Opportunities of the Modern Minister," "The Opportunities of the Physician," "The Legal Profesison," "The Secretaryship of the Y. M. C. A.," "The Teaching Profession," "The Missionary's Opportunity." These articles are written by representative men of various professions —especially for students.

It was our pleasure and profit to have a comprehensive talk from Dr. Moore on what constitutes Christian character.

Our professors are always ready to serve the Association. Prof. Swartz also gave a valuable talk on interpretations of the Bible.

Attendance at the devotional meetings has been small, as is usually the case towards the close of the session. We hope this will not be so again. Next year, let each member of the Association be actively engaged in enthusiastic service and beget such interest as will wax so great that it cannot wane much before commencement.

We look forward with great expectation to the accomplishment of greater things next year than hitherto, and hope that the large policy of the Association will be put in operation. We believe that this Department in the COLLEGIAN will be stronger and productive of good to the student body. The Association gives its members opportunity that taxes head and heart for rendering service to sin-burdened young men.

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